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Poetry.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.

A paradox, but still a fact
Most people understand:
The more the debts that you contract
The more your debts expand.
—Boston Courier.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

(A LITTLE RHYMED STORY.)

The wind was blowing over the moors,
And the sun shone bright upon heather and whin,
On the grave-stones hoary and gray with age
Which stand about Haworth vicarage,
And it streamed through a window in.

There, by herself, in a lonely room—
A lonely room which once held three—
Sat a woman at work with a busy pen;
'Twas the woman all England praised just then;
But what for its praise cared she?

Fame cannot dazzle or flattery charm
One who goes lonely day by day
On the lonely moors, where the plovers cry,
And the sobbing wind as it hurries by
Has no comforting word to say.

So, famous and lonely and sad she sat,
And steadily wrote the morning through;
Then, at stroke of twelve, laid her task aside
And out to the kitchen swiftly hied,
Now what was she going to do?

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work,"
And her eyes had failed as her strength ran low,
And the toils, once easy, had one by one
Become too hard, or were left half-done
By the aged hands and slow.

So, every day, without saying a word,
Her famous mistress laid down the pen,
Re-kneaded the bread, or silently stole
The potatoes away in their wooden bowl,
And pared them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done,
"The less to the larger must give way,
These things are little, while I am great;
And the world will not always stand and wait
For the words that I have to say."

No; the clever fingers that wrought so well,
And the eyes that could pierce to the heart's intent,
She lent to the humble tasks and small;
Nor counted the time as lost at all,
So Tabby were but content!

Ah, Genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has an honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.
—*Susan Coolridge, in St. Nichoas for December.*

Our Story Teller.

SIMPSON'S SOAP.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

Author of "Lights o' London," "Rogues and Vagabonds," "Clara Markham," etc., etc.

SIMPSON'S soap was famous all over the world. Its many excellent qualities, aided by lavish advertisement, had made it so. Simpson & Co. were popularly supposed to spend something like a hundred thousand a year in giving publicity to their specialty. High-born dames, professional beauties, and famous actresses wrote charming letters to Mr. Simpson, declaring that since they had used his soap their complexions had become the admiration of all beholders. The boardings of the Metropolis were covered with pictures of beautiful young ladies, in low-necked costumes, washing their hands with Simpson's soap. Chubby babies, with no clothes on at all, were also represented crowing with frantic delight because nurse had put some of Simpson's lovely soap in the infantile eye. If you picked up a newspaper, the first thing you saw was a column about Simpson's soap. If you bought a two shilling novel, Simpson's soap was on the back of it. If you picked up a magazine, you found right in the middle of an interesting article a fly-leaf with an optical illusion upon it, a red spot at which you were requested to stare patiently for twenty minutes, at the end of which the red spot would begin to move slowly across the paper. If you went to an exhibition, you found that some beautiful piece of statuary had been purchased by the proprietors of Simpson's soap. If you went to the Academy, you were astonished to find that one or the best pictures of one of the most popular R. A.'s ha l been painted for the proprietors of Simpson's soap.

The only place in which you were absolutely safe from Simspon's soap was in church, and even there, if rumor does not misstate the facts, the manager of Simpson's advertising department once nearly succeeded in bringing off a daring idea for a *reclame*. A church was greatly in need of restoration. A public appeal was made for funds, and Simpson nobly offered to find the entire amount necessary if he might put in a stained glass window with a representation of a scriptural incident in which an act of ablution was the leading feature. The vicar hesitated for a time, but fearing that somehow or other a cake of Simpson's soap would be introduced into the picture he reluctantly refused. The Postmaster General was introduced to Simpson as a political club, and for a whole hour Simpson endeavored to persuade him to accept his offer to print all the telegraph forms gratis if he might put at the bottom "Printed by the Proprietor of Simpson's Soap," and it is currently reported that if her Majesty would have done for soap what she did for pills and ointment, Simpson would have built the Imperial Institute at his own expense, and have handed the Chancellor of the Exchequer a cheque for the National Debt after the opening ceremony was over and her Majesty having accepted a model of the building executed in Simpson's soap, had driven off amid the respectful salutations of the distinguished company and the cheers of the assembled thousands outside.

There was absolutely no limit to Simpson's idea's on the art of advertising. He had covered the whole earth with his beautiful posters, he had had inserted the testimonials of the crowned heads of Europe in every known tongue, in every newspaper published, in every town in the world, he had interleaved the periodicals of Europe and America with the red spot at which you had to stare twenty minutes, the temptation being an offer of one million pounds sterling to any person not absolutely blind with both eyes who failed to see the illusion after complying with the regulations, and he had only abandoned the idea of introducing Simpson's soap into the moon by means of balloons, after being assured by a great astronomical authority that there was no water there, and that consequently it was utterly impossible for the inhabitants to wash themselves.

Tom Simpson, the chief partner in the firm, and the inspiring and directing genius of this most marvelous system of advertisement, was ubiquitous. He was known, and, let me say at once, beloved in every part of the world. His handsome presence, his charming manners, and his great talents made him a universal favorite. Bismarck never met him in Berlin without asking him to dinner, and the great Chancellor always acknowledged the annual birthday present of a box of Simpson's soap in an autograph letter. The famous Bishop of Congotown, the intrepid African traveler and missionary, was never tired of telling the members of the Royal Geographical society how once when he was ordered out for immediate execution by King Quiz Boo, the terror of the Dark Continent, his life was saved by the intercession of Tom Simpson, who was traveling through the Equatorial provinces in search of good stations for his latest soap poster—the poster which had been specially designed by the presidents of all the art societies and academies of Europe in collaboration. In the Arctic regions the name of Tom Simpson was a household word, and it was a popular saying that if the North Pole had been a real pole on which an advertisement could have been stuck Tom Simpson would have found a way to discover it long ago. In America the President of the United States always came personally to meet Mr. Simpson on his arrival in New York, and one bedroom in the White House was generally known as Mr. Simpson's room. On the long and perilous journey to Khiva, the late Col. Burnaby found no passport equal to a letter of introduction from Mr. Simpson, of Simpson's soap; and in the wildest part of Galway the peasants would disperse at a word from Tom Simpson, though the constabulary and the military might have been firing on them for twenty minutes without inducing them to go quietly to their homes.

But, feted by the rich and idolized by the poor wherever he went, Tom Simpson never neglected business for pleasure. He never for one moment forgot that the great object of his life was to advertise his soap.

If his health was proposed at a Royal banquet, he would modestly remind the princely and noble company that he manufactured the soap in the world. When the United Temperance societies of England and America presented him with his portrait on the occasion of the opening of the new Temperance Congress hall of all nations presented by his firm, he made a beautiful speech in favor of water, but slyly hinted that soap was an excellent thing to use with it when applied externally. When the King of Burmah gave a grand slaughter of slaves at Mandalay in his honor, Tom Simpson begged to be allowed to introduce a novel form of torture for the monarch's edification, and had a very aged and dirty priest taken off the bonfire and washed all over with a cake of Simpson's soap instead, which torture the old gentleman enjoyed so much that all the priests in Burmah who had to do penance tortured themselves in the same way ever after, and the export orders to Burmah became an important item in the annual returns of the firm.

From this brief sketch the reader will have gathered some idea of the senior partner in the world-famous firm of Simpson & Co. The soap needs no introduction from me. It is a household word wherever any language that includes such a word in its vocabulary is known. There are tribes still in existence in remote corners of the earth who have a very limited vocabulary indeed. They have only words which signify to eat and to kill—food, drink and blood. The chief of one of these tribes became accidentally possessed of a cake of Simpson's soap, ate it, and foamed at the mouth for a quarter of an hour afterwards, much to the surprise of his wives and warriors, for he was a man of singularly calm and placid disposition. But he was much lighter and more active afterwards, and the tribe always regret that they didn't keep a little of the curious fruit, or root, or whatever it might be, in order to plant it and raise a supply from it.

The brief sketch to which I have previously alluded was necessary in order to show the reader the determination and the brilliant business talents of my hero. Without such an introduction the great adventure of Tom Simpson's life, the most remarkable incident of his marvellous career as a soap advertiser would not be properly understood.

The incident happened just as he was thinking of settling down in his beautiful mansion at Kensington, and handing the advertising over to a gentleman who had been the sole manager of the department for many years.

Tom Simpson having come to fifty years of age, and being rich beyond the dreams of avarice—it was said that he could have covered every five pound note in Baron Rothchild's possession with one for ten, and still have had a large reserve capital—had a right to think of devoting the remainder of his life to the calm enjoyment of his domestic hearth and the society of the leading members of the aristocracy, and the shining lights of the world of art and literature, who were his most intimate friends.

His only daughter—a beautiful girl of eighteen—was most anxious to keep her papa at home, and he felt that, as she was just coming out, she ought to have the advantage of his escort into society.

Letty Simpson was a delightful girl. Inheriting her father's handsome features, and being sole heiress to his immense wealth, she was naturally much admired, and directly she was "out" she stepped at one bound into the proud position of belle of the season.

Tom Simpson was certain from the very outset that a coronet was within Letty's grasp when she cared to reach out her pretty little hand for it. There was nothing in her being the daughter of a manufacturer. In these days it is an ordinary thing for peers to marry black lead, beer, sugar, cotton, mustard, starch, vinegar, or patent medicine. Soap was as good as any of these, and better than some. Young Lord Pasdesou had even gone so far as to marry ginger beer and lemonade, and his wife was received with open arms everywhere, although she was twenty years his senior, and had a papa who said "Look 'ee 'ere," and called her my "my gal" and her husband "my son-in lor," and never went to a dinner party without entertaining the company with the story of how he started in business in such a way that he drove his own cart round and delivered the ginger beer to his customers himself. Knowing these facts it was small wonder that Tom Simpson counted on seeing Letty a marchioness at the very least, for Letty was a lady as well as an heiress, and her papa was the friend of princes and the companion of dukes, and an honored guest at every court in Europe.

To tell the truth, even in his love and admiration for his daughter, and his desire that she should make a grand marriage, the chance or a big advertisement for Simpson's soap was not forgotten. He felt that it would be a magnificent opportunity for "paragraphing" the press of the world. The beautiful Miss Simpson, who was last week united in marriage to his Grace the Duke of Knocklands, is the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Simpson, Esq., the chief proprietor of Simpson's Soap."

The American trade would certainly benefit by the marriage. The fair Americans would feel that in using Simpson's soap they were, in a manner, shaking hands with the British aristocracy.

Letty had not been out very long before she had plenty of admirers, and to her father's delight it was evident that a young duke, who had been rather severely damaged on the turf and had prematurely bald, was inclined to make himself agreeable. Letty was very charming and very gracious to her numerous admirers, but when her papa told her that if there was any young nobleman she fancied for a husband she was to be sure to let him (her papa) know and he would try and buy him for her. Letty laughed and blushed and said: "Oh, papa, dear what nonsense; as if any nobleman would marry me."

And when her papa pressed her she grew just a little angry, and stamped her little foot and exclaimed, "Papa, don't you ever try to make me an advertisement for your soap, because I won't have it. I intend to marry for love or not at all."

Then it was papa's turn to frown, and he told his daughter that she was a silly, romantic little thing, and that he would never consent to her marrying anybody without a title; of course, if the young man had a title she might love him as much as she liked.

Letty said nothing, but she gave her papa a look which would have told him something had he known as much about the art of love as he did about the art of advertising.

One evening at a ball Mr. Simpson happened to be sitting in a conservatory behind some plants where nobody could see him, and in this position he overheard a conversation which filled him with dismay. Two elderly duchesses came in, sat down, and began to converse, and the subject of their conversation was the attention paid by the Duke of Knocklands to Miss Simpson.

"It's no good, my dear, said one duchess, "she'll never have him. She's in love with young Smithson, the rich advertising contractor's son."

Mr. Simpson almost revealed his presence by a groan, but he kept his emotion down, and as soon as the duchesses had gone he went in search of his daughter.

He found her dancing with the duke and looking exceedingly satisfied with the attention she was receiving from the company. "That will be a match, depend upon it," said one lady; and another lady, the mamma of four handsome but undowered daughters, replied, "There's no accounting for taste; but when I was a girl a duke wouldn't have stooped to soap."

As father and daughter drove home in the small hours Mr. Simpson opened fire.

"Letty, my dear," he said, "people are talking about you and young Smithson. You don't care for that fellow, I hope."

"What nonsense, papa! The idea of your listening to what those wretched gossiping people say. Why, they've engaged me to a dozen gentlemen already."

Letty's manner was so unconcerned that her papa was relieved, but he thought it as well to say that he would never consent to such a match. Smithson was a very nice young fellow; he had been to Eton and Oxford, and his father was immensely rich; but he wasn't the husband for the beautiful daughter of Simpson's soap. His father and Mr. Simpson were great friends and the families visited each other, but Mr. Simpson never contemplated an alliance by marriage with the King of the Hoardings.

It was about a fortnight after this that Mr. Smithson, *pere*, called on Mr. Simpson, and after smoking a cigar in the library with him—a frequent occurrence—he suddenly threw a bombshell at his host's head by coolly asking for Miss Simpson's hand for his son.

Mr. Simpson thanked Mr. Smithson coldly for the honor, and begged to decline it with thanks. He had other views for Letty.

"But the young people have been in love for years."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Simpson.

Then Smithson argued the point, and Simpson lost his temper, and the two gentlemen quarrelled and had such high words that Simpson vowed that when his contract ran out, which it did next week, he would never stick another poster on Smithson's hoardings or give him another advertisement for the newspapers, and Smithson said that if he did he wouldn't accept the order, and Simpson would see where his soap would be then.

Letty heard of the quarrel and was very unhappy. She cried and declared she loved Arthur Smithson, and would marry him, and her papa vowed if she did he would leave his immense fortune to the hospitals and public charities of the metropolis.

Then Letty was sulky and refused to go out, but her papa was firm, and at last she plunged once more into the gaiety of the season, and the Duke of Knocklands was more persistent in his very pointed attentions than ever, and one day made a direct offer of his hand and strawberry leaves to Miss Simpson, after obtaining her papa's permission.

Letty declined the honor, but Mr. Simpson assured the duke that it was only feminine contrariness, and that he might hope for better luck in time.

This was the position of affairs when one morning, while driving to town, Mr. Simpson was astonished to see the hoardings of London covered with magnificent posters of a new soap. "Seraphim soap" it was called, and angels were represented in the act of washing their wings with it.

"It's blasphemous," roared Simpson, but he confessed that it was a startler. When he got to the office all his clerks were talking about it. When he went out his acquaintances button-holed him and asked him whose soap "Seraphim soap" was.

The next day he found Seraphim soap all over the newspapers, this time in the shape of a little poem to the following effect:

SERAPHIM SOAP.

Why are the angels' wings as white
As the snow that lies on the Jungfran's slope?
Because they are washed after every flight
With a fragrant cake of Seraphim soap.

"It's worse than blasphemous," screamed Mr. Simpson, as he threw paper after paper down in disgust, but he felt that whatever its character it was a tremendous advertisement. He jumped into a hansom and drove round to the retail houses. "What was the new soap? Who was behind it?" he asked everywhere.

Nobody knew. But the entire trade had received circulars stating that the Seraphim Soap would be advertised for three months before any was supplied. At the end of that time, an enormous demand having been created and an enormous stock manufactured, orders would be solicited, and the Metropolis and the provinces would be supplied simultaneously in order that there should be no jealousy.

"Had any orders come in from customers?"

"Oh, yes, the new soap was on everybody's tongue. The public were asking for it everywhere."

Mr. Simpson returned to his office in a terrible rage, and talked the matter over with his partner.

Of course no soap could be as good as Simpson's, and its old established reputation placed it above competition, but this new soap was evidently going to be boomed terrifically, and something must be done to counteract the effect of the gigantic advertisement. Simpson must smother the hoardings of the world more than they had ever been smothered before. It doesn't do to sit still in business while a rival makes headway. An R. A. was at once commissioned to design a new poster, and poems were ordered from the most eminent poets in the land at ten guineas a line and upwards. The first poem was at once inserted in 2,368 newspapers. It was a very fine poem indeed.

SIMPSON'S SOAP.

Vain fools are they who seek to cope
With Simpson's fine and matchless soap;
O'er all the world its worth is known,
It brooks no rival near its throne.
'Tis matchless for the face and hands,
Its praise is sung in many lands.
Beware of quacks who vainly try
To puff their wares "up to the sky."
Reject adulterated trash,
That only "cleans" you out of cash.
On Simpson's soap we "Simpson" sign,
Without which none is genuine.

This startling attack on the other soap was not allowed to pass by the new and mysterious rival firm. Paragraphs immediately began to appear in all the papers to the effect that a libel action was about to be commenced by the proprietors of the "Seraphim" soap, which would bring to light some extraordinary revelations as to soaps already in the market, and this was followed by an advertisement to the effect that at an early date a cake of Seraphim soap would be left at the same moment of time with every householder in the United Kingdom, and that to accomplish this feat an extraordinary plan had been devised which would probably have the effect of revolutionizing the postoffice system of parcel delivery.

Mr. Simpson was terribly upset by seeing an entirely new poster on the walls which caused crowds to assemble. It was a magnificently colored representation of a race—one horse was leading by twenty lengths, and the others were stopping in spite of the efforts of their jockies, with spur and whip, to drive them forward. The leading horse's jockey had "Seraphim Soap" across his jacket, and the other jockies had "—— Soap" on their breasts, the dash being used to avoid legal consequences, but, of course, everybody would know that Simpson's Soap was meant to be among the beaten off division.

In the meantime the Simpson travelers were writing up from all over the country to say that orders were not so easy to get, the many chemists and perfumers were waiting to see what the Seraphim soap was going to be.

Then did Mr. Simpson, roused to fury at the audacity of his rivals, gnash his teeth. He was beside himself with rage, especially as he had just made up his mind to take things easily and cut down the advertisements.

The rival advertising increased in volume. The railway stations were smothered in Seraphim soap, and to complete the discomfiture Mr. Smithson, who had all the railway stations of the metropolis, refused, when Mr. Simpson's contract expired, to renew it. "I am very sorry," he wrote, "but you told me you wouldn't renew yours, and I have let your positions to the Seraphim people.

This was the last drop in Simpson's cup and he became more furious than ever. Perhaps after all this soap might be a good one. There was certainly an enormous fortune behind it, and the people understood the art of advertising as well as he did. They were, perhaps, young people, full of the dash and energy of youth, while he was beginning to feel that he must take things easier.

Presently a paragraph went the round of the press stating that so enormous were the advance orders from America for Seraphim Soap that special vessels were being chartered to send the first consignment out.

Mr. Simpson grew despodent. He really began to be afraid that the Seraphim Soap might cut him out eventually, and his dejection was increased when, on applying for the back page of several society and illustrated weeklies, he was informed that nothing could be said at present, as an offer from the Seraphim Company was under consideration.

While he was in a state of tremendous excitement about the matter he one day met Mr. Smithson, and in his anger said some very hard things. He considered he had been badly used by Smithson, after giving him so much business.

"I've paid you hundreds of thousands of pounds, Smithson," he exclaimed, "and it's a mean and disgraceful thing of you to fling me over for these new people. You'll be sorry for it by-and-by."

"I'm sorry now," replied Smithson, "and I'll do what I can to help you."

"What can you do?"

"Let's talk it over. Do you want the spaces again?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Well, you see, it's like this: My son took the Seraphim order, and its only for three months. The three months expire directly, and they're on to Tom to renew it, and he's considering the matter—in fact, we both are."

"Are the railway stations up in a month, too?"

"Yes."

"Smithson, old boy, give me back all your hoardings and all the railway stations, refuse the Seraphim orders altogether, and name your own price."

"Very well, your daughter's hand for my boy Arthur."

Mr. Simpson staggered back. This was the reason that he had been sacrificed for the Seraphim people then!

He was indignant, but he didn't say "No" at once.

He said he must think it over, and he went home.

That evening Letty came to him after dinner and sat on the hassock at his feet, and was very nice and affectionate.

"Letty," he said presently, "what about the duke? Have you really made your mind up about him?"

"Yes, papa, I don't change my mind. I'll marry Arthur Smithson or die an old maid."

Mr. Simpson sighed, and thought the matter over. Of course he couldn't *make* his daughter marry the duke, and if she wouldn't marry anybody but young Smithson, it was certain that when she was of age she would marry him whether her papa consented or not. She had her poor dear mother's determination, and Mr. Simpson knew what that meant.

If this was the state of affairs, hadn't he better make a virtue of necessity, and accept Arthur as a son-in-law, and get the hoardings and the stations again, instead of losing them, and his daughter into the bargain?

He slept on it, and in the morning he went round to Smithson and consented to the match, and agreed to the settlement which was to be made on Letty; and Mr. Smithson told him that Arthur should be taken into full partnership in the advertising business.

Arthur and Letty were delighted, and renewed their courtship at once, and immediately after the deeds were drawn and signed and the public announcement of the engagement had been made, Seraphim Soap disappeared from the hoardings and Simpson's Soap reappeared in all its glory with the R. A.'s design, which was quite ready, and represented a group of beautiful maids all bathing together in a river, while a lovely, golden-haired cupid hovered over them and gallantly offered them a cake of Simpson's soap.

Mr. Simpson was surprised to see that the Seraphim people's poster didn't appear somewhere else, and he couldn't make out why. About the same time their advertisements dropped out of all the newspapers.

But one day Letty came to him and said, "Papa, please don't be angry, I want to tell you something. Arthur was the Seraphim Soap."

"What!"

Mr. Simpson almost jumped three feet out of his chair.

"Yes, papa," said Letty, a little nervously, "it cost him a lot of money, nearly ten thousand pounds; but, as I shall have a hundred thousand the day we're married, it doesn't matter, does it?"

Gradually it all came out. There was no soap at all, Arthur and his father had worked the whole thing between them, to bring Mr. Simpson to his senses, and to save Letty from the duke.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Simpson, when he knew all, "why go to so much expense? Letty meant to marry you all along."

"Yes, papa," replied Letty, with a little blush, "but we didn't want to have to wait till I was twenty-one; did we, Arthur?"

"No, we didn't," said Arthur.

"And we didn't want you to give all your money to the hospitals; did we, Arthur?"

"No, we thought it would be very useful to us," said Arthur.

At first Mr Simpson was inclined to be in a great rage and to say he had been tricked and duped, &c, &c., but gradually he recovered his good temper, and at last he was able to laugh at the whole thing and to say it was a good joke though rather an expensive one.

It was too expensive to waste, and presently he saw a way of using it.

A little later on the newspapers of the world announced that the Seraphim Soap had been withdrawn from the market in consequence of Mr. Simpson having discovered that it was a direct imitation of his, and he had so terrified the proprietors that they had withdrawn their advertisements and destroyed the entire stock.

Consequently all the enormous orders for Seraphim Soap were cancelled, and the customers were supplied with Simpson's instead, which brought everything right at at last.

Arthur Smithson and Letty Simpson are married and very happy, and when a dear little baby appeared on the scene, his affectionate grandpapa sent a cake of Simpson's soap to every known baby in the United Kingdom in honor of the event.

The Duke of Knocklands eventually got over his disappointment and married £200,000 worth of hair restorer, but he continues to be just as bald as ever. To this day his wife cannot understand why he never sees a cake of Simpson's soap without shedding a tear. You and I, gentle reader, can guess the reason, which is that Letty Simpson was a pretty, attractive little girl, and it is understood that the daughter of the marvelous hair producer has a temper of her own, and is on the wrong side of thirty. But it would be both ungallant and unkind to let the duchess into the secret.

The Risk Was Too Great.

Chicagoan—I understand, sir, that you claim to be the fastest stenographer in the West?

Stenographer—Yes, sir; I not only claim to be, but I am.

Chicagoan—Good. Now what I want of you is this: I should like to post you in an adjoining room when the Anti-Scandal Society meets, at my wife's expense, to-night——

Stenographer—That will do, sir. I do not propose to break down my constitution and sprinkle my head with gray hairs at the immature age of 40. Shall I show you the way down stairs, sir?—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Hint From a Wise Father.

Enamored Youth (trying to sound his girl's father)—"About how much income should a young man have to be married on, Mr. DeRich?"

Mr. DeRich (meditatively)—"Well, I married on $900 a year, and was both comfortable and happy."

Enamored Youth (delighted)—"Indeed?"

Mr. DeRich—"Yes. You see, I married a penniless girl who knew how to economize, but if I had married a petted and spoiled child of fortune like Miss Binks, or Miss Finks, or—or my daughter, for instance—I should have needed about $9,000."—*Philadelphia Record.*

What a Give Away.

An English clergyman, whose name we suppress on account of his sacred calling, was absorbed in thought a few Sundays ago, just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist, who asked, referring to the opening hymn:

"What shall I play?"

"What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the absent-minded clergyman.—*Texas Siftings.*

Merely Nominal.

Detroit lawyer—I have collected that account of $11 for you, and will charge you a nominal fee for my work. Here's $5; that squares us.

Detroit victim—You call that a nominal fee? Six dollars for collecting five!

Lawyer—Merely nominal.

Victim—Almost phenomenal, isn't it?

But the lawyer had the money.—*Detroit Journal.*

Not Necessarily a Vagrant.

"I wish I had as much money as Beverly has."

"Why, the last time I saw him he had no visible means of support."

"You are surely wrong."

"No; the last time I saw him was when a cyclone lifted him over a barn."—*Lincoln Journal.*

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

Sporting Item.

First amateur Nimrod—"It is getting late, and we haven't killed anything yet."

Second amateur Nimrod—"Well, let us miss a couple more rabbits and then go home."

A Valuable Beast.

Visitor—"Is it true that a lion like this can be bought for a thousand marks?"

Proprietor—"Humph! There are cheap lions, but this blind old hero, for instance, is very dear. I would not part with him for ten thousand marks."

"Why is he so dear?"

"He ate up my wife's mother."

An Unjust Insinuation.

First actor—"Did you read that puff for me in the Daily Hooter?"

Second actor—"Yes, I read it, and I'll bet you wrote it yourself, and paid to have it put in the paper."

"That's an uncalled for reflection. I'd have you know that I never pay for anything."

Giving Himself Away.

"One of you boys has been stealing raisins again; I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?"

Tommy—"It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine."

A Careful Child.

"Papa, won't you please go out of the room for a little while?"

"What for, Molly?"

"Well, Jennie and I want to talk about something that is not proper for men to hear."

Senator Evarts's Humor.

Senator Evarts has at command a sententious humor that is rarely hinted at in such of his oblong periods as are most familiar to the public. A correspondent says that he remarked of Rhode Island that "it was settled by the Dutch; the Yankee settled the Dutch;" and of certain Christians who landed in New England: "They praised God and fell on their knees—then they fell upon the aborigines." The ex-Secretary also sent to Bancroft this letter: "Dear Bancroft—I am very glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of pickled pork and my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase."

Better Than He Anticipated.

Wife—The physician thinks that you need a tonic, John, and has left me a prescription.

Sick Man—What is it?

Wife (reading the prescription)—Well, there's beef,—iron—

Sick Man—Yah, beef and iron, what good is that fool stuff going to do?

Wife—I havn't finished reading it yet, John; there's beef, iron, wine—

Sick Man—Wine, too? Well, you send over to the drug store and get a lot of it put up, and we'll see what it's like.—*Epoch.*

Won't Ask Her Again.

"I see your mother has recovered from the rheumatism," remarked Jennie, "and is quite active again."

"Yes, she is often too active," replied Gracie. "I went to the theater last night with that handsome stranger, and ma heard us close the gate and opened the door before I had time to let him bid me good night in—er—the usual way."—*New York Sun.*

A Mere Recognition.

St. Louis Girl—Did you have much of an election celebration at your house, Gwendolen? I know your father won a large sum.

Cincinnati Girl—Oh, no, dear! We just had some firecrackers for the children and two or three kegs of beer on the roof. Mamma's health is not very robust, you know.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Getting Things Mixed.

Absent-minded minister (to sexton after second lesson): "A wedding party in the vestibule. Is everything all ready, Mr. Parker?"

Sexton: "Yes, sir; yes, sir."

Minister (straightening himself up): "The children to be baptized will now be brought forward."—*The Epoch.*

Rather Spicy.

Young Mr. Bummer—My dear, didn't you enjoy my letters while I was away? I flatter myself that I write rather spicy letters.

Mrs. Bummer—Yes, I should say you carried your letters in the same pocket with your cloves for about three days before mailing them.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Christmas Bills.

Now comes the festive season, when
You'll notice the ladies and the men
For costly presents the store will raid,
And forget all about some bills unpaid.
Last Christmas bills are far from pleasant
And, so, they look on the Christmas present.
Goodall's Sun.

A Popular Remedy.

Tommy—"Ma, I've sprained my wrist. What shall I put on it?"

Mother—"Bathe it in whisky, my son?"

"Ma, I say—"

"What is it, Tommy?"

"Did pa ever sprain his throat?"

"Yes, Tommy. He gets it in the neck occasionally."—*Texas Siftings.*

In Shallow Waters.

She—I must show you my new clock before you go.

He (facetiously)—Some of my friends tell me I am homely enough to stop a clock.

She—Oh, that won't matter! It can be started again.

A Great Undertaking.

At last the United States census report of 1880 is completed, the twenty-second and last volume having just been issued. The work contains over 19,000 pages and has cost the country nearly $6,000,000. It is said to be the most elaborate undertaking of the kind in the world's history.—*New York World.*

No Doubt About It.

Lawyer—Have you any doubts as to the honesty of Mr. Wiggins? Witness—No sir. Lawyer—And you believe him absolutely truthful. Witness—No, sir; I haven't any doubts as to his honesty because I have more than once proved him to be a consummate liar.—*Time.*

Not a Philadelphia Woman.

"What do you think of Amelia Rives?" asked a Pittsburg literary man of a new acquaintance from Philadelphia.

"Don't think I ever met her," was the reply. "She isn't a Philadelphia lady, is she?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Nine Points of the Law.

Judge—I cannot understand how it is you have failed to satisfy any of your creditors?

Insolvent Debtor—I have nine reasons for acting as I have done—a wife, a mother-in-law, six children, an empty purse—total, nine.—*Il Carlino.*

A Modern Philanthropist.

Student (to his friend)—See, yonder comes old Mr. X——, who has helped to dry so many a tear.

"The dear, kind hearted gentleman! And pray tell me how?"

"He is a manufacturer of pocket handkerchiefs."—*Borsenkurier.*

A Modern Heroine.

"Pa," asked the small boy, "what is a heroine?"

"Your mother is a heroine," replied the parent.

"How a heroine?"

"Why, she married your father when his income was only $300 a year—and she knew it."—*Norristown Herald.*

Accounting For It.

"How do you account for the Democratic majority in New Jersey?" asked the Horse Editor.

"Well," replied the Snake Editor, "I see that the town of Newark makes 150,000,000 corkscrews a year."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Not the First Time.

"Was it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?" inquired Jenkins.

"No," replied the jilted lover, "it was her little brother."—*Life.*

Naturally Clever.

"What a stupid fish a lobster is," said Cora.

"Yes," assented Merritt, "but he is quick to catch on."—*New York Sun.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.

"Nay, reverend and valiant Grand Master," said the Marquis of Monsterrat, "consider that this learned man is not acquainted with our Christian order, adopted in the fear of God, and for the great safety of his anointed. Be it known unto thee, grave physician, whose skill we doubt not, that your wisest course is to repair to the presence of the illustrious Council of our Holy League, and there to give account and reckoning to such wise and learned leeches as they shall nominate, concerning your means of process and cure of this illustrious patient, so that you escape all the danger, which, rashly taking such a high matter upon your sole answer, you may else most likely incur."

"My lords," said El Hakim, "I understand you well. But knowledge hath its champions as well as your military art, nay, hath sometimes had its martyrs as well as religion. I have the command of my sovereign, the Soldan Saladin, to heal this Nazarene King, and with the blessing of the Prophet, I will obey his commands. If I fail, ye wear swords thirsting for the blood of the faithful, and I proffer my body to your weapons. But I will not reason with one uncircumsized upon the virtue of the medicines of which I have obtained knowledge through the grace of the prophet, and I pray you interpose no delay between me and my office."

"Who talks of delay;" said the Baron de Vaux, hastily entering the tent; "we have had but too much already. I salute you my Lord of Montserrat, and you, valiant Grand Master. But I must presently pass with this learned physician to the bedside of my master."

"My lord," said the Marquis, in Norman French, "are you advised that we came to expostulate on the part of the Councils of the Monarchs and Princes of the Crusade, against the risk of permitting an infidel physician to tamper with a health so valuable as that of your master King Richard?"

"Noble Lord Marquis," replied the Englishman bluntly, "I can neither use many words, nor do I delight in listening to them—moreover, I am more ready to believe what my eyes have seen, than what my ears have heard. I am satisfied that this heathen can cure the sickness of King Richard, and I believe and trust he will labor to do so. Time is precious. If Mahommed—may God's curse be on him!—stood at the door of the tent, with such fair purpose as this Adonbec el Hakim entertains, I would hold it sin to delay him for a minute. So, give ye God'en, my lords."

"Nay, but," said Conrade of Montserrat, "the king himself said we should be present when the same physician dealt upon him."

The baron whispered the chamberlain, probably to know whether the Marquis spoke truly, and then replied, "my lords, if you will hold your patience, you are welcome to enter with us; but if you interrupt, by action or threat, this accomplished physician in his duty, be it known, that, without respect to your high quality, I will enforce your absence from Richard's tent; for know, I am so well satisfied with the virtue of this man's medicines, that were Richard himself to refuse them, by Our Lady of Lanercost, I think I could find in my heart to force him to take the means of his cure whether he would or no. Move onward, El Hakim."

The word was instantly obeyed by the physician. The Grand Master looked grimly on the unceremonious old soldier, but, on exchanging a glance with the Marquis, smothered his frowning brow, and both followed De Vaux and the Arabian into the inner tent, where Richard lay expecting them, with that impatience with which the sick patient watches the step of his physician.

Sir Kenneth, whose attendance seemed neither asked nor prohibited, felt himself, by the circumstances in which he stood, entitled to follow these high dignitaries, but, conscious of his inferior power and rank, remained aloof during the scene which took place.

Richard, when they entered the apartment, immediately exclaimed, "so ho! a goodly fellowship come to see Richard take his leap in the dark. My noble allies I now greet you as the representatives of our assembled league; Richard will again be amongst you in his former fashion, or ye shall bear to the grave what is left of him. De Vaux, lives he or dies he, thou hast the thanks of thy prince. There is yet another—but this fever hath wasted my eyesight—what, the bold Scot, who would climb heaven without a ladder?—he is welcome too. Come, Sir Hakim, to the work, to the work."

The physician, who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the king's illness now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent and in breathless expectation. The sage then filled a cup with spring water and dipped into it the small red purse, which, as formerly, he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the king who prevented him by saying, "Hold an instant. Thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine—I too, as becomes a good knight, know some thing of thine art."

The Arabian yielded his hand without hesitation, and his long slender fingers were, for an instant, enclosed and almost buried, in the large enfoldment of King Richard's hand.

"His blood beats calm as an infant's," said the king; "so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim with honor and safety. Commend us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt, of his faith—should I live, it will be to thank him as a warrior would desire to be thanked."

He then raised himself in bed, took the cup in his hand, and turning to the Marquis and the Grand Master,—"Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me in Cyprus wine—'To the immortal honor of the first Crusader, who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem, and to the shame and eternal infamy of whomsoever shall turn back from the plow on which he hath laid his hand.'"

He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sank back, as if exhausted upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared accordingly.

CHAPTER X.

The Marquis of Montserat and the Grand Master of the Knights Templars stood together in the front of the royal pavilion, within which this singular scene had just passed, and behold a strong guard of bills and bows drawn out to form a circle all around it, and keep at distance all which might disturb the sleeping monarch. The soldiers wore the downcast, silent and sullen looks with which they trail their arms at a funeral, and stepped with such caution that you could not hear a buckler ring or a sword clatter, though so many men in armor were moving around the tent. They lowered their weapons in reverence as the dignitaries passed through their lines, but with the same profound silence.

"There is a change of cheer among these island dogs," said the Grand Master to Conrade, when they had passed King Richard's guards. "What hoarse tumult and revel used to be before this pavilion; naught but pitching the bar, hurling the ball, or wrestling, roaring of songs, clattering of wine-pots and quaffing of flagons, among these burly yeomen, as if they were holding some country wake with a Maypole in the midst of them, instead of a royal standard."

"Mastiffs are a faithful race," said Conrade; "and the king, their master, has won their love by being ready to wrestle, revel, or brawl amongst the foremost of them whenever the humor seized him."

They were now near their horses, which stood at some distance from the royal tent prancing among the gallant train of pages and esquires by whom they were attended when Conrade, after a moment's pause, proposed that they should enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze which had just arisen, and, dismissing their steeds and attendants, walk home to their own quarters through the lines of the extended Christian camp. The Grand Master assented, and they proceeded to walk together accordingly, avoiding, as if by mutual consent, the more inhabited parts of the canvas city, and tracing the broad esplanade which lay between the tents and the external defences, where they could converse in private and unmarked, save by the sentinels, as they passed them.

They spoke for the time upon the military points and preparations for defence; but this sort of discourse, in which neither seemed to take interest, at length died away and there was a long pause, which terminated by the Marquis stopping short, like a man who has formed a sudden resolution, and gazing for some moments on the dark inflexible countenance of the Grand Master, he at length addressed him thus:

"Might it consist with your valor and sanctity, reverend Sir Giles Amaury, I would pray you for once to lay aside the dark vizor which you wear, and to converse with a friend barefaced."

The templar half smiled.

"There are light-colored masks," he said, "as well as dark vizors, and the one conceals the natural features as completely as the other."

"Be it so," said the Marquis, putting his hand to his chin, and withdrawing it with the action of one who unmasks himself; "there lies my disguise. And now, what think you, as touching the interests of your own Order, of the prospects of this Crusade?"

"This is tearing the veil from my sober thoughts rather than exposing your own," said the Grand Master; "yet I will reply with a parable told to me by a santon of the desert: 'A certain farmer prayed to heaven for rain, and murmured when it fell not at his need. To punish his impatience, Allah,' said the santon, 'sent the Euphrates upon his farm, and he was destroyed with all his possessions, even by the granting of his own wishes.'"

"Most truly spoken," said the Marquis Conrade; would that the ocean had swallowed up nineteen parts of the armaments of these western princes! what remained would better have served the purpose of the Christian nobles of Palestine, the wretched remnant of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Left to ourselves, we might have bent to the storm, or, moderately supported with money and troops, we might have compelled Saladin to respect our valor, and grant us peace and protection on easy terms. But from the extremity with which this powerful crusade now threatens the Soldan, we cannot suppose, should it pass over, that the Saracen would suffer any of us to hold possessions or principalities in Syria, far less permit the existence of the Christian military fraternities, from whom they have experienced so much mischief."

"Ay, but," said the Templar, "these adventurous Crusaders may again succeed and plant the Cross on the bulwarks of Zion."

"And what will that advantage either the Order of the Templars, or Conrade of Montserrat?" said the Marquis.

"You it may advantage," replied the Grand Master. "Conrade of Montserrat might become Conrade King of Jerusalem."

"That sounds like something," said the Marquis, "and yet it rings but hollow. Godfrey of Bouillon might choose the crown of thorns for his emblem. Grand Master, I will confess to you I have caught some attachment to the Eastern form of government: A pure and simple monarchy should consist but of king and subjects. Such is the simple and primitive structure—a sheperd and his flock. All this internal chain of feudal dependence is quite artificial and sophisticated, and I would rather hold the baton of my poor marquisate with a firm grip, and wield it after my own pleasure, than the sceptre of a monarch, to be in effect restrained and curbed by the will of proud feudal barons. To sum up the whole, I am aware that Guy de Lusignan's claims to the throne would be preferred to mine, if Richard recovers, and has aught to say in the choice."

"Enough," said the Grand Master; "thou hast indeed convinced me of thy sincerity. Others, may hold the same opinions, but few, save Conrade of Montseratt, dared frankly avow that he desires not the restitution of the kingdom of Jerusalem, but rather prefers being master of a portion of its fragments."

"Thou wilt not betray my counsel?" said Conrade, looking sharply and suspiciously. "Know you for certain, that my tongue shall never wrong my head, nor my hand forsake the defence of either. Impeach me if thou wilt—I am prepared to defend myself in the lists against the best Templar who ever laid lance in rest."

"Yet thou startest somewhat suddenly for so bold a steed," said the Grand Master. "However, I swear to thee by the Holy Temple which our Order is sworn to defend, that I will keep counsel with thee as a true comrade."

"By what temple?" said the Marquis of Montserrat, whose love of sarcasm often outran his policy and discretion; "swearest thou by that on the hill of Zion, which was built by King Solomon, or by that symbolical edifice, which is said to be spoken of in the councils held in the vaults of your preceptories, as something which infers the aggrandizement of thy valiant and venerable Order?"

The Templar scowled upon him with an eye of death, but answered camly, "by whatever temple I swear, be assured, Lord Marquis, my oath is sacred. I would that I knew how to bind thee by one of equal obligation."

"I will swear truth to thee," said the Marquis laughing, "by the Earl's coronet, which I hope to convert, ere these wars are over, into something better. In a word, our interests bind us together; for think not, Lord Grand Master, that, were these allied princes to regain Jerusalem, and place a king of their own choosing there, they would suffer your Order, any more than my poor Marquisate, to retain the independence which we now hold."

"There may be truth in what you say," said the Templar, darkly smiling, "but what were our hopes should the allies withdraw their forces, and leave Palestine in the grasp of Saladin?"

"Great and assured," replied Conrade; "the Soldan would give large provinces to maintain it at his behest a body of well-appointed Frankish lances. This dependence would be but for a time—perhaps during the life of this enterprising Soldan—but in the East empires rise like mushrooms. Suppose him dead, and we were strengthened by a constant succession of fiery and adventurous spirits from Europe, what might we not hope to achieve, uncontrolled by these monarchs, whose dignity throws us at present into the shade—and, were they to remain here, and succeed in the expedition, would willingly consign us forever to degradation and dependence?"

"You say well, my Lord Marquis," said the Grand Master; "and your words find echo in my bosom. Yet we must be very cautious; Philip of France is wise as well as valiant."

"True, and will be therefore more easily diverted from an expedition, to which, in a moment of enthusiasm, or urged by his nobles, he rashly bound himself. He is jealous of King Richard, his natural enemy, and longs to return to prosecute plans of ambition nearer to Paris than Palestine. Any fair pretence will serve him for withdrawing from a scene in which he is now aware he is wasting the force of his kingdom."

"And the Duke of Austria?" said the Templar.

"Oh, touching the Duke," returned Conrade, "his self-conceit and folly lead him to the same conclusions as do Philip's policy and wisdom. He conceives himself ungratefully treated because men's mouths are filled with the praises of King Richard, whom he fears and hates, and in whose harm he would rejoice. But wherefore tell I this to thee, save to show that I am in sincerity in desiring that this league be broken up, and the country freed of these great monarchs with their hosts; and thou well knowest and hast thyself seen, how all the princes of influence and power, one alone excepted, are eager to enter into a treaty with the Soldan."

"I acknowledge it," said the Templar; "he were blind that had not seen this in their last deliberations. But lift yet thy mask an inch higher, and tell me thy real reason for pressing upon the Council that Northern Englishman or Scot, or whatever you call yonder Knight of the Leopard, to carry their proposals for a treaty?"

"There was a policy in it," replied the Italian, "his character as a native of Britain was sufficient to meet what Saladin required, who knew him to belong to the band of Richard, while his character of the Scot, and certain other personal grudges which I wot of, rendered it most unlikely that our envoy should, on his return, hold any communication with the sick bed of Richard, to whom his presence was ever unacceptible."

"Oh, too fine-spun policy," said the Grand Master; "trust me, that Italian spiders' webs will never bind this unshorn Samson of the Isle—well if you can do it with new cords, and those of the toughest. See you that the envoy whom you have selected so carefully, hath brought us, in this physician, the means of restoring the lion hearted, bull-necked Englishman, to prosecute his Crusading enterprise; and so soon as he is able once more to rush on, which of the princes dare hold back? They must follow him for very shame, although they would march under the banner of Satan as soon."

"Be content," said Conrade of Montserrat; "ere this physician, if he work by anything short of miraculous agency, can accomplish Richard's cure, it may be possible to put some open rupture betwixt the Frenchman, at least the Austrian, and his allies of England, so that the breach shall be irreconcilable; and Richard may arise from his sick bed, perhaps to command his own native troops, but never again, by his sole energy, to wield the force of the whole Crusade."

"Thou art a willing archer," said the Templar, "but, Conrade of Montserrat, thy bow is over slack to carry an arrow to the mark."

He then stopped short, cast a suspicious glance to see that no one overheard him, and taking Conrade by the hand, pressed it eagerly as he looked the Italian in the face, and repeated slowly:

"Richard arise from his bed, sayest thou? Conrade, he must never arise!"

The Marquis of Montserrat started—"What!—spoke you of Richard of England—of Couer de Lion—the champion of Christendom?"

His cheek turned pale, and his knees trembled as he spoke. The Templar looked at him with his iron visage contorted into a smile of contempt.

"Know'st thou what thou look'st like, Sir Conrade, at this moment? Not like the politic and valiant Marquis of Montserrat—not like him who would direct the Council of Princes, and determine the fate of empires—but like a novice, who stumbling upon a conjuration in his master's book of gramarye, has raised the devil when he least thought of it, and now stands terrified at the spirit which appears before him."

"I grant you," said Conrade, recovering himself, "that—unless some other sure road could be discovered—thou hast hinted at that which leads most direct to our purpose. But, blessed Mary! we shall become the curse of all Europe."

"If thou takest it thus," said the Grand Master, with the same composure which characterized him all through this remarkable dialogue, "let us hold there has nothing passed between us—that we have only spoken in our sleep—have awakened, and the vision is gone."

"Well," answered Conrade, "let me but first try to break peace between Austria and England."

They parted. Conrade remained standing still upon the spot, and watching the flowing white robe of the Templar as he stalked slowly away, and gradually disappeared amid the fast-sinking darkness of the Oriental night.

"I have," he said, as his eyes still watched the point at which he had seen the last slight wave of the Templar's mantle—"I have, in truth, raised the devil with a vengeance! Who would have thought this stern, ascetic Grand Master, whose whole fortune and misfortune are merged in that of his Order, would be willing to do more for its advancement than I who labor for my own interest? To check this wild Crusade was my motive, indeed, but I dare not think on the ready mode which this determined priest has dared to suggest—yet it is the surest—perhaps even the safest."

Such were the Marquis's meditations, when his muttered soliloquy was broken by a voice from a little distance, which proclaimed with the emphatic tone of a herald—"Remember the Holy Sepulchre!"

The exhortation was echoed from post to post, for it was the duty of the sentinels to raise this cry from time to time upon their periodical watch, that the host of the Crusaders might always have in their remembrance the purpurse of their being in arms. But though Conrade was familiar with the custom, and had heard the warning voice on all former occasions as a matter of habit; yet it came at the present moment so strongly in contact with his own train of thought, that it seemed a voice from heaven warning him against the iniquity which his heart meditated. He looked around anxiously, and the broad folds of the ensign of England, heavily distending itself to the night breeze, caught his eye. It was displayed upon an artificial mound nearly in the midst of the camp, which perhaps of old some Hebrew chief or champion had chosen as a memorial of his place of rest. If so, the name was now forgotten, and the Crusaders had christened it St. George's Mound.

A quick intellect like that of Conrade catches ideas from the glance of a moment. A single look on the standard seemed to dispel the uncertainty of mind which had affected him. He walked to his pavilion with the hasty and determined step of one who has adopted a plan which he has resolved to achieve, and, as he committed himself to his couch, muttered his amended resolution, that the milder means are to be tried before the more desperate are resorted to.

"To-morow," he said, "I sit at the board of the archduke of Austria—we will see what can be done to advance our purpose, before prosecuting the dark suggestions of this Templar."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EPISODE!

SPASM I.

In the vestibule at midnight
Stood the pair.
And the sound was low and sweet
As their lips would gently meet,
While dear Charley would repeat,
"Oh, so fair!"

SPASM II.

Down the dimly lighted stairway
Crept her pa,
And his step was soft and low
As he nerved him for the blow
That would knock the dizzy beau
Oh, so far!

CONVULSION.

In the hallway shortly after
Lay her dad;
And his daughter held his head,
As the old man faintly said,
"I think his gloves were lined with lead."
"Oh, so sad!"

MORAL.—And the old gentleman didn't get there just the same.—*J. H. W., in N. Y. World.*

A Bamboozle.

First dude—"How much did you pay for this cane?"

Second dude—"Three dollars. It's genuine bamboo."

"The man who sold it to you bamboozled you very nicely. It's only imitation."—*Siftings.*

In a Bookstore.

Young amateur actress—"Have you Shakespeare's plays in pamphlet form?"

Clerk—"Yes. Which one do you want?"

Young actress (hesitatingly)—"Well—er—you may give me a Brass Monkey to begin with."—*Siftings.*

Recent Literature.

BOOKS TO AMUSE AND INSTRUCT.

Fiction of Various Kinds—A Book All About the Weather—Magazines Without Number—A Fine Christmas "Judge."

"A Man Story," by E. W. Howe, is published by Ticknor & Co., Boston. The author has left his old grounds, in which he was so much at home, and located the incidents of the tale in the East. It is not equal to his former works in some respects and yet will hold the reader through to the last. The design seems to be to impress the danger of great stubborness in what may make or mar the happiness. The character of Tom has its winning side, also its repellent one, but Mrs. Tom is full of sweetness from first to last. Of course it ends the way all would wish, but it leaves the feeling that there has been a great deal more darkness than light in the tale. However, that is characteristic of this writer, who has his share of talent, with a peculiar bent in the direction of gloom.

"American Weather," written by Gen. Greely, chief signal officer United States army, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, is the first system of meteorological work alone applicable to this country. There is no one government which has the wide facilities as we for such observations. It is to be hoped, and prayerfully supplemented, if necessary, that this administration may never be succeeded by one so densely ignorant and hostilely economic as to cut down the already mean appropriation for the signal service bureau. No department in the service affords such immense practical returns to every business interest as the one over which Gen. Greely presides, and his book indicates that he is amply familiar with the subject. It is written for all readers, and covers the phenomena of atmospheric condition, so far as they may be intelligibly treated up to date. There are 26 charts illustrating weather phases peculiar to various parts of this continent, besides 32 other engravings, and the volume is faultless in execution, print and paper.

"The Earth in Past Ages" is a small volume issued by Harper & Brothers, New York. The author is Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, whose work upon "Plant Life" has been so popular among the young people. The present one gives them an insight in the same way into Geology, inducing a desire to learn more about the subject. It is well illustrated and presents an attractive appearance.

A very interesting book is "Literary Portraits," made up of numbers of *Literature*, which is published weekly by John B. Alden, of New York. It contains biographical and critical studies of both contemporary and classical authors, with their portraits and well chosen selections from their writings. Among those presented are General Lew Wallace and his wife, Mark Twain, Octave Thanet, Charles Reed, Maurice Thompson, Homer, Celia Thaxter, Robert Louis Stevenson, Frances E. Willard, Paul H. Hayne, Emerson, Thackeray, Joel Chandler Harris and many others. It is a handy quarto volume of nearly 500 pages, large type, with many illustrations, very neatly bound, and all for the sum of 75 cents.

"A Blockaded Family," by Parthenia Antoinette Hagre, is a story of the life of a family in Southern Alabama during the Civil War. It is most entertainingly written, showing to what straits these people were reduced, and how bravely they bore their privations. The book is very well worth reading. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, issue "The Steel Horse, or the Rambles of a Bicycle," by Harry Castlemon, the author of "Gunboat Series," "Roughing It Series," and other books for boys. The present volume is a lively one about bicycle riders, full of incident and amusing adventures.

"The Astonishing History of Troy Town" deals with the eruptions caused in a quiet English village by the appearance of people with more money than brains. The most amusing character is a man so absent-minded that at one of his dinner parties he suddenly starts up after the soup, expresses his regrets that his guests are compelled to hurry away, helps the men on with their coats, bids them an affectionate farewell and bundles them out of the house without any more dinner. The story appears in Cassell's Rainbow series.

Street & Smith, New York, issue in pamphlet form "The Virginia Heiress," by May Agnes Fleming. The name of the author will be sufficient to insure the sale of the book. It is published in "The Select Series," which appears once a month. The subscription price is $3 a year.

In the "Manhattan Series," A. L. Burt, New York, publisher, appears "A Strange Pilgrimage," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, the author of "True to Herself," "Without Blemish" and several others, which have won popularity.

"The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane" by Frank Barrett, appears in the "Sunshine Series" from Cassell & Co., New York. The story is told in the first person in the old quaint style of years ago.

"The Death-Blow to Spiritualism" is the decidedly pretentious and absurd title of a pamphlet issued by G. W. Dillingham, New York. It purports to be the true story of the Fox sisters made by their authority, by Reuben Briggs Davenport. Considering that there are now over 8,000,000 of avowed spiritualists in the United States, and 5,000,000 in England, the assumption that this poorly-written, sensational confession of a long continued fraud is going to deal a death blow to what is so closely interwoven into the lives of many thoughtful and intellectual people, beside the weakly credulous ones, is absurd.

"The Wishing-Cap Papers," by Leigh Hunt, are a series of essays collected into book form from papers. Written in the author's usual happy manner, they cannot fail to find once more many delighted readers. Among them are felicitous descriptions of nature, loving comments upon favorite authors and books, and speculations upon human life. The volume is published in the Good Company series, by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

From the same publishers comes "Fighting Phil," which is further described as the "Life and Military Career of Philip Henry Sheridan." The author is Rev. P. C. Headley, who has already given the public lives of many other of the generals of the war, and also those of Napoleon, Josephine, Mary Queen of Scots, and others. The fact of a new edition shows with what favor the book has been received.

Another of the "Good Company" series is entitled "Fireside Saints," also "Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk," and many other papers full of the caustic wit and biting humor of their author, Douglas Jerrold. Besides these qualities there is also more or less geniality even in the satire, and those which give their name to the book are extremely bright and sunny. Altogether it is an interesting volume.

Lee & Shepard also issue "Excellent Quotations for Home and School," selected by Julia B. Hoitt, for the use of teachers and pupils. The work appears to have been done with great taste and judgment. The quotations for the most part are excellent, taken from the best writers, and each complete in itself, that is, it is a pithy expression of some truth which in that form wields a strong influence. The volume is a valuable one.

"In Love Ventures" Harry Julian and his friends Tom and Dick capsize in the South Pacific and land on an island of coral, fruit trees, and cockatoos, where all the native men are Apollos and the women dreams of beauty. They marry the island girls and become persons of note in the highly-colored landscape. In course of time they go with the natives to another island, where the chief of the archipelago is to be elected. At this point it becomes manifest that the story is a framework in which a satire of the United States government is set. No surprise will be felt when persons are found who attribute the authorship of this book to Hon. S. S. Cox. The writer purports to be a government clerk at Washington. It is published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, published by Charles T. Dillingham, New York, is a clever skit upon the unpatriotic sluggishness of Congress in providing for the defence of the coasts. The author imagines a war with England, and realistically shows how the hasty defence of New York could be overcome by a British fleet of ironclads and the city be bombarded and destroyed. In the supposed case Great Britain first levels New York and then exacts an immense ransom from the national government, giving up Canada as a makeweight. The earlier chapters of the pamphlet relate the historical facts about coast defences, and this long rehearsal of known circumstances interfere somewhat with the interest of the story.

"Daddy's Boy" is issued by White & Allen, New York. The author is L. T. Meade, author of "Scamp and I," "Angel of Love," and other things which have been popular. It is a pretty story, which cannot fail to please its young readers. No one can help being interested in the boy whose father had always taught him until "God sent for him," and who wants to do what will make him please his father when he goes to join his father and mother, who have promised to go to the gate of heaven to look out for him every day. He is a quaint little fellow. The drawback to the story is the somewhat too evident fashioning after "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but little folks will not care for that.

Three other little books from White and Allen are full of what will be a satisfaction to the fun-loving who enjoy good jokes. They are entitled respectively, "The Mott St. Poker Club," the details purporting to be taken from the Secretary's minutes and illustrated by M. Wolf; "The Hottentot Blue Book," by C. M. Seyppel, which is a book in blue in very truth, the whole thing, illustrations and all being in that color and presenting a quaint appearance.

Literary Notes.

The New York *Ledger* announces a number of unpublished poems by the late John G. Saxe.

Brentano's have in press "The Song of the Palm, and Other Poems," by Mr. Tracy Robinson.

Mrs. Burnett's famous juvenile, "Sara Crewe," has been brought out in Germany in the *Tauchnitz* series.

A. C. Armstrong & Son have published in conjunction with Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, "The Bookworm."

The Polish scholar, K. Estreicher, has finished a complete bibliography of the literature of Poland.

D. Appleton and Co. will publish early this month a work entitled "From Flag to Flag; a woman's experiences and adventures in the South during the war, in Mexico, and in Cuba."

"John Ward, Preacher," the brilliant novel by Margaret Deland, is in its fifteenth thousand. The avidity with which the public seized upon this book was almost equal to that with which it has devoured "Robert Elsmere."

A famous story, which ran through a series of the *Rural New Yorker*, with the title of "Andersonville Violets," written by Herbert W. Collingwood, the able editor of that great journal, is now to be published in book form by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, have in press and will shortly issue an octavo of 250 pages with the following title: "Know Thyself; a Study of Man," by a well-known Cincinnati physician, Dr. J. D. Buck.

"Letters to a King," by Judge A. W. Tourgee, will make a valuable gift book to a young man. They inculcate just the patriotism and Americanism that is most needed in this age of wild haste to get rich as the prime object of life.

Instead of enlarging the *Writer* and increasing its price, as its publisher had planned, he will publish a companion monthly to be called the *Author*. The first number is promised January 1, and will contain selected and original matter of special importance to writers.

The Swedish writer of fiction, Emilie Flygare Carlen, has just published "Gleanings from My Fifty Years of Authorship." A biography of her is affixed to her work by her friend, Birger Scholdstrom. Mme. Flygare Carlen has attained the age of 81 years.

D. C. Heath & Co., announce an "American History," by Miss Sheldon, on the same plan as her "Studies in General History." This new book is for a younger grade and the weight of the work falls rather on observation and memory than on the reasoning powers, although a moderate exercise is given to these.

A delightful Christmas article by Donald G. Mitchell and a Christmas poem by J. Whitcomb Riley, are the opening features of the Christmas *Book Buyer*. Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, George Parsons Lathrop, W. C. Brownell, James Baldwin, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Hamilton W. Mabie are also among the contributors.

Lee & Shepard have brought out in beautiful binding of drab and brown, with attractive gold ornamental leaves running the length of the cover, a new edition of Mrs. Hale's "Manners, Happy Homes, and Good Society All the Year Round." The pleasing exterior of the book is well matched by its valuable contents.

Owing to the amount of labor involved in the manufacture of Paul Du Chaillu's great work, "The Viking Age," the publication of the book has been postponed by the Scribners. The magnitude of the work may be learned from the single fact that there are to be over 1,200 illustrations.

EXPRESSIVE.

[From Time.]

Mrs. Freshleigh—"Can't we run into Horlan's and get some oysters, Ned?"

Mr. Freshleigh (who has left his pocket-book on the piano)—"I'm afraid it would be a dead give-away on Horlan's part if we did."

How You Can Always Tell Florida Oranges.

There is one trade mark on many Florida oranges that cannot be counterfeited; when the peel is discolored by what is known as "rust" you may know the fruit was grown in the land of flowers. So far from this being a drawback, except for looks, this rust is a positive advantage. Russets are invariably solid, sweet and juicy; the tiny insect that caused the discolored peel thereby hermetically seals the pores, confining the juices that otherwise would evaporate; yet you may buy russets for about $1 per box cheaper than brights. So much for "looks" or the whims of taste. Few oranges are marketed as carelessly as apples, all sizes and qualities being dumped into a box. Instead, each box is carefully packed in layers containing exactly the same size and number, the boxes holding 128, 140, 176 to 220. The medium sizes are considered best, the box being stenciled with a number as well as the quality of the fruit, as 176 russets, brights, fancy, etc. The orange-growers' packing houses adjoining the groves in Florida are now scenes of great activity. Rollicking negroes mount long ladders into the trees with sacks swung on their shoulders, and, pruning shears in hand, clip the golden fruit from its rough stem and place into the bag, which, when full or burdensome, is carefully emptied into boxes under the tree to be hauled by teams to the packing-houses. The fruit is never pulled from the tree, as the stem comes out "plugged" and worthless for shipping; neither can they be tossed about, or the delicate sacs burst and the orange decays. In the packing-house the sorter rolls each fruit singly down an inclined trough with gradually spreading sides, so each fruit drops in the box underneath containing exactly the same size.—*Troy Times.*

Could Be Mistaken.

Husband—My dear, didn't you say you once owned a parrot and it got away?

Wife—Yes; poor, poor Poll!"

"Was it a large green bird, with a Roman-nose bill?"

"Yes, yes. Have you seen it?"

"Well, there is a parrot on Green street which I think may have been yours."

"How lovely! Didn't it keep asking for crackers?"

"No; it kept asking for money."—*Philadelphia Record.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It is said that republics are always ungrateful which undoubtedly is, in a measure, true. Perhaps if for republics, political parties were substituted, it might come nearer the fact. It has been recently exemplified in the ease of Anna Dickinson. The nation owes her a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. What she has done gives her the ear of the people whenever she comes before them to speak upon vital questions. Taking advantage of this the Republican National committee engaged her to do campaign work for a certain consideration. She threw herself heart and soul into the cause which she believed to be a righteous one. Crowds gathered to hear her wherever she spoke, and there can be no question but that she was strongly instrumental in influencing public opinion, wherever she appeared. The battle over, success assured, and she is denied her dues, under the pitiful pretext that she did not literally obey the direction of the committee in her mode of speaking. Just what she did or rather what she did *not* do that is complained of, it is hard to discover. Her story is a plain, straightforward one, the main points of which are not disputed, but a pitiful subterfuge is resorted to, to gratify the petty spite of some one whose self-love has probably in some way been injured by Miss Dickinson. Little wonder is it that this brave woman, the peer in intellect of the best, strong in the right, resolved to seek justice in the only way possible, by law. That she may be successful, is the earnest wish of all who hate petty tyranny. It is not so much the money difference, but the principle which is at stake.

Mrs. Logan has finally concluded to enter journalistic work and her name is to appear at the head of the first column of the *Home Journal* as its conductor. In the first number she contributes an article upon "Etiquette and Entertainments at Washington," of which she is qualified to speak from the card. That she will succeed in this field of work no one who knows Mrs. Logan will doubt, for she has courage, brains, persistence, and a familiarity with many things which the social world will like to know. No doubt she has been led into the new path through a desire to fill the great gap left in her working hours by the death of her husband. Devoted to his interests as she was, when all of this was withdrawn from her, together with his loved presence, what wonder that her spirit fainted within her at the prospect of the lonely future? Everybody will welcome this, her new departure.

One often wonders why it is that so many otherwise charming people seem to take a peculiar delight in repeating to their friends the uncomplimentary remarks they may have heard about them. No one likes to hear unpleasant comments upon themselves even if they be true, and one is apt to think that the friend who listened to the unkind remarks, rather encouraged them than otherwise. Never tell disagreeable truths unless it will do absolute good. In cases where it will mend a trouble, or straighten out misunderstandings, then is the time to speak. But it is an absolute impertinence to tell any one an uncomfortable fact of which they are fully aware, and at the same time imply that they are unconscious of it. The world is full of sorrow and misery and these little stings carry their full share. One often crushes down their hurt feelings with the idea that they are foolish to notice so trifling a matter, but at the same time the hurt is there, and the scar remains long after the words are forgotten. It might be well sometimes to go on the principle of believing nothing one hears and only half one sees. Cultivate this idea together with a heart filled with charity towards all mankind, and one will never be tempted to repeat to its subject the thrusts and stings of unkindly gossip.

Many of the world's famous musicians are agitated over the so-called presumption of Mrs. Alice Shaw, the great American whistler, in parading her singular accomplishment and calling it music. This feeling is in every way absurd, for if she was criticised from a purely classical point of view, she would be left without a single artistic plank to stand on. The prejudice against "whistling girls and crowing hens" is a widespread one, and musicians should console themselves with the fact that Mrs. Shaw's audiences are not usually musical ones. The fact that her agent calls her "the whistling prima donna," simply illustrates the widespread ignorance as to the proper use of the term. A "prima donna" is the principal woman singer in an opera, and nothing else. Mrs. Shaw has been warned against going to Arabian communities in her next tour abroad, as the Arabs hate a whistler. Burton, in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," says: "Some say that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for 40 days; others that Satan touching a man's" (probably a woman's as well) "person causes him to produce the offensive sound." Whatever may have been the cause of the fair lady's whistling, the effect has been to give her considerable notoriety, and whether she is a true musician or not, doubtless her performances bring in the dollars, which is, of course, what she desires. Those who heard her in Toledo were highly entertained by her skill in producing, in this way, such a combination of sweet sounds to delight the ear, whether it be ranked as "music," or called by some other name.

The philanthropists of New York have a project in view which, if carried out, will be one of the noblest among Gotham's many charitable institutions. It is to be a home for working girls and though at the present time there is an establishment of that description on a small scale, the new project will be upon a much larger plan and will afford a greater number of girls the opportunity of enjoying its benefits. The proposition is to rent or build a large club house and furnish it from garret to cellar in a simple but suitable manner for the accommodation of 2,500 girls who for a dime or quarter may become members of the association and participants in all its benefits. There is to be a gymnasium with bowling-alley adjoining provided with all the implements for physical development, and presided over by a teacher who will take special pride in remodeling hollow chests, bent backs and rounded shoulders.

In connection with this department will be a system of bath rooms, where plenty of warm water, soap and towels may be had for the asking. A couple of physicians will tell the girls how to live and keep well, while other philosophers will demonstrate their theories by giving object lessons in shopping, sewing, hair dressing and the fitness and economy of dress. On the first floor will be a kitchen, where every evening the girls may learn any or all of the duties attendant on domestic life.

The industrial hall provides for instruction in dressmaking, millinery, bookkeeping and business forms, stenography and hand and machine sewing that will enable a girl to be self-supporting. By way of amusement training will be given in concert music, and entertainments will occur monthly which will be free to the members and their friends. Perhaps best of all departments will be the library and reading rooms, where free access will be given to all the papers and magazines in the country. Writing materials are to be, furnished gratis, and some of the directors or teachers will be ready to listen to the woes and grievances of the girls to right them if possible and aid the hapless to secure employment. To be sure all this work is in the future, but it is certain to be carried out and the future soon becomes the present. The plan has its origin in the conviction that to give these girls a comfortable place where they may spend their leisure [illegible] and receive benefit and amusement [illegible] and the same time will be doing more good than any amount of foreign missionary work.

What They Eat.

The tailor—Roast goose.
The builder—Plumb pudding.
The druggist—"Pizen" things.
The base ball man—Fowl.
The carpenter—Plane food.
The stock-raiser—Bred.
The actor—Supe.
The printer—Pi.
The singer—Oyster Patti.
The old maid—To mate, O.
The Quaker—Peas.
The prisoner—Cell-ery.
The profane man—Cussed hard.
The acrobat—Turn-ups.
The smoker—Pipe plant.
The real estate man—Coffee grounds.
The dry goods clerk—Flannel cakes.
The tramp—Rag out of veal.
The debtor—Owe it meal.
The public speaker—Toast.
The funny man—Chestnuts.—*Washington Post.*

—Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes, and thus cures rheumatism.

A JAUNT SOUTHWARD.

A VISIT TO THE EADS JETTIES.

Something About a Great Engineering Triumph—Port Eads and Its People—The Blade Reporter Goes to Pilot-Town.

THE sail down the South Pass of the Mississippi's delta, under the glow of a radiant moon, is a pleasure well worth a day's journeying to experience, even were the interesting things along the way not ample recompense. The river, which, from the head of the pass, narrows to about 400 feet between the banks of tall marsh grass, is black as the plutonian flood, while beyond the fringed borders on either side is the gulf, the rippling waves glinting in their reflected effulgence of molten gold. But for the throb and beat of the boat machinery it would be easy to fancy we could hear the rustle of the rank growth of grass which, under the faintest of breezes, is seen to sway in unison and in swelling waves to emulate the liquid element from which it has its growth.

For thousands of years the Mississippi river has been levying a tribute on all the country through which it passes, and which is drained by its affluents, and regularly it has demanded and received great quantities of soil from the entire valley. This dirt, in solution, has been carried down and thrown into the Gulf of Mexico, and banks of it have formed, dividing the stream into several channels, and by steady application to business the river has succeeded in pushing its mouth far out into the briny deep. This latter conspicuous fact is evident to any one who examines a map, and the scientific fact can be demonstrated by marking a piece of land on the Ohio river, before a spring freshet, and afterward going to look for it in the Gulf of Mexico.

Away down on the southern extremity of this alluvial soil, distant from New Orleans 108 miles, according to the United States surveyors, or 110 miles, as claimed by steamship captains, is situated Port Eads. One who has not been previously prepared for the revelation will be naturally surprised to find quite a village in this out-of-the way place, where the strips of land are just wide enough to afford room for a row of houses on each side of the stream, with the river at the front door and the gulf at the rear. On the west bank are quarters for workmen, storehouses, pilot stations and a lighthouse. On the eastern bank are better and fewer houses, occupied as headquarters and residences of the officers and engineers of the company which has undertaken to carry Capt. Eads's great engineering project to a successful culmination.

We landed first on the right hand shore, then afterward went to the opposite side, where the boat was tied up to wait three hours, until the mail she had brought could be delivered and letters written in answer. This is an extremely convenient arrangement for the 144 people who live at Port Eads, and it goes far toward insuring promptness in correspondence when a boat brings a letter and waits for the answer.

In moonlight, bright as day, Port Eads and all that pertained to it, was plainly depicted, from the tall lighthouse with its wonderful revolving lamp, to the work boats moored in the river far below.

A manager and a resident engineer are at the head of the operations now in progress, which are said to be mainly the repairing and strengthening of the works, and making the Eads jetties permanent. Both officials were absent on the occasion of my visit, but an affable and accomplished gentleman, who holds the responsible position of book-keeper and secretary, gave me much information and made my visit exceedingly pleasant.

As a large number of citizens of New Orleans, even, do not know what the Eads jetties are, and a much larger number never saw them, it can safely be assumed that more published information regarding this great feat of engineering skill will not be amiss.

At New Orleans the Mississippi river is not as wide as it is above the city, but makes up for it in depth, being from 75 to 150 feet deep. Down to a point below Forts Jackson and St. Philip the channel is 30 feet deep and wide as could be desired. Further down, the river widens to nearly two miles, is 30 feet deep and there branches off into three channels, as shown in map—Pass a la Outre to the southeast, Sout pass to the south and Southwest pass to the southwest, with smaller channels leading from the first named to the gulf.

Through all these three passes were deep channels, but at the mouth of each were bars where the depth of water was from eight to thirteen feet. The largest ocean vessels, some of which require a depth of water not less than 24 to 26 feet, could not pass these shallow places, and in consequence, New Orleans was shut off from important ocean commerce. Even for some lighter draft vessels the passage of these bars was perilous. It will be seen how important, then, was the question of devising a means of opening the harbor to the commerce of the world.

Many plans of remedying matters were discussed, with more or less bitterness. It remained for Capt. Eads to overcome, first, the opposition of rivals, then the prejudices of river men, and lastly the great difficulty—the river itself. He had noticed, as every small boy who has played with juvenile hydraulics has noticed, that when the banks of a flowing stream are too firm to wash away, the bottom is scoured by the action of the current. A very simple thing that everybody knew, but let some one else put to a practical application.

At the mouth of South Pass, where the river had for ages spread out and shallowed and kept piling up alluvial soil where it was in the way Captain Eads built two parallel dykes—practically substantial banks for the stream, to replace the shifting sand and rushes. One of these dykes, or jetties, is nearly 12,000 feet long and the other is nearly 8,000. In addition, several wing dams, or breakwaters, have been placed along the length of the pass to assist in concentrating the force of the current into the desired channel.

This results in the erosion or scouring away of the bottom, the artificial banks resisting the force of the water, and the sand, instead of being allowed to form a bar, is thrown so far out into the gulf it can do no harm. The jetties, fifty feet wide, were originally made of mattrasses of willow trees, stones and dirt, and since they were completed, in 1879, they have become like solid natural banks. With great timbers, bolted with iron, the jetties are now being further strengthened and given permanency.

The company now carrying on this great work, which, after twenty years of successful operation, will be taken in charge by the United States government, is required to keep a channel of 30 feet over the bar and 26 feet throughout the length of South Pass. For every day the depth at any point is less than this minimum the company is fined $5,000. A United States engineer has nothing to do but watch for shallow spots and assess fines, which, luckily for the company, do not come often.

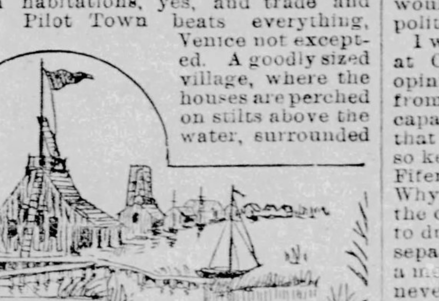
That the Eads jetties are a pronounced success I have been assured, and though I could not make a scientific test of the entire works in three hours, I believe it. I should have had at least four hours. At any rate, I remember I saw a steamship going out, drawing 24 feet forward, and, as a technical friend of mine remarked at the time the "vessel's keel didn't seem to smell bottom."

The Eads jetties do not make much show above water, but they cost a great amount of money and are going to cost more.

I would be negligent indeed if I should fail to say a word about the postoffice at Port Eads. It occupies its own building, which is about eight feet square, and contains 36 lock boxes. A pretty girl is postmistress, and when I went around there to patronize the office by mailing a letter she was entertaining the signal officer—oh, that's all right, for the signal service here is represented by another nice girl. Then, I believe, if I am not mistaken, there was another nice girl assisting the postmistress. All three are members of families of resident officers. I will feel real sorry if the change of the administration at Washington should affect the postoffice at Port Eads.

While the visit to this pleasant, though too well ventilated, place was all and more than I had hoped for, I was ready to go back with Grace Pitt—that's the steamboat—when the time came for starting. We bade good-bye to Port Eads, and started for the head of the pass, keeping the moon with us. Rounding the lighthouse, the boat plunged into Southwest pass, and after traversing fourteen miles of this watery way, we all arrived at Pilot Town.

Of all the damp locations for the site of human habitations, yes, and trade and traffic, Pilot Town beats everything, Venice not excepted. A goodly sized village, where the houses are perched on stilts above the water, surrounded and nearly concealed by marsh grass high as the roofs, and where the citizens move about with all the wetness if not the magnificence of Venetians—such is Pilot Town.



It would be difficult to find this "town" on the maps, though its location is marked on the one accompanying this, the correctness of which may be vouched for, as it is a reproduction of an official chart in the office of the United States engineer, at New Orleans.

This dismal place is the station for pilots, who ply their vocation in the passes of the river, and as a point for trading with fishermen in has considerable importance. None of these places appeared to offer any unusual inducements for settlers, and when the boat got ready to return I felt quite resigned over the briefness of the stop. As fast as she could go the Grace Pitt went up the river to Buras, opposite Quarantine, and there laid up for the remainder of the night, out in the damp air.

REAM.

With Apologies to Pope.

"Then know thyself, presume not God to scan
The proper study of mankind is man."
Place the deft touch upon the pulsing wrist,
Or at the breast unto its throbbings list'.
Note thou the crimson tide in ebb and flow,
Now quick in heat and now in languor slow.
See vigor more with its impatient stride,
Or being faint, as swells or sinks its tide.
Consider then, the air we breathe is rife
With ill or ailment of throbbing life,
With food or poison charged, to turn the blood
A bounteous flow or an infectious flood.
But bland and mollient to the sharp distress,
Is nature's breath in magnetized excess.
All purient clog and obstacle to purge,
With blessings come—with weaknesses emerge.
Sweet, transient guest, the lungs one moment hold,
To bring a glow depart with choking cold.
To urge new vigor thrill with rare content,
Gracious, restoring, curing ailment
Revive the weak with animation warm,
Treatment by inhalation acts a charm.

Witness the following:

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, Nov. 2, 1885.
"I regard your treatment by inhalation as a wonderful discovery of science."
REV. A. A. JOHNSON, Pres. Wesleyan College.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 13, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen did so much for me."
F. C. JOSLYN.

UTICA, MISS., July 18, 1888.
"I most cordially recommend your Home Treatment." MRS. THOS. H. LEWIS.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 30, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen has benefited me."
No. 33 Main St. WM. H. PROUDFIT.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

AN UNNECESSARY OPERATION.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Young Housekeeper (to cook)—"What in the world are you doing to that fish, Mary?"

Cook—"Washing it, mum, before I bake it for our Christmas table."

"Wash a fish! You silly creature, don't you know the fish has been in the water all its life?"

For the Blade.

CONSOLATION.

A. E. BEE.

Good-bye, Grover, good-bye,
So soon the time will come,
When you must gather your traps up
And turn your face towards home.

You have had your day, dear Grover,
You have had it through and through,
So travel back with a cheerful heart,
And do as you used to do.

History will give you a notice, of course,
At least that much you know,
The man who married the pretty wife
At the White House long ago.

For one who was never a statesman,
The job was far too great,
Trying to fill the Presidents' chair,
Or governor of New York state.

You see the country is pretty large,
And though one of the heavy weights,
It requires more than flesh and blood,
To rule over all the states.

So it is no use crying Grover,
"Tears never wound a clock,"
But you have wound up your party
And scattered all your flock.

Now veto your ambition,
For you know how that is done,
And take your fish-pole, girls and wife,
Like Sackville, you go home.

Toledo, Nov. 25, 1888.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Newly furnished, Brush electric lights, steam heating. The only Sanitarium East of the Rocky Mountains in which *Mud Baths* are given. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't., Green Spring, Ohio.

Domestic Management.

Husband—"This coffee is exasperatingly weak."

Wife—"I know it is. No matter how much I talk that new girl will persist in filling the coffee-pot with water clear up to the top. What shall I do? Discharge her?"

"Certainly not. Discharge the coffee-pot and get a smaller one that won't hold so much water."—*Philadelphia Record.*

St. JACOBS OIL
For Neuralgia.
FRESH TESTIMONIALS.

20 Minutes. Irvington, Ill., May 28, 1888.
About three years ago, Mrs. Egbert Toney's was taken with Neuralgia in head and face, had suffered three days; she tried St. Jacobs Oil; was relieved in 20 minutes. Jas. T. Goodner, Druggist.

Prompt. Columbus, Ohio, May 29, 1888.
Have suffered with Neuralgia for many years; I use St. Jacobs Oil; it gives relief and finally drives away all pain. I would use no other medicine. SOPHIA PFEIFER.

Sure. Towanda, Ill., June 5, 1888.
The wife of SIMON P. ANDERSON had pains in the head from childhood, which yield to St. Jacobs Oil. G. W. HOWARD & SONS, Druggists.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

VIEWS OF A KANSAS COMRADE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have watched the CAMP FIRE burn some while, and now come for the first time with my "top rail," to remain while I say my piece. Comrades, I see the Democratic members of the G. A. R. of Indiana are attempting to start a separate organization. I wonder if they will call it the "Democratic G. A. R.?" Won't that be political food for the ex-rebel soldiers? I suppose, of course, as they are now trying to make the G. A. R. a political machine—as it smacks of nothing else. I wonder if the old confederate soldiers will be admitted to membership? If the G. A. R. has turned out to be a political machine, as Gen. Palmer and some of the Democrat element would have us believe, why did not the organization dissolve when Cleveland was elected President, or Palmer nominated for governor, by the Republican element getting on their ear and organizing a Republican wing of the order? That would have shown some resemblance to a political machine.

I was a soldier in Gen. Palmer's division, at Chickamauga, and had a very high opinion of him as a man and as a general, from the standpoint from which I was capable of viewing him; but is it possible that the old general feels his military rank so keenly that he can't bear to see Private Fifer outrank him in civil government? Why, are there not sore heads enough in the other five or six political organizations to draw out of the G. A. R. and start their separate political machines? I have been a member of the G. A. R. for years, and never saw anything to indicate a shade of a color as to the member's politics, any more than on election day a majority of us vote just the opposite to what the majority of the confederates do. I suppose Gen. Palmer, and all other seceders, consider themselves offensive partisans, and are not going to do as the Republican office-holders did—wait for the Democratic administration to "turn the rascals out," but resign or withdraw from the grand old order to get out of the way of our principles, Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.

If any member of the 2d division of the 4th army corps sees this I wish to ask them if Gen. Grant, in his Memoirs, did not do us an injustice on pages 92 and 93, vol. 2, wherein he says that after the battle of Mission Ridge the 4th army corps, commanded by Gordon Granger, was ordered to Knoxville to reinforce Burnside, and that Gen. Granger refused to go, then left the subject in the dark as to who did go, but to infer that Granger did not go. Now, there were some incidents connected with that forced march that makes me remember very forcibly that there never was a disposition shown to make bandbox pets of the 4th army corps by any of the generals, and at least two brigades of the 4th army corps did go, viz: Gen. Hazen's old brigade and Gen. Willick's. In the first place there were 2,500 picked men from the 2d brigade, commanded by Hazen, to float down the Tennessee river after night, to force back the rebel outposts in order to put in a pontoon bridge to get enough troops over to establish a line and be a protection to supplies coming to Chattanooga. If this should come under the notice of anyone who was on the pontoon fleet expedition they will remember how our boys scratched corn out of the dirt where horses had been fed and parched it to relieve that gnawing hunger which you were all so familiar with. And after three days of that kind of fare, ordered back to Chattanooga, which seemed like a terrible long way when we had to walk it; and had issued 100 pounds of ammunition and put on the skirmish line in front of Mission Ridge; and when that battle was fought and won, and within one half hour after, we had orders to march to Knoxville, poorly fed and very poorly clad, many of us being barefoot. I remember this last class because I was one, and on the way made moccasins of raw, blue beef hide, Lieut. Col. Pickans, of the 124th O. V. I., having a squad of us march at will, but to be in camp at night. Fortunately for us, Longstreet got wind of our coming and made the assault. The result you all know. But we did not stop there. Put on another rail now, till I give the balance of my evidence.

We were ordered on to Nashville, North Carolina, near which place we expected to remain all winter, and erected log cabins just large enough to shingle with our dog tents. The men and line officers worked with a will to be ready to have a comfortable winter's rest. Before they were finished it snowed, and the welcomed wagon train came in with clothing. Our first lieutenant commanding the company was very busy, and told me to go to the quartermaster and draw the company's clothing, and as I had my quarters covered I took them there. This was in the morning, and the boys could not stand the cold near so well with those good clothes laying there; but the lieutenant was too anxious to finish his fine house to comply with their repeated requests to issue the clothing, so finally, about 4 p. m., after discarding their moccasins, ragged pants, blouses and creeping underclothes, they appropriated the new clothes, and, because there was not a pair of shoes left that would fit the lieutenant, a couple of us were put under arrest for allowing the confiscation. When our quarters were completed, one night the bugle blew "strike tents, strike tents; pack 'em up, pack 'em up," and soon we were on our way back to East Tennessee to join the army that was preparing for the Atlanta campaign. These are some of the reasons that I know we were there; and the reason I know "Dutch" Gen. Willick was there, when we were crossing Clinch river bridge, Willick thought we were not going fast enough, and rode up saying: "Bush on poys, bush on; more as dirty dousand reppels in our rear!" These, comrades, are some of the views of a member of Co. E, 124th O. V. I., 2d brig., 2d div., 4th army corps, living in the banner county of the banner Republican state.—J. H. HERRITT, Sumner county, Kansas.

A LIFE WITHIN A LIFE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Four years, one month and five days a soldier. Fourteen hundred and ninety-five days of a life, dramatic, melo cramatic, comic and tragic. A play with a hundred acts by hundreds multiplied. And I have it all written in a book. It cost me not a farthing, and yet, if Gould, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and Mackay, should bring their dollars and lay the sum total at my feet as their price for my "army diary," I should tell them to bid higher. An old man's memory will some day weaken. Sitting in the light of the flickering flame, dreamily, wearily trying to recollect what happened when he was a soldier—some one will bring his diary and read to him. His eyes will brighten, his bent form straighten, his hands, with nervous twitching, will reach out now here, now there, as if to grasp some weapon of warfare, and he will suddenly exclaim, "Oh, I can see the enemy coming and hear the rebel yell." The rheumatic pains will suddenly leave the body of the aged veteran; the bent form become erect, as in the days gone by, and stepping briskly out at his own command to "forward march," the old man is again a soldier. The reader, looking from the book and seeing the aged veteran, by some subtle power, made as young in spirit as the youngest, is perplexed, and can't understand this transformation. Comrades, can you?

Here is the story of Chicamauga, omitting the first day's fight:

Sunday morning, Sept. 20, 1863.—Last night, after the uncertain struggle of the day, we went into camp on the side of a hill with our picket line in a piece of woods below. No fires, no coffee, and crackers only, for a supper. We sat down upon the cold, damp ground, leaning against the artillery carriages; but the chilly air forbade us to sleep, so we would now and then walk about, stumbling and staggering from drowsiness. But there came a sudden awakening at the mid-hour of night. The "long roll." In the woods at the foot of the hill, the enemy suddenly attacked our men on the picket. A sharp, determined resistance from very wide awake men resulted in a repulse of the foe; and we knew that sleep and vigilance could not go together from that hour till the dawn of day.

It is 10 a. m., September 20, 1863. A beautiful morning, sunshine, song of birds, odor of flowers and balmy air. Just at this hour peace doth reign supreme. All harmony in nature doth much more abound than discord. And we joyfully welcome our enthrallment. We are so very glad that for so short a time we are able to forget the battle just past, and the one so soon to come. And so we inhale the balmy air, listen to music of the birds, and bend over the flowers that gives sweet perfume while reading letters from "home, sweet home." But there comes a sudden and startling reminder of what has brought us here at this hour, in line of battle. Away to the left, the boom of a heavy gun. Letters, sweet memories, bitter tears, heartaches, and tenderness of manly souls, by a single shot are swept aside. And now we are waiting for the battle. We are not cowards, and yet we tremble. We are brave, and still we are fearful. For the love of loving ones at home, we dare to do or die. And here we stand full panoplied for the conflict, waiting—waiting—till it seems that longer to wait will be an agony of suspense we cannot endure. There may be a thousand things in this life, wherein are centered manifold miseries and intensity of painfulness; but waiting for the battle to begin, discounts them all.

But now our waiting is nearly over. The bloody work will soon be given us to do. Another shot, another, and yet another; now they are multiplied, and so near we can even count them faster than the rapid beating of our hearts. Hark! that demoniac yell that pierces the air. It is a rebel charge; just here, at the left of the 14th corps. "Battery C, attention! Stand to horse! Cannoneers to your posts!" And now for a moment more we are waiting. Oh, what will the outcome of this conflict be? Our line is fifteen miles long, and very thin. Not a single company even can be spared from any one point to strengthen another. The enemy outnumbers us by many thousands, brought fresh and unwearied by railroad to the very field of battle. We are all so weary and unfitted for the fight. We have climbed up mountains and forded streams; built corduroy roads and made long marches through the mud, and we are hungry. How circumscribed my scope of vision. How much more of thrilling interest I could write in my diary under this date if I could be in all places where desperate fighting will be done and glory won this day. Here is Battery C 1st O. L. A. On our right the 31st O. I; then still farther to the right, Van Cleave's division. At our left, and in the spaces between our cannon, are the men of the 14th O., the 10th and 4th Ky., and the 10th Ind. Infantry, and they will stand by the battery. I am not holding "lanyard and fuse primer" as No. 4 of the gun squad to-day. It is my first absence from that post of duty. The "swing team" of No 1 gun is in my care during the illness of Robbins. They are young horses, unused to battle. Will it be a picnic to control them?

Oh, for the love of God, tell me, some one, what does that mean? Van Cleave's division, on a double-quick, is going to the left. There will be a gap in the line. There is not a man can be spared to fill it. The battle comes this way—will soon be upon us—and we will give the charging column twelve charges of cannister, and 5,000 shots from 5,000 men with muskets. It will be a repulse. Backward the valiant foemen stagger and stumble and fall, over thousands of wounded and dead and dying comrades. Then they will reform their charging columns and come again. This time, to meet no resistance, coming into the open gap. They will turn our right flank. Hark! again that piercing yell of the rebel charge. Here they come. "Battery C, prepare to load; double charge with cannister; load and fire at will." Clear and distinct, above the din of hissing bullets and shrieking shell, the voice of Lieut. Gary; and now he is going from No 1 to No. 6 detachment, coolly, with unfaltering step; and the occasion, with its sublime possibilities, has suddenly transformed him into a hero. He will be a captain yet. God bless him. Every man is a hero. Not one is leaving his post. Both of my horses are wounded; the wheel team also, and one of the lead team is killed. Robby Wilkinson is shot right here at my side. He staggers and falls almost under the feet of my madly affrighted team. It is fearful, the number of horses we are losing; and men of battery C are falling, who will never rise again; and some are being wounded. There will be weeping and bitter moaning in the peaceful homes of Northern Ohio.

On they come, heroic foemen, bravest of Americans, to meet in deadly strife as brave ones as themselves. But they have found the place that was left unguarded when Van Cleave vacated it. And now it is time for us to get out of this and take the dismembered fragments of battery C to the rear. I pull the trace-chains of the dead horse up onto the neck of my saddle horse for goads and away we go. Four wounded and one uninjured animal to haul a 12-pound cannon over ditches, brush piles and stumps of trees, through a cornfield and up a hill. It is cruelty to animals, but human life is very precious. And so we beat our suffering beasts unmercifully. The rebels are in hot pursuit, firing as they come. Zip—zip—zip, shot after shot, so close we can almost feel the concussion of air from the wicked bullets as they pass. We want to go home to see mother. Somebody wants us. We had better go. We are almost at the top of a wooded hill when a wild deer, with affrighted eyes, comes bounding into our midst and away towards the coming rebels. Only a moment after the beautiful animal disappeared the firing ceases. We know not why. But some very precious lives thereby I doubt not are spared to-day. Gen. Nelson tries to form a new line. It is impossible, and he orders us on to Rossville. And here we are at 4 p. m. One by one, and then in groups, inquiring messmates come to ask for missing comrades. The night wears on. Around the fires of the camp, sit disheartened men, who make no concealment of their grief. Brave men and strong men, too, will sometimes weep. And so this memorable night at Rossville, a loving, tender-hearted messmate, will bend his head low down and shed such bitter tears—and the strong, heroic warrior bereft, will moan in the agony of his grieving.

The old veteran is trembling. The reader drops the diary and hastens to old man's side, who says: "Put away the book. Perhaps later I will ask you to read to me of Mill Springs."—HARRY DINGMAN, Battery C, 1st O. V. L. A.

FIGHTING GEN. LONGSTREET.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was with Harrison at Resaca and for him at the polls. I have read the BLADE for several years and have not seen a word from any member of my regiment. About September 1, 1863, we arrived at Knoxville under Burnside. The noted Buckner, who is now governor of Kentucky, evacuated with little warning, as he had from several other places. The valley of the Holston river, for one hundred or more miles in length, seemed for a time to be ours by almost peaceable possession, but some of us yet live to remember that on October 20, about a brigade of us, under Col. Wolford, were at a station called Philadelphia, where Longstreet came heavily upon us, in quest of a fuss. And he had the "Johnnies" who were enough for us. We held our ground three hours. They then had us surrounded and it seemed they were to take us prisoners.

Col. Wolford ordered that we give up our wagon train and two small cannon we had, and to get out of that rebel pen with what we could. We obeyed this order under a storm of bullets and clash of swords and bayonets that finished the killing of 92 men per regiment of our brigade, including Major Delfoss of my own regiment. While we rushed through broken ranks, my horse fell with me, I supposed him killed with a bullet, for they were more than "June-buck thick." My horse was a blue pony that had safely carried me many hundred miles. I ran with our flying horsemen until my breath only went about three inches down my throat. One brave soldier, named Warren Ellis, stopped long enough for me to mount behind him, which saved me from murder or imprisonment.

Upon this wild retreat I saw a red-headed Johnnie who had gotten up behind one of our boys in time of the fight, preferring to be the prisoner of whipped Yankees than stay with the gray coats. Night soon covered us. We stood in line without food, drink or sleep until next morning.—J. H. OTEY, Co. F, 12th Ky. Cav. Vol., Richardsville, Ky.

TWIGS.

Comrade J. L. Caple, late sergeant of Co. C, 12th Tenn. Cav., would like to know the address of Comrade J. P. Crooker, Co. I, 12th Tenn. Cav., whose communication to the CAMP FIRE appeared in the Weekly BLADE of November 22. He wishes to correspond with the captain on business of importance.

Comrade G. H. Delavan, Co. E, 153d I. V. I. writes: The "Tall Sycamore" was struck with lightning when Ingalls made his speech in the Senate, and I guess Col. Matson feels a little like C. L. Valandingham and others did in 1863, when the Sunday school books were divided up at Indianapolis, when Matson's artillery stopped the trains and disarmed them.

Comrade W. Scott, Co. B, 9th Minn., writing from Carthage, Mo., takes us to task as follows: There is no more reason for a Georgia paper to speculate on Gen. Harrison's policy towards the South than there is for an Ohio paper to daily discuss what his policy will be towards the state of Ohio. Toledo BLADE, now old are you? have you really forgotten that the North conquered the South, burned her cities and made desolate her fields? Read your CAMP FIRE and tell me, honestly, if the Southern soldiers or Southern people cherish such intense and bitter hatred as you find there, week after week.—W. SCOTT, Co. B, 9th Minn., Carthage, Mo.

Seventy million codfish are annually caught off the coast of Newfoundland.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

INCH AND OUNCE.

The Derivation of Those Standards of Measurement.

As the Jews had a practical reverence for seven, and the ancient Welsh and Celts for three, and the Greeks a perfect philosophy constructed out of the harmonies of all sorts of numbers, so the Romans fell back upon a scale of—or, more properly, upon a scale with a basis of—six. Accordingly, as they divided the pound into 12 ounces, so they also divided the foot, which was the standard of lineal measure, into 12 sections, and they called these sections unciae, too. But how did they get the inch originally? it may be asked. Rather, how did they get the pound? for that, and not the inch is the unit. There seems to be no precise information on this point. They would divide any unit into twelfths, and a prevailing notion was at one time the linear uncia was really the original, and was then transferred as a name to a weight. This, though plausible, is hardly the case. Sometimes, especially in old books, written when philology was not what it is now; it was the fashion to derive unciae from the same word in the Greek, because, after the revival of letters in Europe, the admiration of the Greek became so great that whenever similar words were found in it and some other language, it was always said that the other language borrowed them from the Greek. This is very far from being always so, and in the present instance, the very reverse appears to have occurred. The ounce is literally the twelfth, and thus we see at once the sense of speaking of an ounce of land and an inch of milk, just as of an inch of a man's will or an inch of interest for money on a loan. It was always the twelfth of a unit, twelfth of an hour; twelfth of a jugerum, that half-acre which the two oxen ploughed in a day; twelfth of a sextarious, or equivalent to our pint; twelfth of the entire hereditis; twelfth of the principal lent on time when it was money at usury—that is, over 8 per cent.

It is accordingly as much of a mistake to say that the primary meaning of the word is a linear, which is to say that it comes straight from the Greek into the Latin, and thence on to us. The riddle is plain enough when we get to the true origin of the word—a twelfth. Once, indeed, it used to be said that the true origin was that the word meant a thumb breath, because its equivalent, pollex, in linear measure was often used in its place. But this is not the case. Some of the old Latins themselves, moreover, thought it meant literally the unit; but even this will not hold beside the proper signification of the twelfth.

The pound weight was really never divided by inches or ounces, it was divided by twelfths, by halves, by thirds, by fourths and by sixths. And here again, we see what a convenient base a system of twelfths is for division compared with a system of tenths, which could only be divided evenly in two ways—by two and five. For seven ounces they use the literal seven-twelfths; for eight ounces they said two parts—that is two-thirds; for nine, wanting a fourth, which with us reads like a roundabout way of expressing three-quarters; for ten, wanting a sixth; for eleven, wanting a twelfth.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Powerful Secret Orders.

In the United States there are over 200 fraternal, benevolent, social, insurance, political, religious, temperance and other secret orders. Following is the official membership of some of the more prominent American organizations: Freemasons, 600,000; Odd Fellows, 530,000; Grand Army of the Republic, 380,000; Knights of Pythias, 210,000; Good Templars, 200,962; Ancient Order of United Workmen, 191,876; Knights of Honor, 124,756; The Royal Arcanum, 80,000; Improved Order of Red Men, 64,000; American Legion of Honor, 61,664; Knights and Ladies of Honor, 49,200; Sons of Veterans, 47,000; Ancient Order of Foresters, 38,539; Daughters of Rebekah, 33,858; Knights of the Golden Eagle, 30,000, and Order of Chosen Friends, 29,271. The total number of Masons in the world is estimated at 4,000,000. The total number of Druids in the world is 67,000.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Author of "Robert Elsmere."

Mrs. Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," the novel which has been so much discussed in the pulpit, is, according to a correspondent, "a most delightful woman, simple, charming and entirely unspoiled by the tremendous success which her work has brought her. She is highly gifted in many ways. Her music is extremely good. She has a happy and complete life; a husband who adores her and to whom she is devoted, three very clever children, and quite as much social success as she wishes, with money enough to gratify all reasonable desires.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A New Occupation.

He wandered into the Hoffman House bar in New York. He was looking depressed and unhappy.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend of his. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

"That's all right."

"Have you struck a horse race, or a faro bank, or a poker game?"

"You shut up. I know my business. I'm my-cot for a morgue."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

They Never Speak as They Pass By.

She—Oh, George, that wind fairly takes away my breath.

He, detecting an odor of onions about her rosy lips—Don't be afraid, Sally, the wind is pretty strong, but it won't stand any show against that breath of yours.

They meet as strangers ever now.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Two and a Half Millions a Day.

Every day in the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of $2,500,000 to the accumulation of wealth in the United States, which is equal to one-third of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.—*Mulhall's Balance Sheet of the World.*

"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.

Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality of Gold Pen. Style, $1; Fountain, $1.50 and up.
J. W. Ulrich & Co., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or election bets. Replies to questions are of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Thomas Moore—Mt. Cenis Railway.

B. F. R., Arlington, Ia.: 1. Please give the poet Shelley's full name and as much information as convenient. 2. Also please give a sketch of Moore's life. 3. Please tell something of the Mont Cenis railway.

1. A sketch of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, was given last month. 2. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1779. In 1794 he was sent to the Dublin University, where he ultimately took the degree of B. A. In 1803 he was appointed to a government post in Bermuda. Finding his duties there disagreeable, he committed his duties into the hands of a deputy and traveled in the United States. On his return to England he published "Odes and Epistles," for which he was sharply taken to task in the Edinburg *Review*. A duel between himself and Jeffrey was the consequence—over which Byron made so much mirth, and which resulted in the combatants becoming most excellent friends. In 1811 he married and shortly after he went to reside in Derbyshire, where in 1813 he produced *The Two Penny Post-Bag*. In 1817 the long expected Lalla Rookh appeared, brilliant as a firefly, and the whole English world applauded. After its publication he went to Paris for a while, and wrote many fine poems. Moore died in 1852. 3. Mont Cenis is between the province of Turin, in Italy, and the department of Savoie in France, at the junction of the Graian with the Cottian Alps. It is an elevated plateau 6,773 feet above the sea level with a peak rising to the height of 11,457 feet. In 1803 Chevalier Fabroni, under the orders of Napoleon, began the construction of a carriage road over the mountain, which was completed in 1810 at a cost of 7,500,000 francs. This highway, 18 feet wide, extending from St. Michel on the western side to Susa on the eastern, would give a distance in a straight line of 30 miles, but the windings of the road make it 56 miles. Meanwhile railways on either side had reached the foot of the mountains, and about 1861, Mr. Fell, an English engineer, conceived the idea of overcoming by steam transit the gradients of the pass, by applying a principle patented more than 30 years before by Charles Vignolles and John Ericsson, and first tried by them on the Crawford & High Peak railway in England. In 1865 Fell obtained from the French and Italian governments a grant to lay down a railway on Napoleon's Mont-Cenis carriage road; it was constructed at a cost of £8,000 per mile, and opened in 1868. The main feature of his plan was the addition of a third central rail raised a foot above the others, and, by means of brakes and levers, strongly gripped by horizontal driving wheels, thus enabling trains to traverse curves of short radius, and safely to ascend and descend gradients of 1 in 15, and even 1 in 12. From Lanslebourg the track reaches the summit, 4,460 feet above Saint Michel, in six zig-zags, with a gradient of 1 in 15 to 1 in 12½, in a distance of 6⅔ miles. At the summit there is nearly a level run of five miles, and then begins the descent on the Italian side to Susa, over a line extended to a length of twenty miles, by a series of zig-zags, so continuous, that the view changes every minute. The train slides down by its own momentum, and all the mechanical power is applied to the center brake, which checks and regulates the speed. But as this road superceded Napoleon's carriage road, so it in turn has been superceded by the Mont Cenis tunnel railway, completed in 1871. The work of tunneling the Alps was inaugurated by the king of Sardinia, who fired the first mine August 31, 1857. The work was carried on successfully night and day 'till December 26, 1870, or thirteen years of tunneling by two bodies of workmen, one from each side of the mountain, aiming to meet in the center of the great peak. They met in 1870. The total cost of construction was $15,000,000. The Mont Cenis tunnel is 39,482 feet in length and wide enough for two double lines of rails. The railway does not run in straight lines through the tunnel, the entrances are left open only for ventilation, and the tracks are laid in junction tunnels on the south of the length of 2,484 feet, and on the north of 1,488 feet.

The Tonic Sol-Fa System.

Fannie Howe, La Grange, Mo.: 1. I would like to ask if you will kindly give me something of the manner in which the tonic sol-fa system of music is taught. I have read in the *Century* and another magazine that it is extensively used in the public schools in London. Please give an opinion regarding its advantages over other methods. 2. An article appeared in your last week's paper about Mr. Keely and his motor. May I ask who is responsible for the statements contained in it?

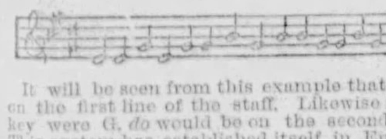
1. The tonic sol-fa system is undoubtedly the best musical system in the world to-day. It was originated by Miss Glover, a daughter of an English clergyman at Norwich, about the year 1812. Those who are unaccustomed to this method of sol-faing can scarcely form an estimate of the very great assistance it offers to the learner. Our readers will readily understand the means by which it does so when they recall so familiar a thing as this:—How common it is with us, when we wish to remember a tune, to recall the words we are accustomed to sing it to, and the moment we remember the words, that moment occurs to us the tune. Why is this? Because we have associated the first syllables of the verse with the first intervals of the tune. The method of sol-faing is only a more perfect development of the same principle, thus bringing in with full force the strongest of our mental powers to aid the pupil. For the benefit of QUESTION BUREAU readers we produce the following example which, if carefully studied will solve the mysteries of music, both for teachers and pupils:

EXAMPLE OF TONIC SOL-FA NOTATION.

Ex. 1 Key E.

d m d m m s m s s m m s m d

THE SAME IN THE STAFF NOTATION.



It will be seen from this example that *do* is on the first line of the staff. Likewise if the key were G, *do* would be on the second line. This system has established itself in England in the face of most determined opposition, and against the strongest possible current of social and professional prejudice, and its advocates claim that it has made more readers of the staff than all the other systems combined. There has been a determined effort to introduce it in the public schools of this country. Those who oppose the system claim that it is impracticable for use in difficult music, while admitting its value in teaching simple music. 2. The article was the production of an Eastern journalist. Keely is accredited with being able to demonstrate all the article claims, though he has yet failed to make a public demonstration, and his alleged motor is believed by many people to be a myth. 3. Your third question has been answered in the QUESTION BUREAU.

Government of Territories.

Lizzie E. R., Waukon Junction, Iowa: 1. Please give me as thorough an explanation as space will permit of the government of the territories. 2. Tell me the composition of gun-powder, glycerine, dynamite. 3. Please publish the words of the song, "Will you love me when I'm old."

1. There are at present eight organized and two (Alaska and Indian Territory) unorganized territories of the United States. The unorganized territories are under the direct control of Congress. Each organized territory has a governor, appointed by the President for four years, and ratified by the Senate. The legislature, officially known as the legislative assembly, is composed of a council and a House of Representatives, chosen every two years by the people. A delegate to Congress is elected for the same term. He has the right of debate, but not a vote in the House. Territorial legislation is subject to Congressional control. Territorial courts are provided for, the judges of which are appointed by the President every four years, and confirmed by the Senate, and over which the Supreme court of the United States has appellate jurisdiction. 2. To make gunpowder, pulverize separately, 76 parts nitrate of potassa, 11 sulphur, and 13 freshly burned charcoal, and mix them with a little water so as to form a cake when rolled out on a board. This is then dried on a clean sheet of paper, placed in a warm situation, and afterward crumbled into grains. Mix 100 parts fuming nitric acid at 50° Baume with 200 parts sulphuric acid; when cool add 38 parts glycerine slowly, allowing it to trickle down the sides of the vessel. Stir the glycerine and acids with a glass rod for 10 seconds, pour it into 20 times its volume of water, and the nitro-glycerine will be instantly precipitated to the extent of 76 parts or double the amount of glycerine employed. It must be repeatedly washed with water, and then saturated with bicarbonate of soda or lime. Dynamite is a French invention and patented. We would not advise readers of the QUESTION BUREAU to experiment with these explosives, as in unexperienced hands they are exceedingly dangerous. 3. We have no space to spare for the publication of songs.

Count Von Moltke.

J. C. M., Paducah, Ky.: Who is Count von Moltke, and what are the principle events of his life?

Helmuth Karl Bernhard, Count Von Moltke, was born near Mecklenburg in 1800, the son of a retired Prussian army officer. His parents moved to Copenhagen in 1811, where the son was educated at the Military Academy, and in 1818 he became an officer in the Danish army at the age of 19. In 1822 he resigned his commission and began the whole military course again in the Berlin Army school. In 1832 he became an officer on the general staff, and in 1835, having reached the rank of captain, he went to Constantinople and remained there some time, acting as military adviser to the Turkish officers. In 1839 he returned to Berlin. He continued to be advanced in his rank on the staff, in 1858 reaching the rank of general. He took a prominent part in the Schleswig Holstein war in 1864. The plan of the campaign of the short and brilliant war of 1866 with Austria was his work, and the great battles of Koniggratz and Sadowa were fought under his direction. After the latter battle he negotiated the truce and the peace preliminaries. The promptness with which the Prussian army took the field after the French declaration of war in 1870 was directly due to Moltke's skill in organization, and its great success to his strategetic ability. After close of the war Moltke was made a field-marshal, and received the title and dignity of count. In 1872 he was made a life member of the Upper House in the German Reichstag. In this assembly he is known as "the great silent one," but he has spoken several times with much effect on military affairs and against the socialists.

Duke of Marlborough.

C. F. C., Appleton City, Mo.: Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions in your valuable paper: 1. What great battles did the Duke of Marlborough win for England? 2. Was he commander in any one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world? If so, which one?

The victory at Sedgemoor was due to the Duke of Marlborough. He was sent in 1689 to command the British forces in the lower countries and repulsed the French at Walcourt. The next year he led an army to Ireland, and took Cork and Kinsale. He early began a correspondence with the exiled king and completely deceived him. His object was not to aid James, but to overthrow William III., place Anne at the head of the nation and rule her and England through his wife. In 1962 he was dismissed from his employment and sent to the tower where he remained for some time. After the death of Queen Mary, Marlborough was restored to favor. At the beginning of the war of the Spanish succession he was appointed commander of the forces in Holland and ambassador to that country. He completed the arrangements for the declaration of war against France, and was appointed generalissimo of the armies of the grand alliance, when he entered upon a surprising career of victory. He won the battle of Blenheim in 1704. The battle of Ramillies was won May 23, 1706. On July 11, 1708, he won the battle of Oudenarde. Lille was taken the same year. On Sept. 11, 1709, he won the battle of Malplaquet, the most sanguinary and hardly contested of all his victories. His campaign of 1711, when he captured the fortress of Bouchain, was the most brilliant and effective of all. After a continuation of victories he died in June, 1722, eight days before the completion of his 72d year.

The United States Flag.

C. H. W., Alton, Ill.: Who first designed and introduced the flag of the United States, and by whom was the first flag made?

During the early days of the Revolutionary war, flags of various designs, depending upon the taste of different commanders, were in use. In December, 1775, on the recommendation of a committee of Congress, what was known as the grand Union flag came into use. It consisted of a field of thirteen red and white stripes, like the present national flag, but its union, or corner, was the same as that of the British flag. In June, 1777, Congress formally established a field of thirteen stripes and a union of thirteen white stars on blue ground, and this new flag was probably first used at the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777. On January 13, 1794, Congress ordered two more stripes and two more stars to be added to the flag, to typify the states of Vermont and Kentucky, admitted in the meantime. Notwithstanding the admission of several more states, the flag was then left unchanged until the act of April 4, 1818 changed the number of stripes to thirteen, which number was to remain fixed. The number of stars was thereafter to be equal to the number of states. Thus the stripes typify the original states, the stars the present states. The first flag was made by a lady admirer for George Washington.

The Meaning of Mizpah.

H. R. B., Fostoria, O.: Will you please tell BLADE readers the meaning of the word Mizpah?

Mizpah or Mizpeh signifies watch tower, and was the name of several places in Palestine. The Mizpah of Gilead (Judges, xi:29) probably identical with Ramoth-mizpah (Joshua, xiii:26) and Ramoth-gilead (I Kings, iv:13) is generally identified with the modern Jebel Osha, "Mount of Hosea," three miles northwest of Ramoth-gilead. Here Jacob and Laban set up a heap of stones as a landmark between them (Genesis, xxxi:23, 25, 48, 52), and here Jepthah was met by his daughter (Judges, xi:34). There is also a Mizpah of Benjamin (Joshua, xviii:26) generally identified with the modern Neby Samwil, situated on a peak 3,006 feet above the level of the sea, and affording one of the most extensive views to be obtained in Southern Palestine. Here Saul was elected King (I Samuel, x:17-21), and here Gedaliah was murdered (II Kings, xxxv:23-25).

The Severn Tunnel.

J. H. R., Elmira, N. Y.: Where is the Severn tunnel and what is it used for?

The Severn tunnel belongs to the Great Western railway of England. Its course is under the greatest estuary on the English coast, about 12 miles below the Severn bridge, at Bristol. At this point the estuary is two and one-half miles in width, and the tunnel is four and one-half miles in length. It was cut through sandstone, alluvial gravel and marl, and "it may almost be said through underground reservoirs of spring water." Its brick work is from 80 to 100 feet below the bed of the stream, except at the deep channel, where the water comes within 40 or 50 feet of the crown of the arch. It is almost a solid brick tube, 26 feet in diameter, 4½ miles long, with a double line of rails running through it. The first train ran through it Saturday, September 5, 1885. Up to that time the cost had amounted to £1,640,000.

Miscellaneous.

S. S. R., Cranberry, O.: Your question would not interest the BLADE readers.

A. M. Lane, Wauseon, Ohio: Send your question to Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World*.

A Subscriber, Portsmouth, Va.: You fail to send your name, hence we cannot answer your question.

O. H., Wrightstown, Wis.: The board of education should sanction and verify all appointments of teachers.

J. D. Chapman, Jasper, Mo.: The general rule applies to all voters who register, and they are assessable for poll tax.

J. L., Wellman, Iowa: The express robbery occurred as you describe, though no action was taken against the soldiers.

W. S. G., Brazil, Ind.: The bond question has been thoroughly described in the QUESTION BUREAU. Germany practices free trade to a considerable extent.

W. G., Shelbyville, Tenn.: For whom did Harrison vote? We have no personal knowledge, but he probably voted for Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton.

Minnie R., Lowville, Pa.: What are the five largest cities of Europe in order of their population? London, Paris, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Berlin.

J. B., Washburn, Ia.: There is a statutory provision for depositing United States funds in banks. The banks deposit United States bonds with the United States Treasurer for security.

C. E. L., Valley Mills, N. Y.: Since election one of our rank Democratic county papers says that Cleveland carried Mr. Harrison's city and county. Now, I don't believe it, and I wish to know if it is true or false. Mr. Cleveland carried the county, though the city of Indianapolis gave President Harrison a majority.

Chas. F. K., North Baltimore, O.: 1. What Northern states went Democratic in the late Presidential election? 2. Did Harrison carry his own county, and by what majority? 1. Connecticut and New Jersey. 2. President Harrison did not carry his own county. It gave a Democratic majority.

J. J. McK., Kerney, Neb.: 1. Will some of the readers of the BLADE please tell me when, how and under what circumstances slavery was abolished in the state of Massachusetts. 2. Where in the Bible are the flags of the different nations described? 1. A law prohibiting the slave trade in Massachusetts was passed in December 1788. The kidnapping of three colored persons in Boston, and the selling of them in the West Indies, led to this act. Connecticut and Pennsylvania soon passed similar laws. 2. We are not aware of any passages in the Bible describing flags of all nations. In ancient times banners, and not flags were used.

T. B. H., Tacoma, W. T'y.: Is Cyprus an island or a city on the European continent? Cyprus is an island in the Levant, 40 miles from the coast of Asia Minor. It has an area of 3,584 square miles and a population of 186,173. The island is mountainous, its highest peak being 6,590 feet high. The lowlands are fertile and well watered, but the streams are all small. The climate is very mild and generally healthy. The chief products of the island are cotton, wine, salt, wheat, barley, sponges and raisins. Sheep are also raised considerably, and the silkworm is cultivated to an important extent. The island has also much mineral wealth, copper, lead, building stone and salt being exported. The island has been a British colony since 1878, but pays an annual subsidy to the Sultan of Turkey.

W. S., Blanchard, Iowa: Consult any text book on orthography.

F. J. Strong, Summerville, Pa.: Your question is not of general interest.

J. M. R., Quincy, Ill.: We have given a sketch of Saint Patrick.

J. W. S., Halstead, Kan.: Read book advertisements in this paper.

F. B., Stillwell, O.: Your questions are not of general interest.

S. B. T., Meriden, Kan.: Get a history of Ohio from your local library.

Julia A. D., Chester, Mich.: The Brooklyn navy yard was purchased by the United States government.

E. M. Ames, Red Rock, Mont.: Your question about wild oats has been handed to the editor of the FARM department.

Mary J. Goodland, Ind.: Your questions were answered last week under the caption, "The Bank of the United States."

N. O. Robertson, Erastus, Iowa: The poem, "The farmer feedeth all," was published in the Weekly BLADE of August 30, 1888.

H. G. B., Robins, O.: You must conform to the rules if you expect an answer to your questions. Only three questions are allowed.

R. T. S., Horse Canon, Ky.: Are there any tin plate manufactories in the United States? If so, how many, and where located? Yes, at Pittsburg, Pa.

Subscriber, Cugola, Ind.: Will some one through the columns of the BLADE tell me how to ebonize wood and do all colors want to be done in the same way? Your question was answered last month.

Mrs. Rosa S., Royalton, Mich.: Should there be universal suffrage in the United States? Why? No, thanks; we haven't space to go into a discussion of universal suffrage—which of course means woman suffrage.

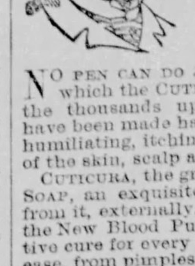
Z. T. P., Chattanooga, Tenn.: You should first perfect yourself in the rudimentary branches of education before attempting the study of law. Without a good common school education as a foundation, you cannot hope to accomplish much in law.

S. P. L., Jenkintown, Pa.: Will you please send a short sketch of the life of the late D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby; also some of his writings? At the time of Mr. Locke's death the BLADE published a complete biographical sketch of his life. Consult the advertising columns of this paper if you desire to obtain some of Nasby's writings.

R. C. B., Ypsilanti, Mich.: 1. Was there ever before a President renominated and then defeated at election? 2. Name the states that have a marriage license law. 3. Is it true that in some Southern states a voter must be able to read his ballot before he can vote? 1. No. 2. All states except Missouri, Michigan and New Jersey. 3. There is a statute to that effect, but it is not rigidly enforced.

S. & D., Toledo, O.: How many Northern states were carried by Horace Greeley? Illinois, majority 13,806; Kentucky, majority 11,229; Maryland, majority 927; Missouri, majority 32,238; Tennessee, majority 8,736; Texas, majority 19,078. Greeley's total popular vote in all the states of the union was 2,834,125; Grant's majority over Greeley was 76,307. Illinois was the only Northern state carried by Greeley.

S. C. C., Nunda, N. Y.: Please give the list of persons that landed from the Mayflower, in 1620, if it is not too long. If it is, please state if there was a Cooper on board and his Christian name. We have no authentic list of the names of the pilgrims; in an unsatisfactory list we do not find the name of Cooper. The first foot that touched Plymouth Rock, from the Mayflower, is said to have been that of Mary Chilton. Out of the number, John Carver was chosen governor for one year, and Miles Standish was chosen military captain.



NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

WORTH KNOWING.

How Women May Walk with Comfort and Decency.

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, one of the commissioners of charity, is forever going in and out, to and fro, on her errands of mercy, and she must needs be prepared to encounter bad walking. She wears a plain cashmere gown, either black or dark gray, and it too is made only with a hem and tucks for its trimming. Half an inch on the outer side of the hem is sewed a strip of rubber cloth, of the unpolished sort and of exactly the same shade as the dress. This is doubled over underneath and faces the inside of a skirt for a distance up of nearly a foot. No matter how bad the walking or how wet the skirt's edge may become, a damp cloth to wipe it off with when she comes home makes everything right. She wears a little bonnet of black felt, trimmed with a knot of ribbons, and it doesn't make a great difference in its looks even if it does get wet. Her feet are encased in ordinary overshoes, but above these she buttons on a pair of gaiters made of the same dull-faced rubber cloth, and so her stockings and shoe-tops are never ruined by the flapping of wet skirts against them. Actresses have a pretty unpleasant time of it in bad weather, with inexorable rehearsals to attend and the necessity of being on hand before 8 o'clock, even though it be raining the proverbial cats and dogs.

Most of them have adopted Rosina Vokes's invention of a divided skirt, which is a vast improvement over Lady Habberton's device. This affair of Miss Vokes consists of a broad pair of silk trousers reaching straight to the ankles and deeply hemmed. A full kilt plaiting is set on all around each leg of the trousers, reaching to the knee. Another one of the same sort is set on the thigh, slightly overlapping the lower one. A long scarf of drapery is knotted around the hips and not one person in a hundred would ever suspect that the wearer was not inhabiting an ordinary skirt made a little bit short. But generally the actresses who sally out in these blessed inventions wear with them a cloak falling nearly to the edge, or else as low as the knees, and so they are never detected. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—or rather Mrs. Ward, as she is now—has always been an ardent pedestrian and wore, like Miss Parloa, rubber leggings over stout shoes in bad weather, and being clothed in the reform garments known to the euphonistic as "limblettes," she suffered no inconvenience from wet skirts, the outer one being short and rubber-faced. In this garb she faced the most capricious and malignant New England weather.—*N. Y. World.*

Around the earth, in every land,
By every stream that I'm aware of,
In every town, they understand
How teeth may best be taken care of.
From Jersey flats to Birmah's mount
They sing the praise of SOZODONT.

THE BUSTLE MUST GO.

That is Now Settled—Some Chat About the Latest Novelties.

FIRST, and of foremost importance to the world in general, the knell of the bustle is really rung. The monstrous protuberance has seen its best day, and is slowly but surely on the wane. At the swell dressmakers' and tailors', Redfern's Donovan's and "sick," the model gowns display an almost ridiculous flatness in place of the camel-like hump to which they have clung so long, but far more significant than that is the diminution now plainly perceptible on the streets. The woman, who has three surings in the back of her gown may now be looked upon as wholly lost. The third is like Achilles's wrath, the spring of direful woe, and means, O dreadful disgrace! that she is behind the times.

The most popular outside garment is the long straight redingote, luxuriously lined and wadded, and trimmed lavishly with fur. The boa seems to be in perennial favor, probably because it is so perennially becoming, and next to that comes the shoulder cape in black Persian lamb—very *chic*, and also, for slender purses, very expensive. A really good one costs $60 at Gunther's, and we saw one at a Fifth avenue dressmaker's, which had pelerine ends, for $125. The muff to match it cost $30, and was decorated with two stuffed birds, with red mouths that grinned at one fiendishly. Sealskin jackets will always be worn because they are comfortable and cosy. But they never look particularly stylish.

The next patent fact is that violets were never quite so much in favor as now. Every other girl had a little fragrant bunch thrust in her gown, and as for the dear dandies, who are always such a fascinating element in New York society, if they can not get an orchid (which they prefer as as more expensive and exclusive), they will have the humbler violet or die. It does one good to see these dapper beaux, bland and smiling in supreme satisfaction, as they swing along about noontide on their way to the club. They wear comfortable looking box-coats, loose and baggy, tiles fresh from Piccadilly, patent leather shoes and gaiters, trousers of immense breadth of leg, and thick English gloves of a deep red-brown color, and of course they carry canes with the biggest kind of horn or silver heads. Ah me! They are things of beauty and joys forever, a product of which American civilization may be justly proud.

The very funniest novelty, however, is the new arrangement of veils, said to be just cabled over from Paris and accepted quite seriously by New Yorkers, who are always ready to adopt new fashions, *outre* as they may be. This may be necessitated by the omnipresent Directoire bonnet or hat which is now the rage, as indeed is everything of the Directoire. At best it is anything but easy to adjust a veil becomingly on these curious articles of headgear, which incline to the coal-scuttle type and recall vividly the pokes which were in favor some years ago. The question is solved by fastening the veil (which, to be quite correct, must be sprinkled with good sized spots or figures), to the crown of the hat, drawing it over the wide brim and then gathering the whole fullness close round the throat well under the chin.

The Holidays

And the colder winter weather are now rapidly approaching. The joyful season is eagerly anticipated by young folks in thousands of homes; but in nearly all there are one or more older ones to whom the cold waves and the storms mean renewed suffering from rheumatic back or limbs. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a positive specific for rheumatism: we doubt if there is or can be such a remedy. But the remarkable success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing this affection is sufficient reason for those who are suffering to try this peculiar medicine.

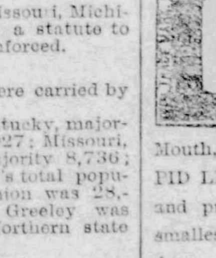
The Voice of the Grange.

The strength of the sentiment in favor of electoral reform is shown by the fact that the National Grange at its recent meeting in Topeka, Kan., adopted a report declaring that "we do believe that honest elections can only be secured through an absolutely secret ballot, and we therefore recommend that this Grange go on record as favoring the adoption of some form of secret ballot by all the states, and recommend to each State and subordinate Grange to urge the passage of such a law in their respective states."

An Expert.

Mother—"Johnny, I'm shocked to hear you swear. Do you learn that at school?"
Johnny—"Learn it at school! Why, it's me what teaches the other boys."—*Texas Siftings.*

SICK HEADACHE



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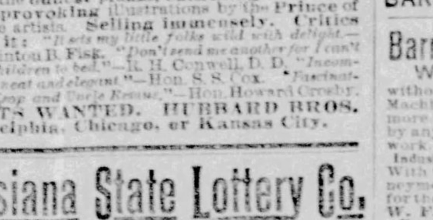

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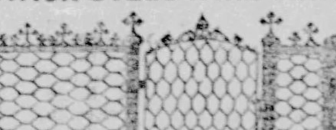

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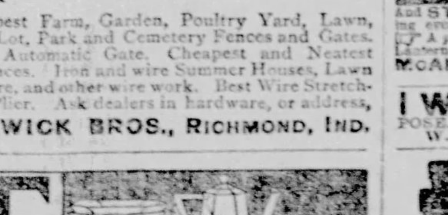

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	Hand.	Horse.	Steam.	Total.
United States	8,450	33,600	48,400	89,450
United K'gd'm	5,290	8,700	38,960	52,950
France	5,690	8,500	16,150	30,340
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In round numbers the working power of the United States is three times as great as that of France, two and one-half times as great as that of Germany, one and two-thirds times as great as that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and equal to that of the two greatest of the older nations combined. Mr. Mulhall thinks the unparalleled growth of the United States has only begun, as he says at present the increase of industry, energy and wealth goes on unabated. The next census in 1890 will probably show a population of 66,000,000, with an aggregate energy of 100,000,000 of foot tons daily, and an accumulated wealth of £14,000,000,000, figures never before applicable to any nation in the world.

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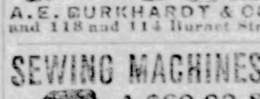

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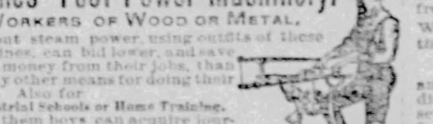

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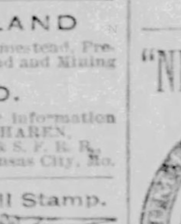

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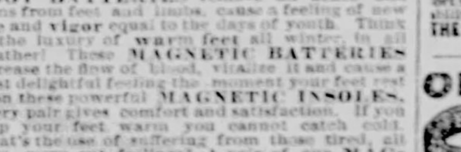

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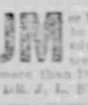

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"CABINET GUESSES."

Quite a number of persons who are competing for the $100 prize, are sending in the extra subscription, but not sending their guess. The Cabinet guess must accompany the order, but it may be changed at anytime before March 1. Read the conditions of the offer elsewhere on this page.

THE SELLER, NOT THE DRINKER, IS THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY.

The occupation of dealing out Rum by the drink to all who may desire it, irrespective of age and condition, seems to have a demoralizing effect upon all who engage in it. Their moral natures become hardened and seared, and there is soon bred a selfish indifference to the rights of others, and a contempt for all laws and ordinances which may interfere in any way with the devilish traffic they carry on. Sunday closing laws, for instance, are openly defied unless the most strenuous efforts are put forth by the officers of the law; and then resort is had to all possible artifices by which the interdicted sale shall go on by stealth, access being given to the premises by alley-ways and rear doors. There is no other class of men who so continually and brazenly violate the law. Other men cheerfully observe the day of rest, and keep the doors of their places of business closed against customers. The keeper of the Rum-hole evidently believes his greed for gain gives him the right to annul the law, and continue his occupation without let or hindrance.

The plea upon which this is done is the same as that which saloonists use to justify their violation of the Prohibitory law in states where such legislation is in force—that people want Rum, and that they will have it, and that "I may as well sell it to them as anybody." The argument is that the buyers tempt the saloonists to violate the law, and that the latter could not transgress its provisions without the opportunity of doing so which is provided by the demand of the drinker.

To the unthinking—and we are sometimes led to believe that, at least as far as this Rum question goes, the great majority of our people are to thus be classed—such an argument carries some weight. But it is an entirely superficial one. It omits from the calculation a factor whose absence vitiates the result. It does not take into account that the man who insists upon some one else violating the law in order that he may obtain Rum is the victim of the fierce and unnatural appetite for liquor—that raging, burning thirst, which makes that man the veriest slave to its accursed power. To gratify that maddening thirst, he will become a liar, a thief, a law-breaker. No law, human or divine, is regarded as binding that stands in the way of his gratification; no oath is regarded, no pledge is kept, if it prevents his obtaining Rum.

But the saloonist do not limit his law-breaking to the gratification of the Rum thirst in those who have become slaves to the habit. There must be fresh victims found, to be initiated into the delights of that devil's draught, Rum, upon whom the accursed habit must be fixed, that they may take the places of the confirmed topers. If only the latter were supplied, and all others denied, the reign of the Rum Power would end in a few years, when the present race of drunkards would be in their graves. But the Rum Power is aggressive. It is constantly reaching out for new victims. Every young man who enters a saloon for the first time for a drink is practically looked upon as one to educate into the drink habit—one who is to be as speedily as possible made the slave of this awful appetite, that his wages may be regularly form part of the revenue of the Rum Power.

On every side, men are tempted to drink. Upon the principal streets of our cities the brilliantly-lighted saloons open their doors in invitation to the thousands of young men beginning their career to drop in and spend their evenings. They are more attractive than the boarding-houses which are the homes of so many. They afford light, and warmth, and merry company. Is it any wonder that our young men visit them? But there is a punctilious etiquette of the saloon, which decrees that he who is a visitor must also be a patron, or be considered a "dead beat," and perchance be ordered into the street. The young fellows drink, not because they care for Rum, but because it gives them the right to spend their evenings there. The habit of drinking is begun, the fierce thirst for Rum is born, and the feet of these young men are turned upon the downward path.

What is true of the fine saloons on the leading streets, with their garish ornamentation, is equally true of the smaller Rum-holes on the back streets, down to the lowest dives in the worst quarter of the city. Wherever there is a saloon there is a primary school for drunkards. And the saloon is by no means confined to our cities and larger towns. All over this land, wherever a half-dozen clustered houses form the nucleus of a future town, an outpost of the Rum Power is to be found. In the growing West the saloon is often the first "business house" opened in the incipient village, to cater to the depraved desire of those already wedded to the habit and to draw in its quota of fresh victims to join the unnumbered army of drink-ruined men marching downward to degradation and death.

When we consider all these things, we see that the plea that if there was no one desired Rum none would be sold is simply a coverfor the perpetuation of the saloon unmolested in its devilish work of ruining men. It is an excuse for continuing an occupation which, though profitable in a money sense to those who follow it, is ruinous to the people. For nearly every dollar that passes over the counter of a saloon would, if the saloon were not there, go to purchase food and clothing and the comforts of life for its miserable victims and their innocent but suffering families.

The men in whom the alcoholic appetite has been formed are really irresponsible beings. The infernal poison has destroyed their will power and transformed them into slaves. The burden of the violation of law is not properly to be laid upon their shoulders because of this very irresponsibility which has been created by Rum. They will drink so long as Rum is to be obtained.

It is clear to any one who ever studied the subject that the saloon is an institution which perpetuates the traffic, because it is the chief factor in leading men to drink. Nine men out of ten will not stray into forbidden paths unless opportunity is given. So long as the saloon exists, we may be sure the evil of drunkenness will continue, and the grand army of drunkards be constantly recruited through its means. The way to abolish drunkenness is not in attempting to save men who are already the victims of the vice, but by preventing the making of any new ones. To accomplish this the saloon must be abolished; and, in turn, to accomplish this there is but one way—and that is, through Prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to those who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT

Below we give the popular vote of every state for the four Presidential electoral tickets, cast on November 6, 1888:

States.	Harrison.	Cleveland.	Fisk.	Labor.
Alabama	57,197	117,310	583	10,643
Arkansas	58,752	85,962	614	....
California	124,809	117,729	5,761	1,591
Colorado	50,766	37,542	2,100	1,265
Connecticut	74,584	74,920	4,234	240
Delaware	12,973	16,414	400	....
Florida	26,659	39,561	423	....
Georgia	40,453	100,472	1,802	136
Illinois	370,470	348,258	21,386	7,410
Indiana	263,361	261,013	9,881	2,694
Iowa	211,598	179,877	3,550	9,105
Kansas	182,914	102,738	6,779	37,787
Kentucky	155,134	183,800	5,225	622
Louisiana	30,484	84,941	130	....
Maine	73,734	50,482	2,690	1,345
Maryland	99,986	106,168	4,766	....
Massachusetts	183,476	151,990	8,636	....
Michigan	236,370	213,404	20,942	4,542
Minnesota	136,359	99,664	15,000	....
Mississippi	30,096	85,476	218	....
Missouri	236,325	261,957	4,954	15,853
Nebraska	108,425	80,552	9,424	....
Nevada	7,228	5,326	45	....
N. Hampshire	45,728	43,358	7,585	42
New Jersey	144,344	151,493	7,904	....
New York	650,338	635,965	30,327	5,050
North Carolina	134,769	148,336	5,787	....
Ohio	415,792	399,969	24,618	3,452
Oregon	33,293	26,524	1,677	363
Pennsylvania	526,091	446,290	20,748	3,865
Rhode Island	21,969	17,530	1,251	18
South Carolina	13,740	65,825	....	....
Tennessee	138,815	158,779	5,639	43
Texas	88,280	234,883	4,749	....
Vermont	45,192	16,788	1,450	35
Virginia	150,438	151,977	1,678	....
West Virginia	78,491	79,330	....	....
Wisconsin	176,553	155,232	14,277	8,552
Total	5,439,607	5,538,045	257,243	114,623

The above figures are official. The total vote is 11,340,518, and CLEVELAND'S plurality is 107,438. HARRISON'S plurality in the 22 Northern states is 466,830. CLEVELAND'S plurality in the 16 Southern states is 574,268. The suppressed Republican vote of the South is much greater than this. In this connection, we give the following discussion and comparison of the Presidential votes of 1888 and 1884 in the Southern states which once were in rebellion, prepared by Gen. H. V. BOYNTON, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette:*

The following table gives the Presidential votes in the Southern states compared with the number of white and colored voters in the same states as compiled from the census of 1880. While this does not allow for the natural increase in voters, the relative proportions should be about the same, so that the table affords a basis for interesting study:

STATES.	Cleveland.	Harrison.	White voters. Census 1880.	Colored voters. Census 1880.
Alabama	117,310	57,197	141,461	118,423
Arkansas	85,962	58,752	136,150	46,827
Florida	39,561	26,659	34,210	27,489
Georgia	100,472	40,453	177,967	143,471
Louisiana	84,941	30,181	108,810	107,977
Mississippi	85,471	30,096	108,254	130,278
North Carolina	147,902	134,784	189,732	105,018
South Carolina	65,825	13,740	86,900	118,889
Tennessee	158,787	139,989	250,055	80,250
Texas	234,883	88,280	301,737	78,639
Virginia	151,977	150,438	206,248	128,257

This table, as every reader will see, affords a basis for much interesting study.

The table below, deduced from it, shows the increase or decrease, as the case may be, in the vote of each party since the campaign of 1884.

It will be seen that with the exception of South Carolina, the Democratic vote this year in each state shows a marked increase over that of 1884, while the Republican vote fell off in seven of the eleven states. A Republican increase will be observed in Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia.

STATES.	Cleveland.	Harrison.	Cleveland.	Blaine.
Alabama	117,310	57,197	92,973	59,444
Arkansas	85,962	58,752	72,927	50,895
Florida	39,561	26,659	31,766	28,031
Georgia	100,472	40,453	94,667	48,603
Louisiana	84,941	30,181	62,540	46,347
Mississippi	85,471	30,096	76,510	43,509
North Carolina	147,902	134,784	142,952	125,068
South Carolina	65,825	13,740	69,890	21,733
Tennessee	158,787	139,989	133,258	124,078
Texas	234,883	88,280	225,309	93,141
Virginia	151,977	150,438	145,497	139,356

States—	Democratic. Increase.	Republican. Decrease.
Alabama	24,337	2,247
Arkansas	13,035	†7,857
Florida	7,795	1,372
Georgia	5,805	8,160
Louisiana	22,401	16,166
Mississippi	41,962	13,403
North Carolina	4,950	†9,716
South Carolina	*4,065	7,998
Tennessee	25,529	†15,911
Texas	9,574	4,861
Virginia	5,480	†11,082
	*Decrease.	†Increase.

Such a table carries its own comment to every intelligent mind.

The Prohibitionists claimed that their candidates would be strong in the Southern states and that many Democrats would vote the third party ticket. A little more than one-seventh of their vote came from the Southern states, the Northern states furnishing 220,265 votes to 36,978 in the South.

The New York labor vote in the tables is combined. In the official figures the socialists are given 2,068 votes, the Union Labor 626 votes, and the United Labor 2,668. But to estimate the labor vote of the state, the three are combined, and all placed under the head of "labor vote."

THE quadrennial chestnut of a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the federal constitution abolishing the electoral "college," and providing for the election of the President and Vice President by a direct popular vote, has already been introduced in Congress. It will not pass that body, and if it did the amendment it proposes stands no show of adoption, from the fact that the less populous states would lose part of their influence in determining the result, and would never vote to accept less power than they now enjoy.

THE new apportionment under the census of 1890, and the admission of the four or five territories knocking at the door of the Union, will remove New York from her pivotal position in national elections, and prove a great help in the work of purifying local politics in the metropolis. When political trades and bargains are valueless to settle Presidential results, they and the corruption growing out of them will largely disappear.

TALKING of Canadian annexation, does Canada want to be annexed? Uncle SAM should get the lady's consent before procuring the marriage license.

JUDGING from a careful examination of MR. CLEVELAND'S message, there must have been "a heap o' trouble on de ole man's mind" when he prepared it.

THE Democrats are now trying to push Dakota in as one state. Too late, brethren. Dakota is twins, and counts as two.

HAS anybody remarked on the utter silence of MR. CLEVELAND as to civil service reform in his message?

TO POOL OR NOT TO POOL.

The Interstate Commerce commission, in its annual report, speaks very hopefully of the operations of the interstate commerce law; but the gentlemen composing the commission find the anti-pooling clause of that law to be a little too much for them. The prohibition of railway pools opens the door to rate wars, and these are demoralizing, and of themselves an evil almost as bad as those arising from pools. So the commissioners, in their report, referred to this matter in a paragraph that is a triumphant and convincing proof of the truth of the famous Frenchman's saying that the use of language is to conceal thought. Here is the paragraph in question:

While the commission is not at this time prepared to recommend general legislation toward the establishment and promotion of relations between the carriers that shall better subserve the public interest than those which are now common, it must, nevertheless, look forward to the possibility of something of that nature becoming at some time imperative, unless a great improvement in the existing condition of things is voluntarily inaugurated.

Which is to say, that while the commission don't wan't to recommend a change in the law which shall permit pools, yet it thinks that after a while the rate wars will ruin the roads and cause the stockholders to lose their investments if pools are not allowed.

The last issue of *Bradstreet's* publishes a larger number of opinions of railway authorities and newspapers on the question whether it is better to repeal the anti-pooling clause of the law, or allow it to continue. A prominent railway president, not named, expresses a view that is probably shared by the majority of railway men, familiar with the whole subject. He says:

The anti-pooling clause makes rates unstable, upsets the calculations of merchants, and makes railroad property unprofitable. It is not a "regulation of commerce," but a regulation of the carriers' receipts. Its constitutionality is therefore doubtful. It is monstrous, after the people have done all they can to induce the building of new lines, to stimulate them to ruin each other and deny them the best means of preventing it. It will react upon the welfare of the country by impoverishing stockholders, a large class of citizens who have shown great enterprise and courage; by reducing the wages of railway employes, and by discouraging investment of capital in public works of any kind in this country.

The interstate commerce law is an experiment in a new and untried field, and it is proving unsatisfactory in many ways, both to the roads and to the people. The commission should have the courage to frankly give its opinions on these points, that Congress may have the benefit of its experience for its guidance in making the necessary amendments. This that body has failed to do.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CLEVELAND?

There is some newspaper speculation as to what MR. CLEVELAND will do after March 4 next. We take the liberty of suggesting that he be found a position in the office of some manufacturing establishment for a year or two, in order to obtain some knowledge on matters of which his last two messages have shown him to be profoundly ignorant. In his late effort he declares that "our manufactories yielded fortunes never dreamed of by the fathers of the republic." We will assume that Mr. CLEVELAND really believes this. It is either dense ignorance which prompted the statement, or else a demagogic perversity that we are unwilling to attribute to a man holding the position he does.

It is a fact which MR. CLEVELAND would soon ascertain, were he placed in a position such as we suggest, that six per cent on the capital invested is now, and has been for years, the average rate of profit to manufacturing establishments. Where you find one which pays ten per cent, you will find a hundred which pay six per cent or less. It is a fact that money can be loaned to much better advantage than it can be invested in manufacturing. But there are times when prices take a sudden spurt, and a larger profit is made, and men are always alert to take chances, and to be in a position where they may avail themselves of them.

The largest fortunes in this country have nearly all been accumulated through the tremendous extension of our railway system. Manufacturing has for years paid very moderate dividends, and there is many a firm that will find trouble at the end of the present year to figure out any balance at all. MR. CLEVELAND is plainly confused in his tariff ideas, for a year ago he urged, as a reason for "free raw materials," which he advocated strongly, that the manufacturers must have them in order to furnish cheap products. If the latter need free raw materials, they can not be making such enormous profits as he now assumes in the case. What MR. CLEVELAND needs is to be put in a position where he will have the opportunity, hitherto denied him, of studying actual markets, instead of the maxims of free trade theorists.

THE young Emperor of Germany is a sufferer from a catarrhal affection in the ear, which gives rise to much anxiety among his subjects. The Hohenzollen blood is not physically pure and healthy. The Emperor's malady is one that proves this, and as the part affected is near to the brain, the possible consequence of these successive acute attacks naturally cause apprehension. His father died of cancer, and other members of his family, as well as his mother's, have been scrofulous. It is declared that, even when in his best condition, he is a sufferer; that he is often kept awake by pain and is driven to constant occupation for relief. His odd way of turning up at sunrise drills and his strange activity in rushing from one function to another all day are thus accounted for. If the emperor should succumb to his malady, there would be new uneasiness in Germany. His son and presumed successor is less than 7 years old, and a regency would be necessary in case of his coming to the throne while under age. So long as BISMARCK lives and is fit for work there would be no trouble; but the prince-chancellor is in his 74th year, and his health is not of the best. The Germans and all Europe have reason to fear any disturbance of the existing state of things such as the emperor's death would cause.

THE Chicago *Tribune* gives the following paragraph, which it calls "the message, boiled down," and it is really an admirable condensation of the long-winded document:

To the Congress of the United States: The constitution is 100 years old. The tariff is a tax. You are neglecting public business. The fishery question is still unsettled. Affairs with China and Mexico need looking after. I have no apologies to make to Sackville—he's a chump. Naturalization laws need revision. Sheridan was a great man. I am still troubled about the surplus. I refer you to the secretaries of the Navy and the Interior and the Postmaster General and Attorney General for information pertaining to their departments, and to the department of Agriculture for anything you may wish to know concerning sorghum. Let us be good.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

SOMEBODY sent a note containing the following Biblical quotation to Mr. SPRINGER, of Illinois, during prayers in the House of Representatives the other morning:

Genesis xlix: 27.—Benjamin shall raven as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.

The quotation is going the rounds of the Democratic clerks in the departments, and causes shivers of apprehension to run down their spinal columns.

THE Republican campaign orators who recently met to jollify over the result of the election, formed themselves into an organization called the "Republican Spellbinders." The name is a new one, and refers jocularly to the effect of the oratory of the members upon their audiences—that it "binds" with a "spell."

THE BLADE'S NEW OFFER.

A Chance to Make One Hundred Dollars.

There are among the thousands who read the BLADE a great many who have keenly watched the past campaign, and with unerring eye have read the signs of the times. They believed that HARRISON was to be elected President, and they said so. Their political sagacity made them winners. Now their attention is directed to the new administration, and the first point of interest is President HARRISON'S Cabinet.

In order that the BLADE readers may have a chance to further show their judgment in political matters, we have decided to offer

A Cash Prize of One Hundred Dollars

to the regular subscribers of the BLADE who will, between now and the first of March next, guess the Cabinet to be appointed by President HARRISON.

Every regular subscriber is entitled to a chance at this prize, provided that he send us with his guess, the name of one new yearly subscriber, with one dollar. Mind this does not mean that when your subscription expires you can send a dollar, renew your subscription, and be entitled to a guess for the hundred dollars. You must already be a subscriber, and must send us one new subscriber at the regular rate. Then you will be entitled to make your guess.

In case two or more should give the correct Cabinet, the hundred dollars will be evenly divided.

In making your guess, send the name of the new subscriber and his money and on a separate sheet of paper the names you think will constitute the new Cabinet. For instance, let your letter read thus:

EDITOR BLADE:—Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send Weekly BLADE one year to ——— (giving full postoffice address), a new subscriber, which entitles me to a guess as to the HARRISON cabinet.

Then, on the other sheet, write:

EDITOR BLADE:—I believe that President HARRISON'S cabinet will consist of

Secretary of State—..........................
Secretary of the Treasury—..........................
Secretary of War—..........................
Secretary of the Navy—..........................
Secretary of the Interior—..........................
Postmaster General—..........................
Attorney General—..........................
Secretary of Agriculture—..........................

Sign your own name and address to *both* sheets. Guesses may be sent in at once and changed as often as desired between now and March 1. Guesses will be numbered in the order in which they are received at this office.

Here is an opportunity the like of which we are sure has never before been offered our readers. We want them to take hold of this matter, and to aid them we will, in the future as in the past, give them through our columns a faithful reflex of the feeling in political as well as all other circles. Send in your guesses.

PROPELLERS AT THE BOW.

The plan of placing the screw propeller at the bow instead of at the stern of steam vessels is the newest idea in naval architecture. It is already in practice in Great Britain, where several shipbuilders are pursuing it, and a number of river tugs and ferry boats have been built that way. The idea is of pulling the boat along, instead of pushing her. With the screw at the stern, as at present, it revolves in water broken and foamy from the passage of the vessel, and which gives way easily as the blade of the propeller presses against the receding wave. With the screw at the bow, it bores its way into a solid wall of water, making its drawing force greater, as an auger penetrating hard wood draws with greater force than in spongy or decaying wood. It is alleged that the pull from the screw preceding the vessel and penetrating the solid water in front would be increased far above its present pushing power against the churned and yeasty water behind.

In every other case except with the screw propeller, the moving force of vessels is placed in front, or at the sides, as in the case of paddles, or on deck, as in the case of sails. All tows are pulled from the bow, not pushed from the stern. On land all loads are drawn by a moving power in front. There would appear to be no reason why the screw-power of a vessel would not do as good service in pulling a vessel as in pushing it, aside from the fact that it would have a better "purchase" in the solid water ahead of the vessel than in the foam behind it. In addition to this, the screw having broken and torn the water in front, it would offer less resistance to the vessel's bow than does the solid water when the vessel is propelled by a stern screw. It seems to be time that some radical changes were made in methods of navigation, which have remained substantially the same since ERICSSON applied the screw propeller in moving vessels.

THOSE settlers in Iowa who have been deprived of their homes because of technical flaws in the titles, will doubtless be relieved by the action of Congress. The House has alrady passed a bill declaring all lands improperly certified to, in Iowa, by the department of the Interior under the act of August 8, 1846, to be public land of the United States, and it confirms and makes valid the title of all bona fide settlers under cover of title from the state of Iowa and its grantees, or the United States and its grantees, which does not come in conflict with prior bona fide pre-emption or homestead claimants. It also confirms and makes valid the claims of all persons who in good faith, with intent to obtain title under the pre-emption or homestead law, entered and remained upon any tract of land prior to January, 1880, not exceeding 160 acres. It is made the duty of the attorney general within three years after the passage of the act to institute such suits as may be necessary to assert and protect the title of the United States lands and to remove all clouds from the title. Pending the determination of the suits, no portion of the lands shall be open to settlement or sale.

THERE is entirely too much demagogic blather gotten off in this country of the sort that CLEVELAND put in his message to the effect that our laws are framed with intent to rob the masses and favor the few, that the rich are growing richer at the expense of the poor, who are alleged to be steadily sinking into hopeless poverty, that our courts are corrupt, and our legislative bodies venal. It is time that there should be an end to this sort of talk. There are too many men who are ready to believe it to be gospel truth, and who are easily influenced to believe that an anarchistic crusade against all property is the proper caper for the world's salvation.

BARRY has been hard at work getting up his new organization, the Brotherhood of United Labor, since he was kicked out of the Knights of Labor. Mr. BARRY'S trouble seems to be an intense desire to avoid manual labor, and to be supported by the dues paid by laboring men.

WHAT is the final attainable limit of speed in the trotting horse? A generation ago 2:40 represented the fastest time; now the record is within nine seconds of the two-minute limit, and there is but little doubt that within a decade we shall have a record of two minutes.

HIGH RAILWAY SPEEDS.

It would be unwarranted to say that we have reached the limit of speed on railways; yet very few people ever speculate on the possibilities of higher speed, and what limit it will reach. The tendency is constantly toward quicker travel on express trains, and the officials of the leading roads of the country—the arteries of travel and traffic—are steadily at work straightening tracks, cutting down steep gradients, and in improving the road-bed, all of which are necessities before speed can be greatly increased. Then come engines with increased grate surface and consequently more steaming capacity, and with larger diameter of drivers. A few years ago five-foot drivers were the largest used on passenger locomotives. Now those of six or six and a half feet are common. Given the same piston speed, and a locomotive with 6½-foot drivers covers 22 feet at each revolution, where an engine with 5-foot drivers will cover only 18 feet.

The principle of short trains, and more frequent ones, finds favor on roads which are working to reduce their running time. The short train can be stopped and started more quickly, is capable of higher speed, and in all ways is more convenient than a long one. All these things are working together to increase train speed; and with the tracks reasonably straight, with no steep grades, with solid road-bed, heavier and more powerful locomotives, and trains of four coaches, the time can not be far distant when 60 miles an hour can be made the regular running time of express trains in sections of the country where the heavy travel will justify the expense.

But a mile a minute can by no means be taken to be the lowest practical time limit. It has been often exceeded on our present roads; and there is no doubt that, with roads built to stand the tremendous rush and shock of high speeds, with better bridges, heavier engines and rolling-stock, a mile a minute would be slow to the speed which is mechanically both possible and safe. There is of course a limit to high speed trains, beyond which faster running can not be made regular; but we are inclined to think that economic limit will be nearer 100 miles per hour than 60; and in fact are inclined to the belief that the day will come when 100 miles per hour will be made on American railroads. There is no insuperable difficulty in the way; it is a mere matter of the perfection of the road, power of the engine, and strength of cars. When it is profitable to use such a high speed, we may be sure American enterprise will give us the means of reaching it.

TENNYSON AND SPIRITUALISM.

Somebody in Chicago has evolved the theory that the poet TENNYSON is a spiritualist, and bolsters it up by quoting obscure passages from his poems, which may mean spiritualism, or be a mere poetic frenzy, or almost anything else. The presumable object of this exploit is to bolster up the spiritualistic belief by bringing to its support a famous name. This is a common mode of proceeding, but, even were TENNYSON to declare publicly his adhesion to spiritualism, it would not add one iota of strength to the thing itself.

It is a characteristic of humanity to attribute the strange and unexplainable in natural phenomena to the supernatural. All forms of religion among primitive peoples show this. The savage knows nothing of electrical science, and to him the lightning is the bolt of an angry deity, and the thunder his voice. Similar instances in great number could be adduced. We are inclined to regar spiritualism as a case in point.

No one will assume for an instant that we have reached the bounds of possible knowledge in the unraveling of nature's secrets. Leaving out the vast amount of trickery and chicanery there is in modern spiritual mediumship, there probably are certain phenomena that are unexplainable in the present state of knowledge.

But why shall we repeat the ignorant error of the savage and at once refer it to the realm of the supernatural? Why hasten to erect the superstructure of a new religion upon these obscure and really trivial phenomena, instead of divesting the mind of all superstition and setting to work in a calm spirit of scientific inquiry to unravel what is assuredly either a natural operation of an unknown law, a manifestation of a yet undiscovered force, or a gigantic piece of charlatanism?

CLEVELAND'S expressions of commiseration for the farmers, whom he assures to be laboring under deplorable disadvantages, are simply ridiculous. He knows very little about the farmers if he imagines that they can be influenced by such chaff. They knew what they did when, from one end of the country to the other, they arose in defense of the home market. They know that protection means higher wages at home to the people who eat the wheat, the corn, the pork and the beef which they raise, and they know that higher wages for the consumers of these things mean better prices for those who produce them. Mr. CLEVELAND'S insinuation that the farmers acted ignorantly or were misled, is an open insult to a most intelligent and influential body of American citizens.

THE Rev. Dr. ROBINSON, of New York, says he knows of one congregation in the metropolis once spent $18,000 in less than a year, in advertising its pastor through the press, in its endeavor to make the public at large believe that he was a second SPURGEON. Dr. ROBINSON probably believes this charge, or he would not have made it; but it is incredible, for all that. A reputation for eloquence can not be manufactured, and money spent for the purpose is merely thrown away. Puffery may bring notoriety, but it will not bring fame.

THE late venture of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as a political tender to the third party is injuring its efficiency. Thousands of honest, enthusiastic workers are holding aloof from the organization who were formerly closely in sympathy with it. The step taken at the New York meeting must be retraced if the W. C. T. U. shall hope to retain its standing and influence.

HARRISON'S head was remarkably level when he declin d a present of a team of coach horses for his White House stables. He says:

I believe that no man in the position of President of the United States can afford to be under pecuniary obligations even to his intimate friends.

That is good enough to pass into a proverbial expression.

THE Democratic press is worried because Private Secretary HALFORD is an Englishman by birth. They need not be. Mr. HALFORD gave up his loyalty to the English government when he became a citizen of the Great Republic.

DANA'S criticism on CLEVELAND must involuntarily have recurred to the mind of every one who attempted to read the message:

He was always trying to produce a sensation which would make people talk about him.

CLEVELAND'S majority in South Carolina is 52,085; the Republican vote was 13,740; Prohibition vote, 2. Nevada's total vote is 12,278; HARRISON'S majority, 1,798; Prohibition vote, 41.

CLEVELAND'S message answers fully the geometical definition of a line—it has length, but neither breadth nor depth.

THE total vote of the United States at the Presidential election was about 12,000,000.

THE DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

The long department reports accompanying the President's message do not this year seem to contain any new or striking suggestions. They are devoted to general statements of the work of each department during the year, each secretary putting matters in as fair a light as possible, except once in a while he endeavors to make a point in favor of Democratic policy. Sometimes these conflict with the known facts, as is the case with the report of the Postmaster General, when he tries to show the excellence of the service at present, in the face of the notorious fact that the postal service, especially the railway branch, has not been in such poor condition for many years.

Another of these points is raised by Secretary VILAS, of the Interior, when he declares that there is an increase "in the efficiency, zeal and honesty in the administration of Indian agents." It is "cheeky" to make such a claim as this in the face of the fact that the present administration of the Indian bureau has been a scandal from the beginning. The allotment of lands in severalty to the Indians, which is going on under the authority of the Dawes bill—a Republican measure—is the only thing in the work of the Interior department which merits the encomiums of Mr. VILAS.

Mr. ENDICOTT, the mugwump secretary of War, asks for an assistant secretary—a suggestion which, in view of the not very formidable character of our military establishment, seems rather a superfluous one. His most noteworthy recommendation is that practical instruction in seacoast defense and the handling of heavy artillery may be given to the militia. The report is not so full as might be wished in its treatment of the subject of the new dynamite guns, the proposals for which are to be issued early in the present month, and all of which will be purchased during the year 1889.

The one matter of progress shown in the report of the Navy department is the fact that we have at last actually put some modern war ships upon the water, and this without a greater expenditure upon the navy than has been made during previous administrations. And Mr. DICKINSON makes one suggestion worthy of being put in practice when he recommends the abolition of the franking privilege and the substitution of a fixed appropriation for senators' and members' postage. There is no doubt that there have lately been flagrant abuses of this privilege. Altogether, there is very little in the reports in the way of recommendation that is new or novel, and still less that will become the subject of favorable action by Congress.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

Some of the Democratic Congressmen are talking of putting the railway mail service in the "classified" list. This will do very well, if every present incumbent of a position therein is subject to a thorough and searching examination as to his capacity and fitness for the position he fills. The railway mail service was organized something like fifteen years ago, on sound civil service reform principles, long before they were practiced in any other part of the postoffice department. It was the pride, the policy and the duty of one Republican Postmaster General after another to protect this service from political influences. No other civil service was freer, none more efficient and none played a more important part in the working of the department. For four years, first Mr. VILAS and then Mr. DICKINSON, have been giving this service up to spoilsmen. In Indiana, where the work was most completely done, drunken men were kept in the service by political influence. In the entire country it was filled with incompetent men.

There is not a single business man in the entire country with a large correspondence who is not personally cognizant of notorious blunders made in the last two years in the delivery and distribution of letters in the railway mail postoffices. The new clerks cannot read the plainest handwriting on a letter, they are ignorant of their connections and way routes, and they make endless blunders in "boxing" their mails. After working all this harm and demoralization, the astonishing proposal is made at Washington since the election to put the railway mail service in the classified civil service. If this was worth doing, why was it not done three years ago? If the service needs this protection, why was not this thought of before it was filled with Democratic heelers? We feel it perfectly safe to predict that no extension of the civil service rules will save the army of incompetents, who have demoralized this service, from merited removal.

THE Parnell commission has adjourned to a date midway in January. In all the mass of evidence it has taken, there is no proof yet advanced that PARNELL, or any other Irish member of the Commons, had the slightest connection with agrarian crimes in Ireland. It is the natural result of an agitation for the redress of centuries of wrong that some hot-blooded men should adopt the short-sighted policy of resorting to unlawful and criminal acts by way of fancied "revenge." That PARNELL and his fellow-workers in the cause of Ireland have not incited to crime or approved of violence seems clear. The London *Times*, so far as the evidence goes, has as yet made out no case at all.

THERE is among the Representatives-elect from New York city one ASHBEL P. FITCH, who was elected to the Fiftieth Congress as a Republican. He is a free trader, and refused to accept the protection plank of the Chicago platform. The Democrats of his district took him up, nominated him to Congress, and he was elected. He finds himself in a dire dilemma as regards his course on measures which will be decided on party lines during the present session. Up to March 4 he was elected as a Republican. After that, he will be expected to be a Democrat.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

MILLS, of Texas, is said to be the most disgusted Democrat in the country. A friend tells the following story around Washington:

Mills couldn't realize that the Democratic party had been defeated. He is dazed now. The day after election he asked me to go hunting with him. Game was plenty, but Mills couldn't hit anything. He missed every shot. You know what a lurid array of profanity Mills always has at his command; well, on that occasion he fairly outdid himself. Finally he threw away his gun and walked home, saying that he was satisfied that he was a hoodoo.

A LADY visited a mother who exhibited her newly-born infant for inspection. The visitor found difficulty in praising it, on account of its exceedingly plain and commonplace appearance. Observing that it was of more than usual length, the visitor said, with a mild attempt at rapture, "Well, it is a nice, long baby, surely." The Boston *Traveller* finds this the only compliment it can pay to CLEVELAND'S message.

THE bureau of labor reports that from 1881 to 1886 there were 12,304 strikes. In 46 per cent of these the strikers were successful. The loss to strikers was $59,000,000 and to employers $34,000,000. Is it not time that some better way of settling disputes that resorting to strikes were put in practice?

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles of actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The watch which we offer in connection with the BLADE is as good a time-keeper as any man need carry. They are a newer watch than the Waterbury, and much more satisfactory. They have a short, stem-wind, and are stem-setters. They cannot fail to please.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

A WEATHER PROPHET.

The BLADE has received from "Prof." C. C. BLAKE, Topeka, Kansas, a copy of his 75-cent pamphlet entitled "Weather Predictions" for 1889. It is a collection of tables for each state, giving his prophecy as to the precipitation in rain and snow in inches, and similar tables of temperature.

From the former set of tables we find that Ohio will, if Mr. BLAKE'S predictions come true, have a total of 27.37 inches of rain and snow for the coming year, as against an average of 40.88 for many years past. Therefore, it is to be a remarkably dry season. He thinks there will be snow enough to protect the winter wheat over the north, which will disappear gradually without destructive floods. There will be, he thinks, a very cold spell at the close of December, which will continue into January with increasing vigor. At no point in the North will the temperature rise above 32 degrees—the freezing point—in December. There will be a warm spell in February and March, and then a severe cold spell in March, possibly extending into April.

We have no faith in Mr. BLAKE or his tables, and merely record his predictions that his lack of real knowledge of the weather months in advance may be seen by our readers.

IT is reported, but upon what authority we do not know, that when General HARRISON takes up his residence in Washington he will attend several Presbyterian churches, instead of confining his churchgoing to one. In this way he hopes that his appearance in public worship will not become a matter of show or sensation. If General HARRISON has formed such a purpose it is creditable to his good sense. The church which a President regularly attends is bound to become an object of notoriety and curiosity, drawing to its pews people who are anxious to follow any fashion, even in religion, that the chief magistrate may set. General HARRISON, it is well known, is a man of deep and unaffected piety, having been prominent for many years in the work of the Presbyterian church. But his religious bent of thought is not so strong that he will make his appearance at church an occasion for ostentatious display of piety on the part of tuft-hunters. By hiring pews in three or four of the Washington churches he will be able to go quietly to any one he may select without being heralded as the Sunday morning sensation of a pet clergyman.

NO MORE remarkable correspondence has been given to the public for years than those included by General SHERMAN in his article in the *North American Review.* The first is from JAMES G. BLAINE, who writes under date of May 25, 1884, to General SHERMAN, declaring it possible and probable that the latter should receive the nomination for the Presidency from the Republican convention of that year, and exhorting him to accept, if the result should be as he intimated. The second letter is General SHERMAN'S reply, in which he states the reasons why he would not accept and did not desire the nomination. These letters are a bit of private political history of the highest interest, vindicating BLAINE from the charge of desiring the nomination, and showing up the sturdy nature of the frank old soldier, SHERMAN, in a light that will add to the admiration for him already possessed by the American people.

ONE of the first matters demanding the attention of Congress is to pass the necessary legislation for taking the census of 1890. The statistics supplied by the census of 1880 have not been all that the country desired or needed. This may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the act of Congress providing for taking the tenth census was not passed until March 3, 1879, thus leaving only one year or less for perfecting the plans and arrangements required for the immense undertaking. The census of 1890 will involve far more labor and skill than that of 1880, and no time should be lost in enacting the comprehensive legislation which its vast importance demands.

IT is announced that General HARRISON will take no part in party squabbles, and if the Republicans of any state get into a row over the man to have a Cabinet position, for instance, he will drop that state from his calculations. Such a course will not only be the proper one, but practically compel Republican unity. Some Republicans in Ohio will put on their thinking caps over this announcement of HARRISON'S intentions.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Missouri has a little debt of $17,000,000.

A Nebraska man is dying from the bite of a mule.

The secret orders throughout the United States are said to number over 200.

Boston is holding a fair to raise money to build colleges for Indians in Dakota.

The late Emperor William is credited with saving $12,000,000 out of his public allowance.

Lard ranks sixth in value in the list of American exports; $40,000,000 worth are exported annually.

A doctor in Cincinnati charges next to nothing for his services in cases where his patient does not recover.

The large granite shaft of the Wentworth Monument is en route to Chicago. It was quarried at Hallowell, Me.

In Louisville, Ky., four brothers have married four sisters. There remain three girls in one family yet, but there are no boys to match them.

France, with a population of 38,000,000 consumes as much wheaten bread as the United States, with a population of 63,000,000.

It is said that the prairie dogs come into Osage City, Kan., and sit around in the backdooryards until the housewives shake out the tablecloths.

A California farmer, believing that cats will exterminate squirrels and gophers, purchased a large number and set them at liberty on his land.

Colorado has $1,000,000 acres of coal lands within 60 miles of Pueblo, with veins from six to nine feet in thickness. The quality is bituminous.

Investigation of the court records at Washington discloses the fact that nearly nine-tenths of the crimes in the District of Columbia are committed by negroes.

The clergy seem to be very fond of alliteration. Here is Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago, lecturing on "Tramps, Cranks and Dudes; or, Vagrancy, Vagary and Vacancy."

Charles Tappan has invented a liquid preparation which, being applied to the carbons, increases the intensity of a 2,000-candle power arc light to a three-fold degree.

Gum chewers should take warning from the fate of a Newton, Conn., girl, aged 16. A piece of gum slipped down her throat, and lodging at the entrance to the stomach, caused a fatal ulceration.

A single gold dollar can be made into a sheet that will carpet two rooms 16½ feet square. It requires 1,400 thicknesses of gold leaf to equal a sheet of this paper, and 280,000 to form an inch.

Three 12-pound cannon balls and one 4-pounder were found in Rutland, Vt., by a workman engaged in excavating for the foundation of a new mill. They are supposed to be relics of the Burgoyne campaign in 1777.

The United States is perhaps the greatest consumer of lemons in the world. One hundred thousand boxes, it is estimated, are used every week. Each box contains from 300 to 375 lemons. New York is the principal point of distribution.

Another courtship, conducted exclusively through the mails, has ended in marriage. The groom resides in California, while the bride, an Eastern girl, journied to have the knot tied. The couple met on the wedding day for the first time.

A Boston woman received an electric shock by striking her umbrella against the iron frame of an awning. The current was imparted to the frame by a stream of water running over a light wire and down the outside of a water conductor to the awning.

So great has the rabbit pest become in Australia that a rabbit-proof fence is now being built between Queensland and New South Wales, a distance of 300 miles. The fence is of wire netting, and will be five feet high and sunk into the ground nine inches.

A Newark, N. J., singing society visited Edison's laboratory in West Orange, N. J., Tuesday evening, and sang several choruses into a phonograph that is to be shipped to England and let off before a lot of scientists, if the instrument withstands the strains meanwhile.

The metropolitan characteristics of the American people are noticeable in the following statistics: In 1790 one-thirtieth of our population was found in cities; in 1800, one-twenty-fifth; in 1820, one-twentieth; in 1850, one-eighth; in 1860, one-sixth; in 1880, two-ninths.

The following are the endowments of some of the principal educational institutions of the United States: Girard college, $10,000,000; Columbia, $5,000,000; John Hopkins, $4,000,000; Harvard, $3,000,000; Princeton, $3,500,000; Lehigh, $1,800,000; Cornell, $1,400,000.

Of the libraries of Germany, the largest is that of Berlin, with 700,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts; then comes Dresden, 500,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts; Darmstadt, 390,000 volumes and 3,200 manuscripts; Leipsic, the university library, 350,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts; and [illegible] Breslau, Limbourg and Strasbourg.

The cowboys of Northwestern Texas [illegible] becoming very proficient in lassoing bears. Around Fort Davis the "sport" is extremely popular and last week B. O. McCutcheon, "the champion roper," after lassoing a black grizzly led the animal quite a distance, when he met two other cowboys. They also roped the bear and McCutcheon then dismounted and killed it.

When the hyenas of Barnum's circus at Bridgeport were being fed recently a sudden rush to the side upset their cage, pinning down in perilous proximity to their sharp fangs the keeper, who was feeding them, and who would have been killed but for the fact that his comrade brought two elephants to the rescue, and they quickly tossed the cage aside.

They say of Colonel Dupree, of Georgia, that during the late canvass he went up to a perspiring farmer, who was plowing with a stubborn ox, and offered to take his place while the plowman went for water. The offer was more than accepted, for the farmer stayed at the house till dinner, and the candidate plowed three hours under the hottest sun of the season.

A Portland groom got a decidedly novel reception on returning from his wedding trip. He was received with out stretched hands by a vast army of creditors, including the clergyman who tied the knot. The young man gave a check to a chum to pay all the expenses of the marriage, but the chum, instead of putting the money to its intended use, went off and had a "good time" with it.

An unmarried man, of Buffalo, N. Y., recently drew a crisp new $5 bill out of the bank. A happy thought struck him and he wrote an ardent love letter across the face of it in blue ink and signed his initials and address. Then he spent the $5. By Thursday he had received fourteen answers, many of them enclosing photographs. He will marry one of them (not the photographs, but the original of one of them) early in December.

A Chicago man has been arrested for swindling young boys by what is known as the "cow-boy trick." He advertised for young men who wished to become cow-boys and got a number of answers from youthful would-be imitators of Buffalo Bill. As an evidence of good faith he extracted $2 apiece from the boys. At last they saw through the scheme and about 50 of the victims chased him to the police headquarters, where he was held for trial.

The result of the excavations made by archæologists at and near Mycenæ, Greece, the past season, have been highly satisfactory. Fifth prehistoric tombs were opened, and a large number of valuable relics of a pre-Homeric age discovered. Among them are stones with inscription, the so-called "island gems," copper vases and a variety of other objects in ivory, gold and glass. The whole collection is to be deposited in the museum at Athens.

CHINA is in trouble through another uprising in the island of Formosa. A century ago exactly, in 1788, a rebellion took place there which is said to have cost China 100,000 men and an enormous outlay of money to suppress. And that, though the greatest, was but one of many rebellions which have occurred in Formosa since it became tributary to China about two centuries ago. Indeed, the eastern part of the island still claims independence and wars have often been waged between its savage mountaineers and the Chinese settlements on the western coast aided by the imperial forces. The present outbreak is in the fertile portions of the west and south, where the imperial government has been arranging for heavier taxation, and has thus stirred up both the native population and Chinese settlers. Doubtless the naval and military force which China can bring to bear will eventually suppress the rebellion.

ISN'T it singular that the Democratic leaders assert so positively that a large number of Democrats sold their votes at the late election? They have a remarkably poor opinion of the rank and file of their own party.

THE mugwump "is going to stay," according to *Harpers' Weekly.* We are thoroughly glad to know it. Ah, there, GEORGE WILLIAM, stay there—right there in the Democratic camp. We Republicans don't want you.

CHIEF CLERK CLARK, of the House of Representatives, admits that the Republicans will have a majority of one in the new House. This is very kind of Mr. CLARK, but he errs in the figure he uses.

THE Democrats are eager to have the Republican administration follow their footsteps in abandoning civil service reform. We fancy they are again doomed to disappointment.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE.

VARIATIONS IN DIFFERENT STATES.

Polygamy and Polyandry Allowed in Certain States of the Union—Why Not Have a National Marriage and Divorce Law?

The legislatures of the several states have now adjourned, and, with the exception of Illinois and New York, the laws relating to "Marriage and Divorce," have been materially changed or modified in all. The most radical changes were effected in Indiana and Kentucky; the former extending the time of "previous residence" from six months to two years and the latter making "incompatibility of temper," and "any fraud in the marriage contract," an absolute ground for divorce.

In Georgia an absolute divorce is granted only after the concurrent verdict of two juries, at different terms of the court. In New York absolute divorce is granted for but one cause—adultery. In South Carolina and New Mexico there are no divorce laws.

New York permits polygamy and polyandry in certain cases. Desertion for five years, without knowledge that the deserter is living, permits the one deserted to marry again; and the second marriage is valid, though the deserter returns. The second marriage may be declared void, but only from the date of the decree, by a court of competent jurisdiction, upon proper petition; but if no such petition is made, and all parties are satisfied, one husband may live in lawful wedlock with two or more wives, or one wife with two or more husbands. The children will inherit, and both wives will be entitled to dower.

Kansas courts grant divorce for the reason that the applicant's husband or wife has obtained a divorce in another state and the applicant has been forbidden to remarry. If a wife in New York obtains a divorce from her husband, and he is forbidden to remarry, he may go to Kansas and obtain a divorce on that ground. If his wife contests the case, or can be served with the papers in Kansas, so that she is brought under the jurisdiction of the Kansas court, the courts of New York must recognize the divorce as valid, and cannot punish the husband for remarrying in New York.

REMARRIAGE.

There are no restrictions upon marriage by divorced persons in Connecticut, Kentucky, Illinois and Minnesota. Either party may remarry, but defendant must wait two years and obtain permission from the court in Massachusetts. The decree of the court may restain the guilty party from remarrying in Virginia. Parties can not remarry until after two years, except by permission of the court in Maine. In the state of New York the plaintiff may remarry, but the defendant cannot do so during the plaintiff's lifetime, unless the decree is modified, or proof that five years have elapsed and that complainant has married again and defendant's conduct has been uniformly good. Any violation of this is punished as bigamy, even though the other party has been married.

In Delaware, Pennsylvania and Tennessee, no wife or husband divorced for violation of the marriage vow can marry the *particeps criminis* (guilty party) during the life of the former husband or wife, nor in Louisiana at any time; such marriage in Louisiana renders the person divorced guilty of bigamy.

RESIDENCE.

The first consideration is the residence—that is, the time required to live in the state before applicant can commence suit for divorce, and that has been fixed at six months by the following states: California, Nebraska, Nevada, Texas and Wyoming.

The following states have fixed the residence at one year: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Mississippi, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

It requires a residence of two years before commencing suit in Indiana, Florida, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Tennessee.

In the states of Connecticut and Massachusetts the applicant must reside three years before he can bring his action for divorce.

In New York no time is required, and the party aggrieved may commence at any time.

CAUSES FOR DIVORCE.

The violation of the marriage vow (adultery) is cause for absolute divorce in all the states and territories, excepting South Carolina and New Mexico, which have no divorce laws.

Physical inability is a cause in all states, except California, Connecticut, Dakota, Iowa, Louisiana, New Mexico, New York, Texas and Vermont.

Wilful desertion of one year is cause for divorce in Arkansas, California, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Wisconsin, Washington and Wyoming.

Wilful desertion of two years is ground for divorce in Alabama, Arizona, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Mississippi, Nebraska, Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

Wilful desertion for three years in Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, Vermont and West Virginia.

Wilful desertion five years in Virginia and Rhode Island, though the court may in the latter state decree a divorce for a shorter period.

Habitual drunkenness is an absolute ground for divorce in all the states and territories except Maryland, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia.

Conviction or imprisonment for felony is a cause for divorce in all the states and territories except Dakota, Florida, Maine, Maryland, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina and Utah.

Cruel and abusive treatment is a good ground for an absolute divorce in all the states and territories except New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia.

Non-support, or failure of the husband to provide is a cause for divorce; one year, in California, Colorado, Dakota, Nevada and Wyoming; two years in Indiana, Illinois and Idaho. No time specified in Arizona, Massachusetts, Michigan, Maine, Nebraska, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin, but remains in the discretion of the court.

Any fraud in the marriage contract by either party is a ground for divorce in Arizona, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Washington Territory.

Incompatibility of temper, or "ungovernable temper," in Arkansas, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, Washington Territory, Pennsylvania, and Wyoming. Other causes, in different states, are as follows: "Husband notoriously immoral before marriage, unknown to wife," in Kentucky and West Virginia. "Fugitive from justice," in Virginia. Any "gross neglect of duty," in Kansas, Illinois, Rhode Island and Ohio. An "attempt on the life of another," in Illinois.

All of the causes above enumerated are for absolute or for full divorce.

A SOUTHERN UNIONIST

Is Jubilant Over the Result of the Election—An Interesting Extract.

EDITOR BLADE:—Enclosed please find an extract from a Southern letter, sent to a Toledo lady since the election. The writer, Col. W. J. Shofner, an influential and wealthy farmer of Bedford county, Tenn., though born and raised in the South, has always been a brave and consistent Union man, and was one of five men who, in his precinct dared to vote against secession. During the early part of the war, while Tennessee was in the hands of the Rebels, a number of Union men who were trying to evade Confederate conscription, found food and safety on his plantation. Though the war entailed heavy losses upon him, as both Confederate and Union foragers frequently visited his farm and departed laden with booty, yet he never faltered in his devotion to the old flag. Four years ago one of his sons ran on the Republican ticket for state senator, and though defeated, carried his own county by a neat majority. C. T. B.

Toledo, O., Dec. 10.

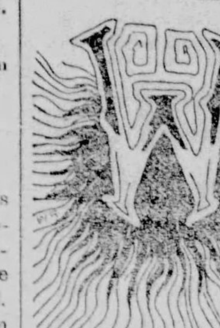
[Below is given the extract referred to in the above:]

Tell C. that we are very jubilant over the election of Gen. Harrison and a Republican congress. I cast my vote for Old Tip, or Granny Harrison, as he was called in the days of log cabin and hard cider fame and I feel proud of my political record. I have raised six boys, all of whom voted with me for Harrison. It was the first presidential vote of my youngest son I am a constant reader of the Weekly BLADE, and am much pleased with its course as a journal and newspaper.

VERONA.

There was a young actress, Jarbeau,
She could balance herself on one toau;
She kicked over her head,
And the bald heads all said:
"By hoving! An excellent sheau!"
—*Peoria Transcript.*

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.



WONDEROUSLY pretty she was, with her eyes of blue, little rose-bud mouth and her flaxen hair hanging in soft ringlets about her white neck.

Half of the summer evenings of her life were spent on the vined porch of her farm-house home, wondering, with her head upon her father's knee, what was beyond the blue mountains.

She had little else to think of, unless it was her lover, Mark Morgan, and she did not give many thoughts to him.

"Ellie," said Mark one evening as they stood by the old spot, "I am going to Illinois this summer. I bought a farm there last winter, and now I am going out to work it."

"Illinois is far away, isn't it, Mark? I should like to go with you."

"Would you? Would you, really, Ellie? If I come back for you next Autumn will you be my little wife and go to Illinois with me? I'll have a little house for you and a pony to ride. There are great green prairies to gallop on."

"Oh," said Ellie, throwing her arms around Mark's neck, "It must be lovely beyond the mountains. Yes, Mark, I'll go."

In less than a week Mark had gone, and the day after his departure Ella was playing softly on the shinnet, when an elegant phaeton drove up to the gate and a stranger alighted.

To Ellie he was the fairy prince of her dreams. His steel-blue eyes were bright as stars, pale hair hanging in shadowy rings above the firm, white forehead, and a profile clear cut as Apollo's.

After a short talk with her father, Ellie, from her bedroom window, saw the beautiful bay horse unharnessed and led away to the stable, and shortly after she learned that the handsome stranger was to stay for the summer, having engaged board with her father.

So they met day by day, and the gay *roue*, Fred Vernon, watched the child-woman, talked to her and took her long drives in his phaeton.

They sat on the porch one evening, he lost in deep thought and she stealing sly glances at his handsome face.

"I wonder if it would do?" he soliloquized, lighting another cigar. Then, suddenly, as if his mind was made up, said: "Ellie, the moon is coming up. Will you go for a drive?"

Ellie gladly assented, and a few minutes later the phaeton rolled softly away over the new-damp road.

"See the moon shining on the mountains," said Ellie. "It makes them look like silver on the top."

"And you have never been beyond them," said Vernon.

"No; but you have. Please tell me what is there."

"Beautiful houses, full of rich furniture; carpets of silken moss and velvet couches. Women are worshipped there, Ellie; have nothing to do all day but to enjoy themselves. They have sumptuous boudoirs, luxurious carriages, dishes of gold to eat from, jewels and dresses like sweet clouds. How would you like to go there, Ellie?"

"Oh, if I could go!"

"Then, we are going. See, this road takes us straight to New York. It is not twenty miles. By midnight we shall be there. See, the horses know they are going. How fleet they are!"

"You will take care of me?" murmured Ellie, trembling, but with burning eyes.

"I will take care of you, never fear."

The groups of whispering trees flew by them. The great, white moon, lay like a lily in an azure lake. Of what was Ellie thinking? Only that she was going beyond the mountains with her enchanted prince.

* * * * * * * *

The roses were dead and the trees were losing their foliage when Clark Morgan returned for his bride.

Somehow the old house looked strange to him. The farmer's arm-chair had gone from the porch, Ellie's linnet cage hung empty at the door and the windows were closed. He knocked and waited.

"Is it you, Mark Morgan?" said a voice beside him.

He turned. Could it be that the shrunken figure there—aged, sour, suspicious—was that of bluff Farmer Grey?

"Yes, it is I. Why, Mr. Grey, have you been ill?"

"Yes, very ill!" with a hollow laugh. "Have you come for her?"

"For Ellie?" with a smile. "Yes."

"She has run away, Mark—run away from her promise to you—from her old father, who lived for her—from the shelter of her home, with a rich scamp, who is welcome to her. Yes, as she makes her bed, let her lie in it, say I! God's curse upon an ungrateful child!"

It must have been pitiful to see Mark Morgan's face, with all the honestly-earned hope dashed out of it.

"When did she go?"

"Three months ago."

"And you have searched for her?"

"Never! Let her dare to show her wanton face to me again! I search for a daughter that throws my care in my teeth, and disgraces me when my hair is turning gray!"

"But, oh, God! poor little Ellie! I have loved her almost as long as you. I will not desert her. Tell me where to go; I will find her. Tell me that man's name."

"I will tell you nothing! As she made her bed so shall she lie in it, I repeat. No, Mark Morgan; and it is not just that the man she has betrayed should go begging for her."

The father's heart was set so bitterly that nothing could turn it. But the lover searched patiently. The neighbors told him the home of Ellie's betrayer. All the winter Mark trod the streets of New York—all the winter Farmer Grey shut himself morosely in his house. He was sitting alone by the fire one day, when there came a knock at the door and he was called.

"What is wanted?" he snarled.

"Mr. Pierce sent me, sir, to summon you on a jury."

"Coroner's inquest. Who is dead?"

"I don't know, sir. He said a drowned person was in Burton's boat house and for you to be there at 4 o'clock."

It was nearly that then, and Farmer Gray followed the boy down to the river's bank, where stood the boat house. Coroner Pierce met him.

There was a bench in the center of the place. The men crowded around silently. There lay the body of a woman—young, slight, clad only in her night dress—her soft, light hair lying in a great, drenched coil upon her bosom.

How Grey shuddered, and kept back dreadful groans, as they examined the body, turning the slight limbs to see if there were any discoloration or bruises denoting violence done to the corpse! There was none. One hand was clinched. The physician in attendance opened it as gently as possible, for compassion was strong in every heart.

"Here is a paper," he said, in a low voice.

With difficulty they read the mangled, blurred words, for the paper dropped into fragments:

"Bury me without inquiry, that my father may never know of my disgrace. Poor father—poor Mark! Tell other girls who want to leave their quiet homes, that there is death beyond the mountains."

The name was illegible. Grey shook like a reed as they tried in vain to make it out.

"What is your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner.

"Suicide," they said, one after the other.

But old Grey muttered; "Murder! I say it was murder!"

"Oh, no!" said the physician "The note shows that the act was premeditated."

"Your verdict, then, is suicide, gentlemen of the jury?" said the coroner.

"Cause unknown. No one is found to blame," added the foreman.

"No one to blame!" muttered Farmer Grey, with a strange laugh.

Farmer Grey was left alone with the corpse and the man who had unlocked the boat-house, and removed the sheet.

He had not touched the body. He had only stood by and trembled, as the others examined it. Suddenly he laid his hand on the little hand which had been clinched upon the paper. His fingers tangled in the soft hair. At the touch he broke into a cry; "Ellie—Ellie!"—and fell down beside her, with great sobs.

She was taken to her father's house. Kind matrons and young girls, who had been her neighbors, robed her purely in white linen. White Easter flowers were mingled with her cypress wreath, and Mark Morgan was sent for to the funeral.

A Sensible Girl.

"I can tell you, my dear," said a wife of a year's standing to one just newly married, "it's one thing to manage a sweetheart and another to manage a husband."

"Oh! I shan't have any trouble about that," said the happy bride. "Ma takes all that off my hands. She's had practice."—*Cartoon.*

Quick, certain cure for Seminal Weakness. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

WANTED 100 Eastern people to become interested in the **Great Wilber Colony Property**, Sacramento Valley, California. City Lots and California Fruit Tracts **free**. Loans will be made for improvement purposes on five years' time, at 5 per cent. Money advanced through our Eastern General Agent, for railroad fare and expenses of trip, from any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Enclose **10c.** for postage on Maps, Plats, etc., and address **W. H. WHETSTONE, Eastern Agent Wilber Colony, Cincinnati, Ohio. P. O. Box 825.**

WANTED AN OVERSEER, or Chief Advertiser, and two to five Assistants (according to size of County and population). **$60** a month Salary and expenses to Overseers, and **$40** to assistants. No peddling, no soliciting. Duties confined to making collections, distributing printed matter, putting up advertisements, etc., for the two Greatest Fortune-makers in America—the **Farmer's $10 Fire-Proof Combination-Lock Safe** (sold on Monthly Installments), and the wonderful **Electric Fuel**, for warming sleighs, carriages, etc., which burns without flame, smoke or odor, and will heat any vehicle 24 hours for 10 cents. Expenses advanced; salaries paid each month. Enclose 10c. postage for full specimen line of advertising matter, to **The WARREN SAFE-FUEL CO., Lebanon, Ohio.** Postal card applications ignored. Send names of assistants selected by you.

A SWINDLE.

An Effort to Draw Workingmen to a City Full of Unemployed Persons.

PUEBLO, Col., Dec. 10.—EDITOR BLADE:—I wish, through the columns of your paper, to advise as many workingmen as I can, of a swindle that certain parties in this place are about to impose on the public. This is a snug little city, with industries capable of supporting about 12,000 persons, but with a population of about 20,000, every industrial establishment has its full complement of men, every odd job, requiring either skilled or unskilled labor, is competed for by several, anxious for the work. House rent, and the prices of food and fuel, are very high.

Yet, notwithstanding this state of affairs, the real estate men of this city, in order to raise prices and rents still higher, have had printed a large number of circulars, to be distributed throughout the United States, calling for 1,600 mechanics to settle in Pueblo at once, setting forth, in the usual advertising style, the beauties and advantages of the city.

In view of the fact that there are more workingmen here now than can make a comfortable living, I think it is possitively wicked to endeavor to entice more of them here, in order to extort from them what little money they may have.

There are very good openings here for nearly all kinds of manufacturing establishments. I do not think the site for the investment of capital can be beat west of the Missouri river; but I say, let the capitalists do their part in giving employment to men, and then it will be time enough to call them in. A poor man has hard enough time to get along without being fooled and swindled in such a style. C. M. DAYTON.

AMBIGUITY OF EXPRESSION.

A Collection of Sentences That Ought to be Accompanied by a Diagram.

It is said that when Jacob Boehme, the famous philosopher, was on his deathbed some of his pupils came to him to have an obscure passage in his writings explained before he died. After puzzling over it for awhile he said: "My dear children, when I wrote this I understood its meaning, and no doubt the omniscient God did. He may still remember it, but I have forgotten it."

Klopstock, the German poet, was once visited by some students from Gottingen to have the meaning of one of his stanzas explained. After reading the stanza he replied: "I can not recollect what I meant when I wrote it, but I remember that it was the finest thing I ever wrote, and you can not do better than to devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert given by M. Gounod, in London. The eighth song was printed: "'She Wandered Down the Mountain Side, accompanied by the composer."

A lady, in advertising herself as a teacher, referred to the "reputation for teaching she bears."

Instances of "neglecting the antecedent" are amusing. In an old geography we are told that Albany is a "town with 300 houses and 1,200 inhabitants, all with their gable ends toward the street."

A furrier once announced that he was prepared to "make up capes, circulars, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

A match vender of London used the following street cry: "Buy a pennyworth of matches from a poor old man, made of foreign wood."

Some years ago a member of the noted Savage club, of London, was standing on the steps of the clubhouse. A man stopped and asked: "Does a gentleman belong to your club with one eye, named Walker?" "I don't know," was the reply. "What was the name of his other eye?"

The father did not speak with clearness when he exhibited a fiddle made by his son, and said: "He made it out of his head, and has wood enough left to make another one."

We occasionally read in the papers about "terra-cotta ladies' gloves," "woolen children's mits," "octagonal men's cassimere pantaloons," etc. Or that "a snake was killed by a boy twelve feet long;" or that a thrifty housewife "washes and irons herself every week;" or that a man wants "a boy to drive a horse who lives with his parents."—*The Epoch.*

LOVE AND RELIGION.

The Pope's Nephew-in-Law, Once a Jew, Returns to His Original Faith.

The story that Pope Leo's nephew has just been married to the daughter of the beadle of a Jewish synagogue turns out to be correct. The circumstances savor of romance, and are told by the *Germeinde Zeitung*. It appears that some years ago Herr S., an enterprising tradesman of Vienna, crossed the frontier to seek a new field for his labors. Arriving at Perugia, Italy, he made the acquaintance of a niece of the present pontiff, and ultimately an attachment sprang up between the fair-haired Tedesco and the dark-eyed Signorina Pecci.

In due course Herr S. proposed to her, was accepted, and it was not long ere the pair appeared before the bride's uncle, Cardinal Pecci, member of the College of Cardinals in Rome. The bridegroom being a Jew, it was necessary for the ecclesiastic to baptize him, and this being done, the ceremony of marriage was gone through, the blessing pronounced, and the happy couple embarked for South America, whence they kept up a constant correspondence with the Cardinal. Quite recently, however, Mme. S. succumbed to a severe illness, and the bereaved widower, by that time a millionaire, not caring to remain any longer in South America, where past associations were ever before him, left the land of his adoption and betook himself to Rome, in order to visit his uncle.

The Cardinal had now become Leo XIII, chief of the Roman church, and resided at the Vatican; but, though altered in position, he had in no way lost sight of his nephew, on whom he bestowed a royal welcome, not forgetting the Papal benediction: "I remain thy uncle, my son; may heaven's blessing lead thee back to thy native home." And after so many years' absence Herr S. returned to Vienna a millionaire and consul for the land of his voluntary exile. However, as the novelists put it, time heals many wounds, and a month or two was long enough for another woman to find a place in the heart of the exile. Herr S. was stricken and fell in love with the synagogue beadle's lovely daughter. But there was an obstacle. The fair one would not give up her religion and be baptized into the church of Leo, so there was nothing left but for the stronger vessel to give way to the weaker, which he did, and returned to the faith of his ancestors, with the result anticipated.—*Exchange.*

CHRISTMAS COMES.

Christmas comes! he comes, he comes,
Ushered with rain of plumes.
Hollies in the windows greet him;
Schools come driving home to meet him;
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet and cold and wind and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

Who Will Be the Next Pope?

The advanced age of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is causing some discussion in Europe over the succession. Dr. McDonnell, secretary to the archbishop of New York, was asked yesterday by a *World* reporter what interest American Catholics felt in the gossip reported from Rome coupling the name of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, with the Pontificate. "That is a matter wholly in the hands of the cardinals," said the secretary, "and one outside the college would have a natural hesitancy at being quoted on the subject. Besides, it is not a pleasant matter to discuss the succession to an office the incumbent of which is still alive."

Convenient to Have on Hand.

Dakota Lady (about to give a grand ball)—"Well, thank goodness, John, my list of invitations is completed at last."

Dakota Husband—"Have you included young Sawbones? He's a likely fellow, and we ought to pay him some attention being a new comer."

Dakota Lady—"Why, no; he had escaped me entirely. I'm glad you mentioned him, John; he seems to be a desirable parti in every way, and, besides, we shall probably need a surgeon before morning."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Music Beats Medicine.

Rokitanski, the father of the well known operatic singers, was professor of pathology at the Vienna University. Besides the two singers, he had another couple of sons who have acquired a certain celebrity as medical men. One day, when the old professor was asked how his sons were getting on, he replied, shaking his head—

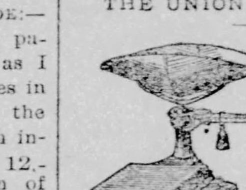
"You see, friends, two of them heal and the other two howl, and the howlers earn four times as much as the healers!"—*Humor stiches.*

Publishers' Column.

LADIES HAIR FRIZZER.

Cheapest price ever heard of. A beautiful nickel-plated hair frizzer (curling iron) sent post-paid by mail to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of 20 cents, or the same with Weekly BLADE one year for $1.10. We guarantee them fully equal to those usually retailed for 50 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

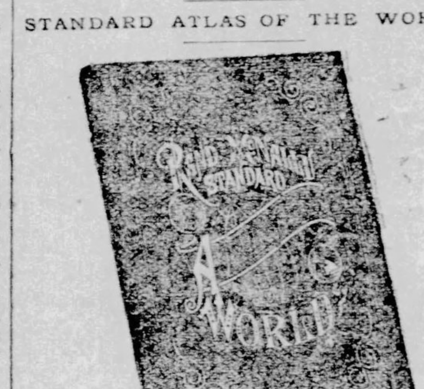
THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

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PAST ALL PRECEDENT! Over Two Millions Distributed.

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Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

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J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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MAMMOTH DRAWING
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 18, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $600,000.
100,000 Tickets at $40; Halves $20; Quarters $10; Eighths $5; Twentieths $2; Fortieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $600,000 is		$600,000
1 PRIZE OF 200,000 is		200,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is		100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is		50,000
2 PRIZES OF 25,000 are		50,000
5 PRIZES OF 10,000 are		50,000
12 PRIZES OF 5,000 are		60,000
25 PRIZES OF 2,000 are		50,000
100 PRIZES OF 800 are		80,000
200 PRIZES OF 400 are		80,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are		100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $1,000 are		$100,000
100 Prizes of 800 are		80,000
100 Prizes of 400 are		40,000
THREE NUMBER TERMINALS.		
99 Prizes of $800 are		$79,200
99 Prizes of 400 are		39,600
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900 Prizes of $200 are		$180,000
900 Prizes of $200 are		180,000
3,146 Prizes amounting to		$2,118,800

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Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

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Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

"REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes."

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1200 of these beautiful 14k. gold plated watches to be given absolutely FREE to 1200 persons who will read this advertisement and help introduce new subscribers to the HOUSEHOLD COMPANION—Offer No. 1: The HOUSEHOLD COMPANION will be sent six months FREE to 1200 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 20 newspaper readers, representing different families. Premiums sent same day subscriptions are received. The old reliable and popular illustrated HOUSEHOLD COMPANION of New York, is a complete family paper in its fullest sense; each issue profusely and beautifully illustrated, containing several complete and serial stories of fascinating interest, and a rich variety of funny sketches, anecdotes, news, condensed notes on fashion, art, industries, literature, &c., and stands conspicuous among the illustrated Metropolitan journals of the country. Remember we gained and maintain our immense popularity and circulation by giving only valuable and useful premiums, and that it would not pay an old established prominent New York paper to disappoint its patrons. If you want one of the above premiums, and will promise to assist us send 15 cents, in silver or stamps, to help pay postage, packing, &c., and you will get prompt attention by return mail. Address HOUSEHOLD COMPANION, New York City, P. O. Box 2049.

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THE BLADE PERFECTION BENCH WRINGER.

ONLY PERFECT BENCH WRINGER MADE.

WITH WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $5.00.

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The rolls are white rubber, vulcanized on the shaft, and are the best made.
The water from wringing can be made to flow into either tub instantly.
The only wringer that always wrings right-handed, as the crank can be attached to either side.
The strongest and firmest bench.
The bench and Wringer are combined.
The closest fold of any bench wringer made.
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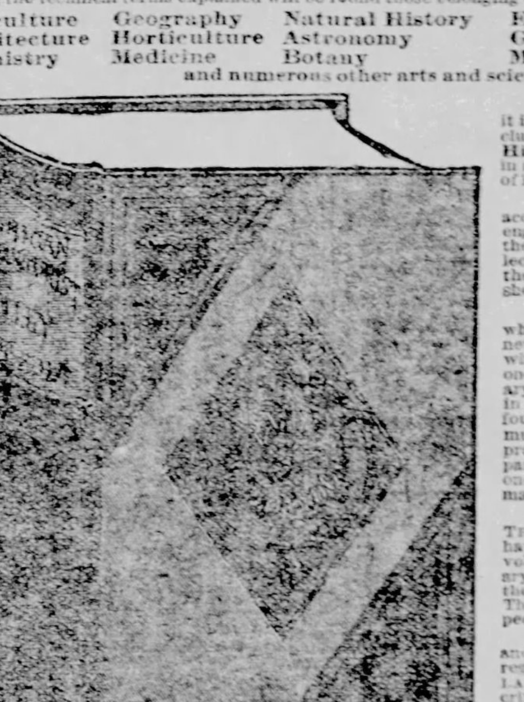

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Over 1000 Engravings. On account of the size of the pages the engravings are necessarily small, but they are wonderfully clear, and selected with the view to illustrate the subject rather than to make a show.

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$650 Fischer Piano for the largest club	$650
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$10 each for the next ten largest clubs	100
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221 SPECIAL PRIZES TO THE AMOUNT OF	$2250

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It makes no difference how large or how small the club is, the persons sending the largest number of subscribers before March 1st will receive the first prize of a $650 piano; the person sending the second largest club will receive $200 in cash and so on for the balance of the prizes.

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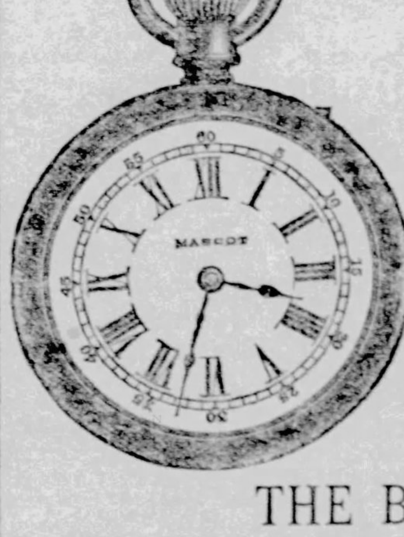
Mention this paper.

THE BLADE'S NEW WATCH.



For some time the BLADE has been negotiating for a Good Cheap Watch to take the place of the Waterbury, of which we sold 10,000 in two years. We have all along insisted on having a Watch BETTER than the Waterbury, with a SHORT WIND, and modern in every respect. At last we have it. We have contracted with a factory in New York to manufacture for us a Special Lot of Nickel-plated Open-face Watches, which we shall call

THE MASCOT WATCH.

IT IS A

STEM-WINDER, STEM-SETTER.

Dust-proof, Strong, Handsome and Warranted a Perfect Time-keeper. It is a watch that retails at $5.00, and well worth it. On receipt of FOUR DOLLARS we will send one of these watches by registered mail, and a copy of the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. Or we will mail, post-paid, one of these watches free to any person who will send us a club of Fifteen Yearly Subscribers at one time, with $15.00.

Each watch is adjusted and regulated at the factory, securely packed in a box for carrying safely in the mails, accompanied with printed instructions and a guarantee. If not as represented, or if it fails to keep accurate time, it may be returned to the factory where it will be properly adjusted without charge. Bear in mind this is not a Waterbury watch, but a better one in every respect. Address

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THE IMPROVED BLADE SEWING MACHINE OF 1888.

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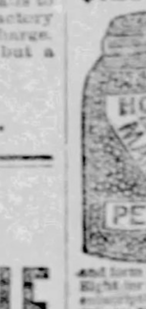

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REDUCED PRICES.

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"ANDERSONVILLE," a Story of Southern Prisons, by John McElroy, 700 pp., ill., cloth. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.

Representative Temperance Woman of America.

"If my dear mother did me one crowning kindness, it was in making me believe that, next to being an angel, the greatest bestowment of God is to make me a woman."

These words form the keynote of the life of one who stands before the world to-day the embodiment of a true womanhood, one which never falters or faints in the face of duty; which never fails to respond to the call of the weak, the erring, the suffering; of a womanhood which makes itself felt a vivifying power of good in the home life of this whole American people.

Lofty purposes held like a polar star ever before the crowding years makes possible the highest living, and it is this which has rendered the name of

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

one that thrills the hearts of all men and women who are longing for the uplifting of humanity, wherever and whenever it is uttered. No thought of self ever palsies her brain or hand in the carrying forward of the great works in which she is the inspired Deborah of the present. Earnest, self-sacrificing, courageous, hopeful, believing in the perfect love of the Father, and hence in the glorious possibilities of His children, so may she well be described, who was made, through mother-teaching, to "believe that next to being an angel, the greatest bestowment of God is to make one a woman."

Go back with me to her childhood and we shall find a bright, laughing girl, full of fun and frolic, with an abounding vitality that came from a life of freedom in the open air with Nature, growing as the plants and trees grow, without the repression that is too often brought to bear upon our girls to warp them after a pattern which society has modelled.

She was born in the village of Churchville, N. Y., half a century ago. No, she is not growing old. No one would ever dream of decadence in connection with this rich, strong life. Yet it was as long ago when she first saw light, the child of Christian parents, descended from an ancestry that was already known for its good work for humanity.

When she was between two and three years old, the family removed to Oberlin, Ohio, where for five years Mr. and Mrs. Willard devoted themselves to study, in order to be better able to live useful lives themselves, and to mould the character of their children aright.

The next move was to a large farm near Janesville, Wis., which was named "Forest Home," and a blessed home it was in every sense of the word. Miss Willard describes it as "a queer old cottage, with rambling roof, gables, dormer windows, and little porches, crannies, and out-of-the-way nooks scattered here and there." Picturesque bluffs rose on either side. On the West flowed the sparkling waters of Rock river, and a great prairie stretched away to the East, flower flecked in the early spring, green with billowy grain in the summer, golden-hued in the early autumn, and a wide stretch of glittering white in the winter.

Here, in this home, for several years Frances and her sister Mary sported together, making play of no inconsiderable intellectual achievements, while putting any amount of fun and frolic into every passing day. They had one brother, who often joined them in their sports, showing them the boy's view of matters, while they taught him the lessons that such companionship affords—lessons which are invaluable in the man's after appreciation of and respect for woman.

In these early years she laid the foundation of a superb physical development, in which health is, as it should be, the normal condition. Had Miss Willard grown up a weakling, subject to nerves and headaches, no such constant and increasing work would have been accomplished. As it is, she has neither time nor occasion to think about her body, is not constantly looking for and fearing sickness, and consequently is physically and mentally able to do labor that would crush many another apparently stronger woman.

One of the amusements, involving also an intellectual training, of these girls was the work of what they called the "Artists' Club," which club consisted of but the two members. On bright days, away they would go into the woods, a tame goat bearing their luncheon, and two shepherd dogs, for protection, bounding by their sides. With sketch book and pencils, they tried their skill at transferring their surroundings to paper, and then when the day was over would hie them home again to subject their work to a loving mother's criticism.

Frances and her sister did not go to school until the former was fourteen. About that time she began her literary work, by starting with Mary a newspaper, which contained poems, stories, and essays upon practical subjects of all kinds. We can imagine the zest with which they entered into this field, and what a good time these earnest, enthusiastic, but fun-loving girls must have had in getting up this weekly journal of young literary aspirations, and details of current events. Of one thing they were certain, that no harsh criticism would clip the wings plumed for flight, for the family constituted their listening and reading world. Sure of a loving appreciation of whatever they did that was worthy of commendation, they were aroused to the best efforts of their youthful minds in order to win these home laurels. That this kind of training was not without its profit is shown by the fact that Frances won a prize from the State Agricultural society for an essay upon "Country Homes," when she was but sixteen!

Two or three years of school life passed away, and then Frances was sent, for a term or two, to a woman's college in Milwaukee. It was just before this that the change in her dress was made, which she so whimsically described in a newspaper article regarding healthful dress. She was just seventeen, and she always speaks of that birthday as the date of her martyrdom, for then her hair had to be done up "woman fashion," long skirts donned so that she could not climb trees and fences, or "chase the sheep to pasture." My sympathies go out strongly to this young girl, thus given, not her "freedom suit," but manacles which she must henceforth wear so long as her body endures.

The absence of Frances at school brought the conviction home to the parents, that either their children must be separated from them for years in order to be educated, or they must remove to some place where better advantages could be obtained. The result was the selling of the farm and a removal to Evanston, where they have since resided. The girls entered the Northwestern College there, and graduated with honor. Immediately after, the inborn independence of the elder asserted itself, and she entered upon a career of self-support as a teacher, first in a country school, later in the Evanston college, having there the chair of Natural Science, afterwards in the Female college at Pittsburg, Pa., then becoming preceptress in the Genesee Wesleyan seminary at Lima, N. Y. A varied experience, but one that developed her powers, making her ready for what was to come afterward.

Into her life, meanwhile, crushing sorrow entered. First her idolized sister passed on to the better life. A few more years and both father and brother went into the unseen world, and Frances and her beloved mother were left to look out upon the darkened world alone. It was this sister whose "Nineteen Beautiful Years," she commemorates in the first book she ever had published, and a work full of tender, loving thought it is, which none can read without being made better.

In 1868, after her father's death, a great pleasure came to this brave, energetic woman in the shape of a two years' journeying, as the guest of a dear friend, through Europe and the far East. While abroad her studies went on, rare opportunities opening to her for this purpose in Paris, Rome and Berlin. Glowing descriptions of what she saw appeared in prominent home papers and magazines, showing that the knowledge craving girl of "Forest Home" had lost none of her old desire to know what the world is doing, and was satisfying it to the utmost.

Upon her return, she became, first the president, and then the dean of Evanston College, where she developed a plan for the self-government of the pupils which helped build up individual character, turning timid and shrinking, or wild and ungoverned girls into strong, self-reliant and self-controlled women.

It was in the early days after her return that she made her first venture upon the public platform. Thrilled by the need of woman's work for women, made more patent by what she had seen of life in the far East, she poured out her thoughts in burning words at a missionary meeting. So deep was the impression made upon her hearers, that she was immediately invited to address a large audience upon the same subject. Then it was that her woman's heart well nigh failed her, but the blessed mother came to the rescue, with this response for her sought-for-advice: "Enter every open door." And she did enter, passing on to such success as soon altered the whole course of her life, and brought a signal blessing to this people.

It was in the autumn of 1874, at the time of that wonderful movement called the Woman's Crusade, that her first awakening came to the real, heroic purpose of her life. When she heard of it, the question arose as to what she had to do in the matter. Wrestling like Jacob until the divine answer was heard in the spirit, she girded herself and went forth to the conflict. Giving up the work which had hitherto been so much to her, crowned with the laurels which success had brought, she entered into this new field of service to humanity. And how she has worked, and with what grand results! First as corresponding secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, where her wonderful faculty of organization was developed, she traveled all over the United States, speaking in every town where there was upwards of 5,000 inhabitants, urging the cause of temperance and the forming of Unions everywhere. Largely as the result of these labors Unions have been formed in 38 states and nine territories, and still the good work goes on. The Woman's National Organization, of which Miss Willard has been President for the last eight years, has now over 40 departments, and everywhere the temperance question has come to the front, and is clamoring to be settled by constitutional enactment.

Miss Willard advocates strongly and with deep earnestness the ballot for woman. She believes that her vote is necessary for securing proper laws for controlling the liquor traffic. She believes in Prohibition and in a Prohibition party as an educator. The White Cross movement, which must appeal to every woman, found in her a sympathy that prompted her acceptance of the leadership of a department of the National Union co-operating with the White Cross society. She has brought to bear the same power of organization and work in this direction as in temperance, and the result has been the obtaining of better laws for the protection of woman's purity in a number of the states of the Union.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to tell of all that Miss Willard has done and is doing for humanity. And her efforts are not narrowed to her own people but they include the world's sufferers. In 1883 she founded the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she is now President. Its object is to include all women "interested in any branch of good work in the world," without respect to nationality, class, or creed. In 1888 she was elected President of the Woman's National Council of the United States, "the largest venture ever attempted by women," but which was only a preliminary to the forming of the International Council of Women.

In her own person she has answered nobly the question which she always put to the girls that came under her charge when she was teaching; "What are you going to be in the world and what are you going to do?" And she is yet in the zenith of her powers, with the wonderful possibilities that the world's mental and spiritual awakening offers to those who will to do humanity service.

Of the wonderful power which this woman possesses over all who come within the magic of her voice it is needless to speak. She is always sympathetic, never antagonizes, is clear and convincing in argument, and absolutely forgets self in the great works which absorb her whole nature. To have done what she has done; to have been an inspiration to multitudes; to have drawn back from ruin thousands upon thousands; to have wept with those who weep even while giving forth strength and courage; to have taught women loyalty to their womanhood; surely, surely all these things must have woven for her a crown, the glory of which is immortal.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

JAPANESE BAG.—Get 3 Japanese mats and round off all edges. Get 1 yard each of light green, pink and old gold satin, picot edge No. 2 ribbon, sew the bags together 9½ inches up, then take ribbon and bind three-fourths around, leaving the remainder for strings to hang it up by. After they are all bound, sew brass rings around the top 2¾ inches apart, and run ribbon through. Put ten colored plush balls around the bag, 4 inches apart.

JAPANESE BAG (No. 2).—Get 2 Japanese mats, octagon shape, with fluted edges, and feather-stitch each around with red and old gold embroidery silk, then join them together three-fourths of the way around to form the bag, leaving the points at the top, turning them over on the outside of the bag. Get 1½ yards each of light green and pink ribbon to hang it up by, and for the bows on each point. Put a plush ball on each corner, all different colors.

HANGING CARD RECEIVER.—Cut three pieces of card-board a broad oval shape, and one large piece a corresponding shape for the back. Cover with red plush and bind the edges with gold cord. Work some pretty design in the center of each oval, then fasten at the sides and bottom with bows of ribbon, and a bow to hang up by.

GENTLEMEN'S TIE SACHET.—Take a length of satin 17 inches long by 4½ inches wide, and paint a pretty spray of flowers on and initials at the end. Now line it with pale colored quilted satin and edge with pretty gilt cord. Fold the case in half and sew an elastic across the inside to confine the ties.

PAPER RACK.—Get matting that tea is packed in and make rack, one yard long by one half yard wide; now bronze it and sew the extreme ends together and fasten two brass rings on either side at the top, to suspend it; paint a spray of flowers on it, line it with bright satin and finish with handsome silk and gilt cord.—ED.

BASKETS.—Every one knows how handy baskets are, whether they be for work, waste-paper or other uses. In some out-of-the-way places it is hard to buy pretty baskets, so this article will be devoted to directions for making them. Crochet an oval mat, the shape to fill a large oval vegetable dish, out of white knitting cotton or tunic. Starch stiff and draw over the dish to dry. When perfectly dry paint white, dot with gold, and varnish.

Line with delicate pink or blue satin. If a handle is desired, crochet, stiffen and sew on after the basket is done. Tie bows of ribbon to conceal where it joins the basket. The inside can have pockets, a pincushion, needle-book, etc., if desired. It can be gilded and lined with scarlet or blue, or can be painted in any desired color with diamond dyes, by brushing over a strong, hot solution while the basket is on the dish, before it is dry.

A card basket is made quite shallow and is pretty with mauve ribbon run through it and tied in bows. A pretty way to color such articles is to dissolve your shellac in alcohol by gentle heat. This gives a delicate golden varnish.

A library basket is made of very coarse twine crocheted with spaces to run in inch wide ribbon. It is made to fit over a tin or wooden bucket. All crocheted baskets are to be finished at the top with scollops. A pretty shopping bag is made by crocheting in plain double crochet a slip ten inches by twelve for a bottom. The sides are done in shells by crocheting three double, two chain three double with one stitch, two chain and repeat with the fifth stitch; next row put the shell into the two chain of the one in the row below. Half way up leave spaces for an inch wide ribbon. Stiffen over a block of wood or a book well wrapped in paper. Make a handle twelve inches long and stiffen well. Line the basket with satin or other material; run in a ribbon of the same shade, joining it in the front with a bow. Fasten on the handle with bows. These are to be gilded, painted or stained, as desired. By omitting the lining and handle, sewing a wire to the top and adding ribbon bows and loops to hang by, to each end of the back, a pretty wall pocket for papers is formed.

Mending baskets can be made of grape or peach baskets, lined, and painted on the outside and handle. A dainty baby basket can be made from a grape basket, painted a delicate pink, and powdered over with tiny bunches of daisies and wild roses, done in oil colors. It should be lined with a delicate pink, blue or cream color.

Toy pails (little pails that tobacco comes in can often be had at groceries) painted in the same way, inside and out, with the wire part of the handle and the hoops gilded, and a large bow tied to the handle, are pretty to send gifts of fruit, confectionary and flowers in, and can afterward be put to many uses.

A friend painted a large wood split basket in olive green, dotted with gold, and has it in her parlor for wood. A square champagne basket with a cover would do better, and could have four small casters added so it could be moved easily. Last of all, when other baskets fail, they can be made of stiff pasteboard. Cut out an octogon shaped piece for the bottom, having the sides each five inches across. For sides cut pieces four inches at the bottom, and sloping up to for the right depth. They can be covered with cloth, using a different color for the outside, overhanding the two pieces together. When all are so covered overhand together to form the basket and finish in any way desired. Have seen these made very handsome out of satin and velvet, and decorated with hand painting, ribbon, lace and cord.—MONTANA MAY.

Would a few short papers upon kindergarten home studies prove acceptable? I think simple exercises, such as any mother finds time to use, are very beneficial to young children, and prepare them for the more advanced exercises used in most schools.—MONTANA MAY.

They would be very acceptable to the HOUSEHOLD. Send them along without fail.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

POINT LACE.—Very pretty when made of white Saxony yarn. Make a chain of 17 stitches. 1st row—3 d c in 5th st of ch—2 ch—3 d c in 6th st—1 ch—3 d c in 8th—2 ch—1 d c in 11th—2 ch—1 d c in 14th—2 ch—1 d c in 17th—5 ch—turn. 2d row—d c on d c—2 ch—d c on d c—2 ch—2 d c on 1st d c (in the group of 3 d c's)—1 d c on next d c—2 d c on last d c—1 ch—sh on sh—1 d c between shell and foundation ch—3 ch—turn. 3d row—sh on sh—1 ch—2 d c on 1st d c—1 d c on each of 3 d c—2 d c on last d c—2 ch—1 d c on d c—2 ch—d c on d c—2 ch—d c in 3d st of 5 ch—5 ch—turn. 4th row—d c on d c—2 ch—d c on d c—2 ch—2 d c on 1st d c—1 d c on each of 5 d c—2 d c on last d c—1 ch—sh on sh—d c under 3ch—3 ch—turn. 5th row—sh on sh—1 ch—3 d c in 1st d c—2 ch—1 d c in 3d d c—2 ch—1 d c on 5th d c—2 ch—1 d c on 7th d c—2 ch—1 d c on 9th d c—5 ch—turn. Repeat from the 2d row except you will have 3 d c (separated by 2 ch) instead of 2. For the edge—5 d c in 5 ch of 1st point—1 s c in same place—3 d c in 2 ch—s c in same place—miss next 2 holes—3 d c in next—1 s c in same place—3 d c in next—1 s c in same place—5 d c in next—s c in same place.—MAY FROST, Bloomington, Ind.

CORRESPONDENCE

READING.—Good books, papers and magazines, add a great deal to the attractiveness of a home, whether it be in city or country. With good authors, many an otherwise lonesome hour can be spent very profitably and pleasantly. When I find a home destitute of reading matter, I am glad that mine is not there. It is very important to select reading that will elevate and improve one's character, rather than the reverse. There are many papers filled with sensational and impure matter, that it is improper to admit into the family circle. Some years ago I commenced to take a paper published in the western part of this state, that was a first class family journal in every sense of the word. Finally it changed hands and character entirely, so that I am disgusted with it now every time I pick it up, and shall discontinue to take it longer. I say select your reading with an eye to purity of character, whether there are children in the family or not. If you think you are unable to provide sufficient reading matter, manage to let them earn some money for the purpose. Allow them a plat of land on which to raise some crop to sell for money, or let them earn some money by working for yourself or some neighbor. A calf or lamb of their own could be sold for the purpose.

York State. F. H. DOW.

ABOUT VOTING.—I was reading a short time ago, in a small journal, a very lively discussion on woman's rights. It was very sensible (according to my way of thinking) and interesting.

I predict that in the no distant future, men will have to undergo an examination before they can vote. At least they should. Ignorant persons should no more vote than teach school, although some are well enough read on political matters to vote, that has not the right kind of education to teach. It does not look right, nor fair fair that an ignorant person, so ignorant as not to be able to write his name, or read the ticket he votes, to have the right to vote over a lady well enough educated to command the highest positions in the land. Think of the foreigners who have not the least idea of either party's principles. They will, in most instances, vote for whoever pays them the most money for doing so.

I wonder if any of you are making a BLADE scrap book? I am saving clippings to do so from the BLADE and Detroit *Free Press*. I am bothered to find any of either paper but what I would like to save. I wish I could bind them in volumes to keep for my children.—MRS. OLIVE E. FERGUSON, Phillipsburg, Kan.

A LETTER WORTH READING.—We take the BLADE and I thought that you must be a very good lady to write such beautiful pieces as you do. I am a little girl and I have earned a quarter by washing clothes, and I want to give it to God, but I live away out in the country and don't have any chance. So won't you please give it to some poor person who needs it very much? and I will pray that God will bless this and make it do some good. Your little friend.—NELLY.

P. S.—I have not told any one of this, not even mamma, but oh I do hope it will help some one.

The above letter was received almost a year ago. No name was attached to it so that any reply could be sent to the dear little writer, who certainly has the love of God in her heart. We have hoped to hear from her again but no word has come, and now we want to tell her what has become of her offering.

It was first lent to a poor washerwoman, with a sick daughter and several other children, who was in sore distress. When the times grew brighter for her she returned it, that it might benefit some one else.

In order that it might be sure to do the most good, it was then given into the charge of the city missionary of Toledo, one whose hands are never idle from efforts to help humanity. He has started the gift upon its round of mercy, and small as it is, a blessing will be sure to go with it everywhere. We hope the dear child who sent her earnings for such a purpose may read these words in the BLADE.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me how to take black off from gold and silver (jewelry tableware, etc.,) that has lain a long time without using? Also how to take grease spots out of coat collars and woolen cloths that will not bear washing?—NANCY D. UNDERHILL, Canon City, Colorado.

Does any one know of an association organized for the distribution of waste literature? The people here in Dakota are starving for reading matter. Pinched by poverty, they are unable to obtain even sufficient food, and books and papers to lighten the long, dark months of winter would be to them one of God's greatest blessings.—W. A. REYNOLDS, Coral, Spink Co., Kan.

We have had a drouth here for three years, and have bought garden seeds every year, but have raised nothing, and I am going to ask the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD to send me some, as many as any of you can spare. I will pay postage. I have nothing but my heartfelt thanks to offer in return, but dear friends remember that "whosoever helpeth the poor, lendeth to the Lord." And to the lady that asked for the seed, mock peach, I will say that I have some that I will send to her; we think them as nice for pies as green apples.—MRS. FLORENCE RANDALL, Englewood, Clark Co., Kan.

How are oyster crackers made? How are frosted ginger snaps made? How are photographs colored in natural colors? Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD please give the New York method for preserving eggs.—T. BANKS, Arrowsmith, McCau Co., Ill.

Will some one tell me the color of the sky rocks, grass and elk or moose, whichever it is, in the painting "The Monarch of the Glen," by Sir Edwin Landseer. Also what colors to use to paint the elk. I would like to know what color the bark and foliage of the palmetto is when scorched in the sun. Also what color is the ocean at the mouth of the St. John's river, Florida?—A. A. C.

Will some one please tell how to paint on felt or cloth with house paints? What ails my chickens? Some of them go blind, but lately they act as if they were choked, flutter around and die. Have lost over 200. Please tell disease and a cure, if any one knows, before I lose the rest.—A CONSTANT READER OF THE BLADE.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Will you please tell me what the term "picot" denotes in crocheting, and how it is done?—C. H. LIVESEY, Roberts, Ill.

Picot is the name of a stitch worked as follows: *Crochet 4 chain stitches; throw the cotton over the needle; pass the needle downward through the left half of the first chain stitch; throw the cotton over the needle and pull it through the chain loop; throw the cotton again over the needle and pass it through the first two loops on the needle; throw the cotton again over the needle and pass it through the two remaining loops. The four chain stitches form the arch of the picot. Repeat from *—ED.

The lady who asked how to dye felt hats can do so with diamond dyes. First wash the hat with soap, water and ammonia, rinsing well. Care must be taken not to pull it out of shape. Prepare the color desired by dissolving in hot water, and straining through a rag. While the hat is yet damp and the dye warm, apply with a bit of sponge tied to a stick. Go over it as evenly as possible, or it will be streaked. When dry, if not dark enough, dampen and go over it again. If stiffening is required, dissolve 2 teaspoonfuls of white sugar in ½ cupful of boiling water. Wet the hat with it on the inside, and, while damp, draw into shape. When the hat is dry, carefully iron it over the outside with a rather cool iron. Care will insure success.—MONTANA MAY.

In a late number our kind editor mentioned that several of the sisters wanted my address published. Once 8 or 9 years ago, I was foolish enough to write for a ladies paper and give my name and address. The result was that for over a year I was almost burried alive with all sorts of letters, asking all sorts of questions. I am willing to answer through the BLADE any questions I am able about painting fancy work, cooking or housework, but my time is too valuable and too much occupied to allow me to correspond with strangers. Not only do I write for a number of papers but also have to study and read to keep up with the times, besides giving time to household matters, fancy work, painting, music and society. The readers will at once see how impossible it would be for me to answer personal letters.—MONTANA MAY.

To A. R. N.: Pepper sauce—Cut the red peppers and put them in a bottle and put vinegar on them.

To Chas. L. Faulkes: Plant box-elder seed in the spring.

If "Black Eyes" will send me her address, I will send her a pattern of Spiderweb lace.—MRS. M. VAN BIBBER, Doyleville, Colo.

Several have written to know what would make a nice Christmas present for their young daughters. They could not do better than to give them either "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." Address either Blade Co. or Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. Price of each $1.

RECIPES.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and cut five oranges into thin slices, remove all the seeds, pour over the slices a teaspoonful of white sifted sugar. Heat a pint of milk by letting it stand in a sauce-pan of boiling water; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and one tablespoonful of corn flower made smooth in cold milk. Stir all the time, and as soon as thick pour over the fruit. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and a tablespoonful of white sifted sugar and pour it over the top of the frosting. Set it in the oven to harden, then serve. Can be eaten either hot or cold.

RIPE CHERRY PIE.—Remove the stems and stones from the cherries; cover the bottom of a long tin with crust, then put in the fruit, with a teacupful of sugar and one of flour sprinkled over. Cover and bake.

GRAPE MARMALADE.—Wash the grapes and put them in a kettle without any water, except what drains off them; cook slowly until soft; take off until cool and put through a colander. Take three quarters of a pound of pulp, boil until thick, and does not gather moisture when taken out on a plate. Then put in small jars, with paper over the top.

PICKLED GRAPES.—Take fresh grapes from the vines, pick them from the stems without breaking, and put in a jar; 7 lbs. of fruit, 1 qt. vinegar, 3 lbs. sugar, 1 tablespoonful whole cloves, and the same of cinnamon bark; boil all together a few minutes, and cool until you can put your finger in it, and pour over the grapes; put a plate over, and set in a cool place. Do not cook the grapes, or heat the pickles over, or disturb for two or three weeks.

PEAR AND QUINCE MARMALADE.—Two doz. juicy pears, 10 ripe quinces, juice of 3 lemons, ¼ lb. of sugar to every pound of fruit; after it is ready for cooking, a little cold water; pare and core the fruit, and put in cold water, while you stir parings and cores in a little water to make the syrup; when boiled strain off the liquid; when cold put in the sliced fruit and bring to a fast boil. It should be thick and smooth before the lemon juice and sugar go in. Cook steadily an hour longer, working with a wooden spoon to a rich jelly. When done put into small jars while warm, but do not cover until cold.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DALTON CITY, ILL.	Charlie Naftel
Eunice Freeland	Clarence Willard
Ida McReynolds	Frank Naftel
Ella Fruit	Mary Freeland
Nora Fruit	BROOKFIELD, MICH.
Ethel Naftel	Guy Harris
May Gleason	Floyd Brainerd
Georgie Gleason	STREATOR, ILL.
Alice Freeland	Cora McCormick
Effie White	Fred McCormick
Frank Wilson	Wallie Burt
Walter Wilson	Walter Donagho
Archie Dickson	Helen Donagho
Louis Dickson	Will Voorhees
Linder Hill	NORWAY, KAN.
Wilbur Hill	C W Herder Roernaes
George Dickson	Annie H Roernaes

Names this week, 30. Total 24,553.
The above embraces all names received up to December 6.

For the Young Folks.

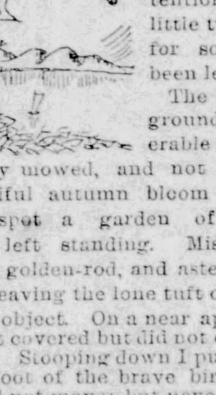
AFTER THANKSGIVING.

"Well, my boy, how did your Thanksgiving go?"
Says big Jim, at school, to very little Joe.
Joe wriggled and twisted, and hung down his head,
Looked this way and that way, and turned very red—
For he wasn't very bold,
And if truth must be told,
He ate of the turkey, the goose, and the chickens,
And that very queer thing—all claws—what the dickens
D'yo call it? Yes, lobster—plum pudding and candy;
This very small boy, dressed fine like a dandy,
Pies, raisins and almonds, oh, a lot of 'em all,
Did little Joe eat—that little boy small.
At last came the night, and Joe went to bed.
With a very big stomach, and a small aching head.
In the middle of the night,
When the moon was very bright,
There was hurrying to and fro—
Very sick was little Joe.
And he groaned
It must be owned,
In a very dismal way
Until the light of day;
For he thought he was dying,
And he couldn't keep from crying.
But the doctor came, a man so fat,
And he gave Joe this, and he gave him that.
Very soon he got well,
But he don't like to tell
Or think, or even to hear
Of Thanksgiving—isn't it queer!

Warsaw, N. C. LOUISE HOUGHTON.

RECENT STUDIES OF THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D.



HAPPENING on the 10th of September last, to be wandering along the enormous curves of the great Serpent Mound, in Adams county, Ohio, when my attention was called to a little tuft of grass that for some reason had been left standing.

The day before, the ground for a considerable space had been closely mowed, and not a trace of the beautiful autumn bloom that had made the spot a garden of delights had been left standing. Mist-flower, iron-weed, golden-rod, and asters were all laid low, leaving the lone tuft of grass a prominent object. On a near approach I found that it covered but did not conceal a sitting quail. Stooping down I put my face within a foot of the brave bird, and yet she would not move; but never for an instant, did she take her eyes from me. It was evident that I must actually touch her before she would leave her nest, and this I abstained from doing.

Day after day I saw her, and she was always equally courageous. A week later my companion happened to pass by, and found that the nest had been abandoned. The mother bird and her brood had gone, but the nest was not really empty. Seven pearly egg-shells remained, and they were well-worthy of study. Each egg had been opened—not merely broken—alike in a curious manner. A clean cut had been made nearly around the shell, but enough remained intact to hold the two portions together. The unsevered portion acted as a hinge, and so the little quails had merely opened a wide door of their own making, and through it stepped out of their close quarters of the past two weeks or more, into the outer world. Occasionally I have seen a single egg, or perhaps two in a nest, the shells of which had been opened in this manner, but never before where such marked similarity characterized the whole series.

I have said that the young birds had "stepped out"; rather they had run, and I can testify to what good purpose they can put their tender feet. Still, for the first day of their freedom, they were somewhat bewildered by the strange sights about them, and their helplessness when but a few hours old, touched even the heart of the grizzled archæologist who for weeks had been studying the mysterious earthen serpent, that for centuries has resided upon the summit of the cliff. He almost wished himself a naturalist, as in former days, when the callow creature that he caught and carefully stroked was cuddled in his hand, and a spark of old-time enthusiasm thrilled him when the warning cry of the mother bird was heard, to which the captured baby quail feebly responded. But here the unearthing of relics called the archæologist away, and I took up the study of the quail.

That parent birds are cunning, all the world knows, and it is commonly added that young birds, the moment they are hatched, know by instinct the meaning of their parents' call. I do not believe it. Baby quails have a good deal to learn in the first two or three days of their lives, and the old birds realize that it falls to them to be teachers as well as protectors of their offspring.

It was very evident, I hold, that the seven little quails at the Serpent Mound did not understand the urgent whistling of their parents when they squatted in the grass. They did not new respond, nor had the antics of the mother bird, when she feigned being wounded, any effect upon them. They occasionally shifted their positions, and as often exposed themselves as sought a better cover. Later, when the field was clear, the parent birds gathered them, after a long search, and as systematically as a shepherd traces the wanderings of lost sheep. For at least a day, if not for two, the anxious movements of the old quails were meaningless to their young, but not so a day or two later. Then you could no more have caught the latter than the former. A little experience had gone a great way in educating the brood, but that little was necessary.

I have laid stress upon this trivial occurrence, as I wish to add a word of caution as to the common use of the term instinct. It is better to explain the habits of an animal by other means, and fall back upon instinct when all else fails. I have followed the fortunes of many a hundred broods of birds, and know with what astonishing rapidity they mature intellectually. In many cases it is but a matter of two or three days, but it is a transit from ignorance to knowledge, nevertheless.

I had no glimpse even of these young quails after they were four days old; yet I knew they were very near me many times each day. They had learned that mankind were enemies, not from instinct, but through instruction; their parents had told them so. This may seem strained and over-fanciful, but after being many weeks afield and disposed to observe without preconceived notions, I, for one, always fell back upon this leading thought, that birds, at least, if not all animal life, are quite well gifted with sound common sense, and this is their main safe-guard.

For a month a pair of Berwick's wrens dwelt opposite my tent, holding our ample wood-pile against all comers. At sunrise, let the weather be what it might, they were astir, and ready to resent the near approach of any bird, and for an hour or more each day, sang so sweetly that the best efforts of the crested tit, the summer red-bird, or the cardinal seemed poor indeed.

Close at hand was the rude oven of unhewn stones, about which Katie, the cook, flitted industriously, and her the suspicious wrens ignored entirely. As breakfast was being prepared the old wren cheered her with his song, but I was never to be so favored. Neither my companion nor myself could do aught but listen from our tents. The moment either appeared, the bird darted to some safe cranny among the logs. This, as I have said, was not a mere chance occurrence, but the established habit of the wrens. They were not afraid of a woman, they were afraid of men.

There was, of course, some reason for this, and I would that I could report its discovery as mathematically demonstrated, but how seldom can we do this. I let my fancy run riot for three weeks, and imagined all sorts of extravagant explanations. At last a ray of light seemed to fall upon the mystery. Towards the close of my days in camp the wood pile was rudely disturbed by the chopper, and finally the wrens appeared and scolded vehemently; then until next morning all was quiet, and the morning song lost none of its sweetness because of the ruffled temper of the day before. A few days later the ox-team brought a load of drift-wood from the old creek, and when this was rudely tossed, stick by stick, upon the pile, again the little wrens protested.

Here, then, was an apparent clew. Whatever the wrens suffered was by the hands of men, while the ever-present Katie in no wise interfered with their pleasure. Is it possible that the birds realized the difference between Wallace and his ox-team, or Martin with his ax, and Katie, the cook? It certainly appeared so. With my field-glass I watched these wrens one morning, more closely than usual, as soon as they appeared. Early as it was, Katie was astir, yet the wrens appeared not even to see her. Without hesitation they flew into the kitchen, and caught the chilled flies that had clustered about the pots and dishes. If Katie came too near, they flitted to the other end of the long table and continued their hunt, and when their morning meal was over, the old male sweetly warbled thanks for both.

There can be no question but that they recognized our cook as their friend, perhaps supposed she provided the flies for them. Be this as it may, they were bold to a degree until the professor or I appeared, when they promptly skurried off, to be seen no more that day. I may be wrong, but I believe my explanation is not wholly wild. It is something to watch the same pair of birds for weeks. You get by so doing, an insight into their character that a chance meeting will never afford. I came to look upon these cunning wrens as creatures that thought, and I hold, indeed, that we should so look upon all birds.

Away from camp, down in the tangle of the wild Brush Creek bottom, I found many cunning birds. How cleverly, just as I levelled my field glass, they all eluded pursuit and disappeared in the caves along the cliffs, or if not there, in the cavernous old dead sycamores. Cardinals, jays, titmice, sparrows, flycatchers, and wrens, they all knew they were upon dangerous ground, and shunned all living creatures but themselves.

Why dangerous ground? Those rocky ledges, draped with impenetrable growths, were black snakes' paradise; the bleached and hollow trees that stood like so many ghastly sentinels along the creek's crooked shores ambushed innumerable hawks and owls. There was scarcely a cave but harbored a mink, a raccoon, or a skunk; while in the dark pools into which the rippling waters ominously disappeared, lurked the wily soft-shelled turtles that have a serpent's neck and head, with also their agility and cunning. In such a spot it behooved the harmless and helpless birds to be cunning and careful, for their safety lay only in their quickness and wit. When I saw what hosts of enemies surrounded them I did not wonder at their wildness.

Within a stone's throw of my home in New Jersey these same birds are abundant, but there their foes are few. I can always approach reasonably near to them without difficulty. They quickly learn that here they are comparatively safe.

A few months ago I chanced upon a nest of the small green-crested flycatcher without disturbing the sitting bird. Twice daily after that I visited the nest to see if I could have so remarkable an experience as did a friend with another sitting bird. Before the young had left the nest I twice stroked the parent bird without her taking flight. Never, I venture to say, a nesting bird in the Brush Creek valley would prove so trustful. Nature there is more evenly balanced, and every bird that tarries has a veritable struggle for its existence. Certainly those that nested in the more open shrubbery (and they were many) must have been ever on the alert. Indeed, I came to look upon every empty nest as necessarily the scene of a tragedy, yet in truth the great majority had escaped molestation.

But this cunning had its ludicrous phases, at least I was daily entertained by the quick wits of the kill-deer plover. During September these birds were phenomenally abundant. Even throughout the night they passed over my tent incessantly, often at a great elevation. Aroused at night by the hooting of the great horned owls, I have caught the faint dee-dee of a wandering plover, falling as softly as the whisper of a star, and then, as the bird swooped earthward, the shrill kill-deer! kill-deer! rang out with startling distinctness on the still night air. They gloried in the glimmer of the harvest moon as I never before had known birds to do; but where were they at high noon? I missed them for a long time, and learned at last that they were skulking, often in silence, upon the ploughed fields. I often tried to approach, but found it impracticable. Long before I was within reasonable distance, I was discovered, and away they flew. I tried stalking, but this proved of no avail; they knew they were being pursued, and posted sentinels wherever they were. Think for a moment what an elaborate mental effort this implies. These birds devised an intricate plan to insure, not individual safety but that of their little community. Their actions showed they not only planned, but jointly planned; and therefore, be it language or something else, they had a means of conveying their thoughts one to another. The few kill-deers that frequent the meadows in early spring, at home, had never appeared to advantage as birds of brains; but here, in Southern Ohio, they were pre-eminently so.

I have not exhausted the list of birds I found within the limits of my daily walks while in camp, but they were all alike in this one respect—they were quick-witted. Vultures were abundant, yet they often swept by the trees upon the cliff, not even a timid sparrow lifted a wing, knowing full well their harmlessness; but if merely the shadow of a passing hawk fell upon the leaves, the timid birds that instant sought safety in the dense undergrowth beneath. I had noticed something of this before, at home, but never until now in so marked a degree. Here is an instance where discriminating knowledge has been acquired.

To see a bird poise upon a trembling twig or cut the clear air with its pulsing wing, to hear it sing of a bright May morning, or warn its callow brood when danger is near, is to see simply, but never to learn also, what manner of creature a bird really is. To live among them for weeks, and to watch them daily and nightly, is to gain at least an inkling of their true character, and they who do this are of one accord, I think, that a bird possesses a goodly store of wit.—*Harper's Young People.*

SPIDERS' WEBS.

I read a statement in this magazine not long ago about the spiders' webs that cover the fields and meadows on certain mornings in the summer, which was not entirely exact. It is not quite true in the sense in which it was uttered, that these spiders' webs are more abundant on some mornings than others, and that they presage fair weather. Now the truth is, that during the latter half of summer these webs are about as abundant at one time as at another; but they are much more noticeable on some mornings than on others—a heavy dew brings them to view. They are especially conspicuous after a morning of fog, such as often fills our deeper valleys for a few hours when fall approaches. Then they look little napkins spread over the meadows; I saw fields last summer in August, when one could step from one of these dew-napkins to another, for long distances. They are little nets that catch the fog. Every thread is strung with innumerable, fine drops, like tiny beads. After an hour of sunshine the webs, apparently, are gone.

Most country people, I find, think they are due to nothing but the moisture; others seem to think that the spiders take them in as morning advances. But they are still there, stretched above the grass at noon and at sunset, as abundant as they were at sunrise; and are then more serviceable to the spiders, because less visible. The flies and insects would avoid them in the morning, but at midday they do not detect them so readily.

If these webs have any significance as signs of the coming weather, this may be the explanation:

A heavy dew occurs under a clear, cool sky, and the night preceding a day of rain is usually a dewless night. Much dew, then, means fair weather, and a copious dew discloses the spiders' webs. It is the dew that is significant, and not the webs.—*St. Nicholas.*

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

The Sunday School

Ruth's Choice.

LESSON XII., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1888.

Golden Text:—Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16.

LESSON TEXT.
(Ruth 1: 16-22.)

16. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

17. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

18. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

20. And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: the Lord to do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me (vs. 16, 17). To join the Lord's people includes the idea of being one of the Lord's people. And to be one of the Lord's people is to accept the lot of the Lord's people for always and in all things. Ruth, rather than Orpah or Sapphira, should be our pattern in sharing with the people of God. It is not enough to go to the borders of our land, and then kiss the Zionward traveler good-by. Nor is it sufficient to put part of our possessions into the common stock, and hold back the rest. Unless we are wholly the Lord's, there is not enough of us in the Lord's service to be of any particular account. A Moabite can join Israel, but not without quitting Moab, and accepting the lot of the Israelite. A Christian can prove that he is a Christian only be evidencing his love for all who are Christians, and by sharing all that he is and that he has with them in their needs.

When she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, she left speaking unto her (v. 18). To say what you mean to do, is one thing. To mean what you say is quite another thing. And unless you mean what you say, when you talk about your consecration and devotedness to God, your words have no power with God, and very little power, if any, with man. When a rich church-member says that he is the Lord's steward, and that he holds all his property as consecrated property, that sounds very well. But the way in which he treats the contribution-box and the subscription lists of his church goes a great way toward convincing people how stedfastly minded he is in the line of his professions. A stedfast mind is always a power in the world, nowhere more of a power than in the church of Christ. When a lad says "No" as if he meant it, in answer to some temptation to do wrong, his tempters are more likely to leave speaking unto him in that line. And it is the same with older persons as with young ones.

When they were come to Bethlehem, all the city was moved about them (v. 19). A new comer into the fold of the Good Shepherd never fails of a welcome from the rest of the real flock. We have the best of reasons for believing that even in heaven there are rejoicings over one repentant sinner, one willing-hearted refugee from Moab, and that for the time being that one convert centers more of heavenly interest than any ninety and nine of those who were safe before. And so it is in the church assembly below. Every loving follower of Jesus has his heart gladdened by the sight of one new convert standing or kneeling, before God in the presence of the congregation, to confess faith in the Savior, and to promise unfailing allegiance to him. Have you had that welcome yourself? If not, why not? If you have had it, see to it that you don't fail in extending it to others.

The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. The Almighty hath afflicted me (vs. 20, 21). "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "In the world ye have tribulation." Whoever comes into the circle of the Lord's loved ones, must expect to have things look dark to him at times. The Lord's ways are not as our ways. What the Lord does we know not now; but we shall know hereafter. Just as surely as we cast in our lot with the people of God, and receive a greeting from them, just so surely must we look for oppressing and saddening surroundings and experiences; and just so surely shall we be tempted to question and distrust the loving care and tenderness of our God, when we have no reason to do so. Yet any one of us may find, as Naomi found, that it was by means of the bitter afflictions which, at the time, seemed so grievous, that the Lord was bringing the afflicted one into the sweep of his best blessings for that one and those dearest to that one.

And they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest (v. 22). "To them that love God, all things work together for God." Trials and joys have alike their part in the plan of God in behalf of those who are dear to him. And his providences are so arranged that they could not be bettered for the truest welfare of those who trust him. There does not seem to have been any planning on Naomi's and Ruth's part to reach Bethlehem "in the beginning of barley harvest," any more than they had any understanding of the bright side of the bereavements which had brought them there just then. But everything for their future seems to have hinged on the fact of their reaching there—empty-handed and sad-hearted—at just that time of the year. If Elimelech or Chilion had left "a handsome property" to Naomi or Ruth, the widows would probably have continued to live in Moab; or if they had moved over to Bethlehem they would have set up a separate establishment, and future generations would not have been likely to know anything about them. But it was because those disconsolate women came into Bethlehem weeping and had no property to "support" them, only the Lord's arm to lean on, that Ruth started out into the barley field to glean a scanty living for herself and mother-in-law. And because all this "happened"—in the Lord's plan—in just this way, Ruth, the widowed Moabitess, came to be the ancestress of David and of David's greater son, stepped into history and immortal fame; and on this account you and I and millions of others hold her in loving reverence, and are making her life and character a lesson for our good and the good of others to-day. Doesn't the Lord know what is best for his dear ones? Ought we to have any further doubt on this point? —*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

Latest Bad Things.

It's a poor mule that doesn't work both ways.—*Time.*

The latest on the Bowery.—Customer: "Let me have a bowl of soup." Waiter: "One C-l-e-v e-l-a-n-d."—*Time.*

Wife: "Well, good-by, George; aren't you going to kiss me before you go?" Husband: "Maria, how can you be so thoughtless? You know the doctor told me I mustn't touch my lips to anything between meals."—*Boston Transcript.*

"How do you feel now?" asked the general manager of a tar-and-feather social as he poked a handfull of feathers between his victim's teeth. "I feel down in the mouth," the latter replied; whereupon six revolvers were instantly emptied into the same cavity.—*Judge.*

—Physicians are justified in denouncing proprietary medicines which claim to cure everything. A medicine, for instance, that will cure rheumatism in one person, will not necessarily cure it in another, for the condition causing it may be different; but *Malaria* is always Malaria, and Shallenberger's Antidote will destroy it in the system in every case. If you are suffering from Malaria *you will know it*, and this medicine will certainly cure you. Sold by Druggists.

He Swallowed His Money.

Tubley—Well, my little man, what would you do with a ten cent piece if I should give it to you?

Freddie—I would put it in the little brass ship that papa gave me for a bank.

Tubley—That's right. You are papa's own boy. He puts his money into a schooner almost every night.—*Burlington Free Press.*

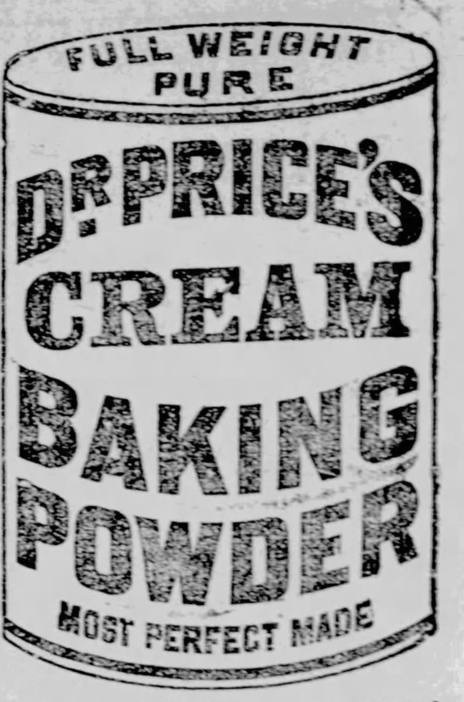
THE PALMY DAYS.

When withered's autumn's pride
And blows the Northern blast,
The fan is laid aside,
The palmy days are past.
—*Boston Courier.*

Civil Service Reform.

First great statesman: "Do you believe in civil service reform?" Second great statesman: "Um—er—do you know of a bad man in office?" "Yes, I do." "What's his politics?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

—There are many hair preparations in the market, but none have so desirable effect upon the hair and scalp, as Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

WOULD NOT WEAR TIGHTS.

A Burlesquerer Who Objected to Abbreviated Clothing.

Beatrice Vaughn, a bright, petite, pretty little lady, with great lustrous gray eyes, who is a member of a burlesque company playing in New York, refuses to wear what she thinks is an immodest costume, and the case was in the city court last week. It has attracted much attention among theatrical people. A few weeks ago Miss Vaughn was cast for a part in which she was required not only to wear tights, but also a bodice with a big cut in front, shaped like a V, so that all her personal charms would be displayed to the bald heads in the front row.

Miss Vaughn sued Mr. Leavitt for her salary. Mr. Leavitt set up as a defense that the actress had broken her contract by refusing to wear the costume assigned to her. The case came up in the city court on November 16, and Judge Brown and a jury tried the issue. There were bald heads on the jury, and although they sympathized with the fair plaintiff, they found that she had violated her contract by refusing to wear the costume selected for her, and brought in a verdict in favor of the defendant.

The news that a burlesque actress has been found who will not wear tights has been discussed in theatrical circles all over town, and many and varied are the comments made by the wearers of the histrionic sock. "What prudish nonsense," has been heard from the lips of more than one actor and actress well known to fame and the footlights; "why all of our actresses wear tights, and don't think about it, either. Indeed, many of them object to parts in which they can't display their charms, and a burlesque actress appearing in the long and clumsy gowns of the civilian—whew! imagine a bar-room without rum or a faro bank without a layout; the cases are about parallel."

A *Press* reporter visited a number of well known actresses, actors and managers to get their views and experiences on the situation, and to find out if they had before heard of a burlesque performer who drew the line at brevity and tights, and this is what he learned: Charles H. Hoyt, the author of "A Tin Soldier," "A Hole in the Ground," "A Parlor Match" and farces too numerous to mention, at present managing his latest production, "A Brass Monkey," now playing at the Bijou, declared it was the first time in his experience he had heard of such a case. "I have been in this business a good many years," said Mr. Hoyt, "and I have never yet had an actress complain that her dresses were too short or that too much of her person was displayed. On the contrary, all the complaints have been the other way. All the girls in my companies are properly dressed. I allow nothing immodest to be seen in any of my plays. There is a young girl in one of my companies now who will persist in wearing her dresses too short. I have remonstrated with her again and again, but it does no good. Finally I have had to give her notice to leave the company if she will not wear her dresses longer. She has not changed them yet, and I don't believe she will. She will leave the company sooner than appear in skirts. Here is a chance for Mr. Leavitt. You can't knock her out with brevity of costume. No, I don't care to mention her name. I don't think it would be quite right. Why, only the other day I had a young lady—and a very well-connected girl she is, too; it would surprise you if I mentioned her name—come to me to seek a place in my company. I mentioned a part to her and her reply was: 'Oh, I don't think I would care to play that.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Oh, I won't wear long dresses on the stage,' she replied. No, I never had a complaint on the ground of too great modesty, but then none of the costumes of my people are what might be called brief. Go see Ed Rice; he's an authority on tights. He can tell you more about it than I can."

English Names Often Mispronounced.

Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
Bolinbrooke is pronounced Bullingbrook.
Brougham is pronounced Broom.
Bulwer is pronounced Buller.
Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumbley.
Cirencester is pronounced Sissiter.
Cockburn is pronounced Cobun.
Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.
Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.
Hawarden is pronounced Harden.
Holborn is pronounced Hobun.
Knowllys is pronounced Knowles.
Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
Marylebone is pronounced Marabun.
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbray.
St. Leger is pronounced Tarbut.
Taliafero is pronounced Tolliver.
Thames is pronounced Tems.
Wemys is pronounced Weems.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Paid For Her Pleasure.

Mrs. Venecring—Really, my dear doctor, you must come to my ball. It's Lucy's coming out affair, you know, and I shall take no refusal—none at all.

Dr. Byglee—Well, you see, my dear madam, I am a very busy man. My time is not my own——

Mrs. Venecring—Say no more. Include the visit in your bill. There, I shall expect you. Good-by.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

His First Financial Lesson.

Baby Gould—Grandpa, I want to buy some candy, but I have no money.

Grandpa Gould—Go to the candy store, my child, and offer the man a liberal sum for his candy, give him bonds for the amount based on the value of the candy, then double the issue of stock, sell one-half to other parties, pay the man his money, and you will have one-half the store. See?—*Philadelphia Record.*

Double Dealing.

She has two eyes that twinkle so,
One never can resist them;
Two cheeks, both red and white, you know,
Two lips, and I have kissed them!
Two tiny feet, surpassing art,
Two white hands, soft and supple;
And yesterday she stole my heart—
To make another couple.
—C. D. H.

The American Press.

There are in the United States 1,311 daily newspapers, 11,605 non-dailies, ranging from tri-weeklies to semi-monthlies, and 1,790 monthlies, bi monthlies, and quarterlies.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Imparts Renewed Strength
and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

What About Courtship?

Minneapolis Evening Journal.

It is a noteworthy fact that in all this discussion as to whether marriage is a failure, no one has thought to raise the same question about courtship.

THE best instruction is given by mail at student's home, in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., by Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Chance for the Democrats.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Whichever side in Congress first brings in a bill to abolish tin horns in election years will sweep the country in 1892.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

HOW SHE RECEIVED THE DEFEAT.

Receiving Messages in the White House on that Fateful Tuesday Night—Personal Characteristics—The Cleveland Family Relations as Known by Mrs. Folsom.

That Mrs. Cleveland was disappointed over the result of the election, she very frankly admitted to the intimate friends who gathered about her on the evening of the 6th of November, when the day was lost and won, and electricity was flashing the returns over the wires to the White House. She sat in the Red Parlor with her mother, Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Vilas and her daughter, Secretary and Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Endicott, and chatted over the disaster which was clearly predicted after the news from New York and Indiana had been received. To those who were trying to find topics of greater pleasantness to discuss, she lent a ready smile and cheery word and when some one would try to offer an explanation of the astounding news, she would dismiss the subject with a quiet reply and talk to Mrs. Endicott of her daughter's approaching marriage. With a girl's enthusiasm she entered into the particulars and made many kind inquiries regarding the event. Her ready sympathy went out to Mrs. Endicott, when one of the company asked her if Miss Mary would live in England, and that lady falteringly answered in the affirmative. Miss Endicott, like Mrs. Cleveland, is an only daughter, and the latter, with the impulses of a warm-hearted woman, expressed regret that the couple were not to reside nearer to the old home of her parents. Mrs. Cleveland readily accepted for her husband and herself the invitation to be present at the marriage ceremony, and kept up the drooping spirits of all present by her animation and cheefulness. The president was busy in his office and did not join his wife and guests, and when the latter had departed Mrs. Cleveland went at once to her own apartments to meet him.

Callers occupied her time for a brief period the next forenoon, but she was enabled to get away from the White House early in the day and go to Oak View, where she was alone with her mother until the president and Col. Lamont arrived for dinner. On Thursday morning she returned with the president and busied herself with her personal affairs until callers came, when she appeared as radiant as usual and as apparently unconscious of self. Only her friends were admitted, and she seemed to enjoy their presence. To one lady, for whom she has a strong liking and is on somewhat intimate terms, she said very seriously: "I am sorry for the president; and for his sake I wish it had been otherwise, but what cannot be helped must be met."

"You will stay among us here after next March, we all hope," was said to her in reply.

"Too early to talk of that," smilingly replied Mrs. Cleveland. "We love our country home here and we love New York, and we women follow our husband's fortunes, you know."

"And you are happy, anywhere," said her friend.

"I have never had cause to be long otherwise." The old gay manner had come back and Mrs. Cleveland was soon laughing and talking with other callers. This same friend in speaking afterward with Mrs. Folsom, remarked upon her daughter's admirable manner and behavior, and in complimentary terms spoke of her career as "the lady of the White House."

Mrs. Folsom listened and then made the reply that from her earliest years her daughter had been of a loving, joyous nature and not even sickness could dampen her ardor. "She is always the same, happy nature," was the fond mother's comment as she looked at her beautiful daughter.

In speaking of the defeat of the President, this same authority said: "You will never hear of anything imprudent emanating from Mrs. Cleveland. She is wonderfully prudent and cautious in all her words and conduct. The President has the greatest of blessings in his young wife, and he is in his heart too happy to be long cast down by political fortune. Though older, considerably, than she, he does not permit her to realize it, and her affection for him is extreme. Do you remember George Eliot's saying that the happiest wife is she who finds combined in her husband the tenderness of a father and the devotion of a husband? Mrs. Cleveland looks up to her husband with the trust and confidence she felt as a child in him, and she is very proud of her heart's choice. He is indeed that, as you would have seen for yourself, had you witnessed their meeting after one of her absences of several weeks not a great while ago. Mrs. Cleveland saw the coachman's livery from the car window at the depot, and as she stepped to the door as the train stopped, she looked towards the carriage anxiously. It was empty, and her face revealed the disappointment she felt. The President was directly beside her and saw her eager glance and the look that succeeded it. He smilingly touched her, and as she saw him she impetuously threw herself into his arms. The rosy, blushing face was kissed, and the President handed her to her seat and soon the prancing horses had dashed away with the happy pair."

"Then the story circulated in Washington concerning them had no foundation in fact?"

"Of course not; it was started by an unscrupulous political enemy and was not believed for an instant by any one, not even by those who most industriously circulated it. Mrs. Cleveland is not only happily married, but she is exceptionally happy in her married life. Her husband's family love her; she is a regular and frequent correspondent with his brother and sisters, and her unselfish attentions to the family connection have endeared her to all his kindred."

"How will she like to return to Buffalo?"

"Mr. Cleveland has no interests to take him back there, and he will live wherever she will be happiest. Mark my words as to that point; there is no question as to his future residence, and the matter was decided long ago. He is not so ambitious in any direction as he is for the happiness of the beautiful girl who made a hero of him through the glamour of love's young dream. The only comfort I find in the defeat of the President is that the public will have opportunity to correct some misapprehensions entertained toward him and his wife. He is a peculiar man, but one of the noblest in the world."

From this same lady, whose familiarity with the White House life entitles her to speak, were learned several pleasant facts all bearing out her assertion that no home circle in the land is more delightful than the Cleveland's. She said that Mrs. Cleveland is extremely fond of pets and talks to her dogs, cooes to her birds and caresses the horses with a child's delight. But when others are about she at once restrains her feelings and gives her pets only such notice as is a necessary recognition of their delight at seeing her. So with her schoolgirl friends. At the table she is as dignified and mature in manner as is the President, and far more gracious naturally, but in her private apartments her merry laugh and gay conversation are heard continuously. When she has her schoolmates with her the President is ever ready with suggestions for their entertainment, and he finds frequent excuses for going to her sitting room, where he is sure of a hearty welcome. There is a kind and friendly welcome to every one whom his wife cares for, and as a host he is most urbane and attentive. The long line of women who have presided as hostesses of the White House have had new lustre thrown about the position by the graceful girl who was the first and only one among President's wives to celebrate her wedding in the historic mansion. She will be ranked in coming time with Mrs. Madison and Miss Harriet Lane, as one of the three most popular women who have held the position.

Side by side with the queenly Martha Washington's portrait should hang that of Frances Folsom, the sweet girl wife of the twenty-second President of the United States.—S. E. Archer in the *Epoch*.

Survivor of Balaklava.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 5.—In the City Hospital of Indianapolis, suffering with fever is an aged Englishman named John Levick, who has an eventful history. He is one of the very few survivors of the immortal six hundred who made that awful charge at Balaklava—"Into the mouth of hell"—celebrated by Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." He has papers establishing his identity. Becoming a plumber, he fell sick while putting natural gas pipes in houses.

President Cleveland has resumed his afternoon receptions.

MISS PAPA.

EVERY morning when the miners employed in the mines at Berard assembled around the shaft to answer to the roll call there could be seen, arriving last of all, a tall, sturdy looking fellow, who led by the hand a little girl 7 or 8 years old. They were Michel Pierron and his daughter.

Before setting foot upon the platform of the car to descend the man took the child in his arms and kissed her, and then replaced her on the ground. The little one cried, "Goodby, papa!"

When he was upon the car she gazed at him with two little anxious eyes, and repeated, "Goodby, papa!"

When the signal for the descent was given she clasped her hands and kept repeating the single word "papa" until she was sure that papa could no longer hear her. Then she went on to the school house close by, where she spent the day.

When evening came she was always the first at the opening of the shaft, and Michel Pierron was always the first man who came up. As at his departure, he lifted the child in his arms, and she threw her arms around his neck crying, "papa!"

The miners had heard her repeat these two syllables so often, and had been so struck by the strange passion which she put into them, that they gave her the name of Miss Papa.

And certainly no name was ever more applicable. Her father was everything to her. Her mother had been dead a long time she had scarcely known her; she had only him. All the memories of her childhood were filled with him. To her his great rough hands had been as gentle as a woman's. For her his hard, grimy face always wore a tender smile. For her this man had become a woman and child at the same time.

Ah! how she loved her father, and how terrified she was every morning, when she saw him descend into that great black hole, of which no one could see the bottom.

One day a miner held her over the mouth of the shaft, and she had gazed down into the dark depths. Uttering a cry of terror she drew back.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Oh, if he should never come up!"

And that day, when Michel took her in his arms as usual and kissed her, she clung more tightly than ever to his neck, and said to him:

"You will come up, won't you?"

"Of course, my little one."

"Is there any danger, tell me, papa?"

"Why no, little coward."

"Does any one—can any one—die down there?"

"Have no fear," replied Michel, laughing. "I will not die without letting you know."

"Ah! Goodby, papa."

All that her father said was gospel truth to her, and she went to school completely reassured.

But the memory of that black gulf into which her eyes had plunged could not be effaced, and from that time she was afraid every morning and trembled every evening; she feared that her father would never return from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend.

Was it a presentiment? Who knows?

One day the report suddenly spread that an explosion had occured in the mine. In a moment's time a crowd had gathered at the shaft. From all directions people, wild with terror, came flocking to the spot. Of all those buried far below how many would ever see the light again?

Michel's daughter was at school. She knew nothing of it, and, besides, if any one had spoken of it before her would she have comprehended?

Could she know, poor little one, what an explosion was? No. But at her age one knows already what death is; one understands, at her age, when one sees manimate, mutilated bodies extended upon the ground; and the approaches to the shaft were strewn with them when she arrived, that evening, to meet her father.

She was stupefied for a moment, and then the truth suddenly flashed upon her; she had seen those men go down living, those men whom she knew well, who had kissed her many a time; and now they were brought up dead. Would they bring up her father like them?

This thought distracted her. She began to run wildly among the debris, which they had brought up from the mine, crying: "Papa! papa! papa!"

There were, it is true, many others who cried and who called "Papa!" but not one in such desperate accents. The others they drove back, but no one could be found to push her away. They let her run, poor child, from one body to another, sometimes stopping before a disfigured face, hesitating for a moment as if she feared that she might recognize her father.

No, he was not among the dead. She grew calmer, and sought among the living. He was not there. She questioned every one, but no one had seen him.

Of the sixty miners who went down in the morning forty-five had come up alive; fourteen were dead. There remained but one to be accounted for; that one was Michel.

She had made them explain all that to her, and she understood. She clapped her hands joyously, as if they had said to her: "He is all right. You will see him again." Ah! how she hoped to see him. Then she suddenly recollected the morning on which her father had said to her:

"I will not die without letting you know."

It needed only that to give her the certainty that he was living.

A child's faith is strong. It is not easy to drive out an idea which has once taken root in their minds. So, when the next morning—she had remained there all night—they tried to make her understand that there was no hope, that she would never see her father, that they had explored all the galleries, searched every corner and could not find him, she shook her curly head and began to weep, saying: "Seek for papa!"

They paid little attention to her. For forty hours had they not exhausted every means? There was, doubtless, something strange in this disappearance. Living or dead, Michel ought to have been found, and they had not found him.

The chief engineer had himself directed the search, but all in vain. In the opinion of all nothing more could be done, and it was possible that, by the force of the explosion, the unfortunate man had been buried by the falling debris, and it was impossible to tell where or how.

For 48 hours little Miss Papa waited anxiously, but without manifesting the slightest uneasiness. At every human form which appeared at the opening she started forward and, not recognizing him whom she awaited, she sank back upon the ground with a deep sigh. They tried to take her away, and she uttered such piercing cries that they considered it best to leave her there. They thought that she must soon yield to fatigue.

Whence comes to the weak and feeble such strength in the great crisis of life? Ask God; it is his secret.

The third day the child was still at the shaft.

"I must put an end to this," said the chief engineer, approaching her: "Come, my little one, be reasonable."

"Papa! seek for papa!"

"Alas! he is dead."

"No."

She uttered this "no" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why do you say no?" he asked.

"He would have told me."

"Poor little one!" murmured the engineer.

And he made a sign to the men to take her away. But she clung desperately to him, crying:

"Papa is not dead. I want to go down. I will find him!"

They bore her away, and left her with the school teacher. An hour later she was back at the shaft, and, clinging to the engineer's knees, she kept repeating:

"I want to go down! I will find him!"

He was a tender hearted man, that engineer, and he took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "that will, perhaps, be the best thing. When she has seen with her own eyes, she will believe. This excitement, if it lasts much longer, will kill her."

And, taking her in his arms, he bore her to the car and gave the signal to descend.

She shuddered when she felt beneath her that yawning pit from which arose a foul air which almost suffocated her. The engineer felt her little arms inclose his neck, and her curly head was pressed against his own.

When they reached the bottom she disengaged herself, sprang to the ground, and rushed straight forward, calling:

"Papa! Papa!"

The engineer, who could hardly keep up with her, was tired of explaining to her twenty times what he had already explained—how the explosion had taken place where it had occurred, and what they had done to find the victims, and the child kept questioning him and repeated:

"He is living! Seek for him!"

She would have remained down there in the mine three days, as she had already done at the surface, if they had not taken her by force and carried her up.

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school teacher, and also orders that if she reappeared at the shaft she should be prevented from going into the mine.

All his measures had been carefully taken, and the next day, no longer thinking of her, he was inspecting one of the galleries when he felt himself seized by the arm of his coat. It was Miss Papa.

She had escaped from the school a second time. Repulsed at the shaft, she had slipped into and empty coal car and had thus descended into the mine.

She told all this to the engineer and obtained his pardon. Five minutes later she again began her search, still full of undiminished faith. The miners followed her with pitying eyes, shrugging their shoulders, saying:

"Poor little Papa!"

Little Papa kept on seeking with unabated courage. Suddenly they saw her running toward them, pale and excited.

"Down there!" she gasped. "Down there! Papa."

"What? Down there?" said a miner.

"His blouse!"

"Bah! Where?"

"Down there."

In a moment every one had heard the news and the mine was in a tumult. The child declared that she had seen a piece of blue cloth in a hole, which she could not raise because it was held down by an enormous block of coal.

"Where?" they asked her again.

She turned, followed by the crowd of miners. Then she stopped and hesitated. She could not find the spot. All the blocks of coal resembled each other; all the cavities were alike, all the galleries were the same. And yet she was sure she had seen that piece of blue cloth. Where the blouse was the man must be, living, no doubt, and that man was her father, and she could not find him.

One by one, tired by the useless search, persuaded that the poor little girl was crazed by grief, the men withdrew and returned to their work. But they had hardly taken up their pickaxes when a loud cry recalled them to the child.

"I have found it! I have found it!"

They pushed her aside and looked. Yes, it was a piece of blue flannel! It was a blouse! There was a man there!

They set to work with a will, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the wall was beaten down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; it was Michel Pierron. He had been there three days and four nights.

Loud cries arose on all sides, and ringing loud above all the others, a cry escaped from the lips of the child. She threw herself upon the body and clasped it in her arms, half mad, weeping and crying.

"Papa! papa!"

He was nearly dead, poor Michel! Exhausted by lack of air and nourishment he recovered consciousness only to sink back fainting; but he was alive.

Miss Papa had told the truth. The man would not die without telling his child, and the thought of her had sustained him and given him the strength to conquer death.

A week later he was out and ready to recommence his work.

On the evening of the day before that on which he was to return to the mine a grand banquet was given by all the miners to Miss Papa. The place of honor was reserved for her. A loud hurrah and wild applause greeted her when she entered, holding on to Michel's hand. There were kisses given, shouts of bravo! and wild huzzas in honor of the little queen.

And do you know what she replied to all this, smiling and clapping her little hands?

She replied: "Papa."

It would be difficult to describe how and in what tone she uttered that one word. But all those brave fellows, whose eyes had hardly ever known a tear, will tell you that they wept that night.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

Several Useful Gifts, and How to Make Them—A Variety of Bags—Napkins, Doyleys, Centre-pieces, Scarfs and Cloths for the Table Service.

There are few things that offer more variety in sorts and sizes and in the number of uses for which they are designed than the bags, and few things give greater comfort and pleasure for all womankind. First of all is the powder bag. This is an article which almost every one owns, and yet how many have a pretty one. Take one ounce of white split zephyr and half a dozen skeins of gold colored embroidering silk; with a moderate sized needle crochet first one row in plain stitch, then one row of star stitch, repeating over and over again until you have a piece the size you wish. Make another the same size and sew or crochet the edges of three sides together. Crochet a border in shell stitch all around the bag thus formed, and when finished take the gold-colored silk and with an embroidering needle put a dot of color in the center of each star stitch; then run a crocheted line of the silk all around the outside edge of the border and finish with a cord and tassels of the silk and zephyr. In this bag slip the plain bag of thin flannel and draw up and tie the cord, and you have a dainty little present which is always acceptable.

The darning bag is something every mother will appreciate. One can give nothing more acceptable than a receptacle for all the socks and stockings as they are brought in from the wash, where they may be safe and convenient of access. This may be made of cretonne, requiring one and one-half yards. One yard and a quarter is cut off, and hemmed at both ends. Then each side is gathered and sewed across a piece of pasteboard cut and covered with the cretonne, in nearly square shape, about four by five inches. One-half dozen little brass rings must be sewed to the edge of each end of the cretonne, and a bright ribbon run through to hang it up by. If one likes, the pasteboard on one side may be double, and in between several pieces of white flannel cut in the same shape to receive the needles may be placed, and on the other side of the bag a full bag of the cretonne may be fastened to the edge of the cardboard to hold the darning cottons.

A work bag designed for fancy work is made by taking a piece of flannel, or cloth and cutting out of it four pieces 14 inches long and about 5 or 6 inches broad; point these sections at the lower end. On each section embroider a small spray, fancy design or the initials of the one for whom it is intended. Line each piece with silesia of the color of the silk used to embroider it and sew all together as a bag. Run a ribbon draw string about an inch and a half from the top, leaving long ends to tie in a bow; put a bow of the same ribbon on the point at the bottom and the work bag is done.

The dust-cloth bag may be made of cretonne or, prettier still, of colored flannel. One piece of cloth about fifteen inches long and six wide, pointed at the top and straight across the bottom, is the foundation. A second piece of cloth is cut the same width and about four inches shorter, but straight across at both ends. This piece may be embroidered. Sew the two pieces together at the bottom and sides and bind with ribbon or braid; bind each separately across the top and leave open to slip the dust-clothing. A large brass ring at the top and several small ones across the bottom give a neat finish.

A very acceptable, useful gift is a dozen napkins, embroidered in outline with an appropriate design in one corner, such as a bunch of grapes in one, an ear of corn, wheat, an apple, stem of berries, etc., in others, or an initial worked solid in each. A tablecloth with a picture traced in each corner and another near the center is a nice gift.

Another pretty device is a centre scarf of linen nearly the length of the tablecloth. Fringe the ends and work a knife design at the carver's place and a group of cups and saucers, or sugar bowl and cream jug, under the tea service. This protects the cloth and adds to the appearance of the table. Linen squares fringed all around and having an initial on one corner make beautiful table doyleys.

In these days of "crazy" quilts a Kensington art spread is something of a novelty. Cut the best parts from old silk sacques and dresses in pieces six inches square and outline a pretty figure on each one. Join all with a velvet or ribbon of contrasting color. Unbleached muslin squares, outlined with marking cotton and joined with two-inch wide strips of turkey red, make an excellent counterpane and are particularly nice lined with a honeycomb quilt. With two of these an unbleached pillow cases bearing a design, or a motto, the bed is always dressed and there is no necessity for "shams"

There is an easy and very nice way of making knit vests. Set up as many stitches as are required for half the garment and knit back and forth, four plain and seaming four, until near the waist. Change the work to smaller needles, fasten on finer yarn and knit five inches, put on the coarse needles and yarn again and knit to the desired length. This makes a good shape. Knit two of the pieces and sew together within a few inches of the top. Crochet a deep scallop around the neck and run in an elastic, or a ribbon. If sleeves are desired, take up stitches at the arm opening and knit with four needles, using fine yarn for the wrists.

Very pretty hairpin receivers are made of the small Japanese globe-shaped baskets, usually costing five cents each. Knit a mossy-looking filling in tufted knitting work, split zephyr by winding the worsted around the finger seven times and knitting the bunch of loops with each stitch in every alternate row. Before fastening in the filling cut five long petals like those of a pond lily, fasten these around the top of the basket so that the pointed ends will fall to the bottom. Finish the edges of the pieces with tinsel cord and put a little or sequin on the point.

Manicure cases may be made at home much more cheaply than the regulation ones found in the stores. A piece of plush or satin, seven by twelve inches, makes a pretty size. Quilt a silk or satin lining the same size. Make a full pocket across one end for the chamois, emery paper and small pad. Stitch a strap made of satin-covered canvas at intervals for the other implements. When they are finished place the right side of the lining and outside together and sew nearly around, leaving only room enough to turn it on to the right side and blind-stitch the opening. Sew a ribbon to the center of the end to tie the case with after it is finished.

Pretty bon-bon baskets are made by taking little fancy-shaped wicker baskets—those shaped like hampers are the prettiest. Some have covers, others do not. They should be gilded both inside and out, and when dry trim with gay colored ribbons. When filled with candy they will gladden the heart of many a youngster.

A handsome cloth for the center of the dining table is of twilled linen, eighteen inches square. Around the sides are traced large maple leaves, one leaf at each corner underlapping those on each side of it. These are outlined with different shades of heavy gold or copper-colored wash silks. The veins are worked in stem stitch and the spaces in the leaves are filled in with different lace stitches. Cut the outer edge of the cloth close to the embroidery.

Small napkins have a drawn work border and the centers are thickly sprinkled with daisies. The daisies are outlined in stem stitch with gold-colored silk, and the center loosely filled with French knots.

A STRANGE CASE.

Both Man and Wife Claim They Fired the Fatal Shot.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6. — On Tuesday evening Frank Root called to see his wife Julia, with whom he had not been living lately because of disagreement. She was at the residence of William Peters, No. 1,901 South Broad street.

Shortly after an interview had begun between Mr. and Mrs. Root, the conversation was interrupted by the report of a pistol shot in the room. Mr. Peters ran into the room and found Root lying on the floor badly wounded in the breast. He was carried to the hospital at once.

It is hardly possible that he will survive, so yesterday he made his ante-mortem statement of the shooting.

The strange part of it is that the husband and wife disagree as to who inflicted the wound.

Mrs. Root said she shot her husband, but he says he shot himself.

Mr. Peters, who overheard the quarrel, heard Root call his wife vile names and accuse her of unfaithfulness to him, and he heard her say, "If you say so again, I'll shoot you."

Immediately there followed the pistol shot. Root says his wife drew a pistol from her bosom and threatened to shoot, and that he grabbed the pistol.

In the scuffle for the possession he fired it and shot himself above the heart. On this account Root refuses to prefer a charge against Mrs. Root.

Mrs. Root was taken to the hospital to see him. The scene between them was very mournful, and the parting was exceedingly affectionate. The dying man said to his wife that he had shot himself, and he asked her not to think that she had done it. After a final embrace, Mrs. Root was led from the room and taken to prison, where she will await developments.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

An Attempt to Assassinate a Judge's Wife in Havana.

HAVANA, Dec. 6.—Another outrageous crime has caused consternation among the people of Havana. The victim is one of Havana's most distinguished ladies. About 2 p. m., Tuesday, there appeared at the residence of Domingo Oliva, criminal judge for the destrict of La Cathedral, at No. 74 74 Havana street, a negro bearing a small writing desk, richly adorned with red and blue satin ribbons, and with a tiny key attached.

It was addressed to "Domingo Oliva."

Handing the package to a servant the negro requested that it be delivered to Senora Oliva. Then he disappeared.

The package was set on a parlor table, where a few moments later Mrs. Clotilde Oliva, the judge's wife, and their 17-year-old daughter, Gabriel found it and began to admire its beauty. The young lady tried to open it with the little key mentioned above, but she had so little success that she handed the key over to her mother, requesting her to try her skill.

Mrs. Oliva accordingly drew the chair in which she was sitting up to the table and tried to open the desk, which seemed jammed in some way.

At last she violently turned the key to the right, when an explosion similar to the roar of a cannon took place and Mrs. Oliva found herself bathed in blood. The desk contained an infernal machine, intended, without doubt, to murder Oliva.

Mrs. Oliva received an ugly wound, but the doctors hope for her recovery.

There is no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage.

ABOUT LIVE STOCK.

Annual Report of the State Commissioner—Pleuro-Pneumonia.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 8.—The annual report of the State Live Stock Commission was filed with the Governor to-day. The commission congratulate the people of Ohio upon their escape from pleuro-pneumonia, the greatest peril which has threatened the live stock interests of the state. This is due to the prompt action of the bureau of animal industry at Chicago.

It is stated that more than a million dollars have been expended by the bureau in its efforts to stamp out this plague in the state of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and the commission express the opinion that there is no safe method of dealing with disease but by the extermination of all cattle afflicted, and all that have been exposed.

There has not been a case of pleuro-pneumonia in Ohio, says the report, since its outbreak in Miami county years ago. Several cases were reported, but proved upon investigation to be unfounded. Glanders has prevailed quite extensively in the state.

The condition of affairs in Cleveland was brought about by negligence, and it is the opinion of the commissioners that glanders existed in the Brooklyn street car stables at least a year before the disease assumed epidemic form.

DURING THE WAR.

Legal Complication Which the Courts Have Been Unable to Settle.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 6.—During the war the firm of Cobb, Christy & Co., of Cincinnati, contracted to deliver a large amount of corn to the United States army in the South. The firm bought extensively along the line of the Illinois Central railroad. When ready to ship the railroad company was unable to take the freight, as its capacity was exhausted in transferring troops and munitions of war. Finally, when the road was ready to accept the freight, a considerable portion of the corn had spoiled, and the government refused to accept the rest on account of the delay in shipment.

Cobb, Christy & Co. brought suit against the Illinois Central to recover damages, alleging that their loss exceeded $1,000,000.

The case went through the courts in Iowa, and the Supreme court of that state decided finally for the company. It is now in court in this state, and is being argued.

Illinois, Official.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 7.—The following is the official vote of the state of Illinois as shown by the complete returns now in the office of the secretary.

For President—Harrison, 370,473; Cleveland, 348,272; Fisk, 21,695; Streeter, 7,090 Harrison's plurality, 22,201. For Governor—Fifer, 367,860; Palmer, 355,313; Harts, 19,915; Jones, 5,384. Fifer's plurality, 12,547.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cultivating Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If you will permit me to say a few words to the many readers of the BLADE and my farmer friends, I will give them my experience in raising corn this summer that has just past. As I wrote them before, I said, "Cultivate and pulverize your ground thoroughly before planting." I still further press that plan of cultivating, for I have learned, to my sorrow, the folly of planting before the ground was fully prepared to receive the seed. The corn that I planted before I harrowed and pulverized only made from fifteen to twenty bushels per acre, and my other corn, alongside of it in the same field and under the same cultivation, went 55½ bushels per acre, by weight. Therefore, you can see I was 35½ bushels per acre loser by trying to advance my work of planting. But, fortunately, I only planted about five acres in that way. There are 24 acres of corn in that piece, and with the small turn out on this haphazard planting, and a fair turn out on the other, taking the whole piece together it averaged 41 24-16 per acre. As there are many ways of cultivating corn, I would like to hear from my farmer friends their mode of planting and cultivating to the best advantage, for I am anxious to learn all I can for successful farming. I expect to devote the remainder of my life to agricultural pursuits, therefore shall endeavor to follow the advice of older and more experienced farmers than myself, for if our farmer friends will contribute their experience in successful farming through the BLADE FARM, of which our kind editor is willing to do his part, we all may profit thereby.—S. A. KIERSY, Burlington, Iowa.

[The benefit derived by discussing various topics relating to the farm, by farmers, cannot be over-estimated. Let us here from you, gentlemen.—ED.]

Listing Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The subject of listing corn has not, we believe, been discussed in the BLADE FARM, and as the question, how to raise the best crop of corn without undue labor and expense, with frequently only a limited amount of rain, is one of vital importance to the Kansas farmer, I know of no better plan to solve that problem than for those who wield the pen of the ready writer, and have had the necessary experience, to give it in the columns of the BLADE FARM, and if we are as successful in its solution as we are credited (by the Democratic papers) with the Presidential one, we shall certainly have occasion to congratulate ourselves. It has been strenuously argued by those who have listed for, say five or six years, that corn planted in that way will withstand drouth and hot winds, and make a better crop than in any other way.

On the other hand, there are many good farmers who argue with equal persistence that the old mode—plowing six to eight inches deep and planting with the planter—does equally as well. Amongst the latter I have always ranked myself, but am willing to admit that in the past two seasons I have had my faith considerably shaken; so that I am like Felix under the reasoning of Paul (barring the insincerity), seeking for further evidence from my fellow-farmers who have either planted by both methods in the past two years on their own farms or had a listed field alongside of a neighbor's planted in the old way, all conditions being the same, such as soil, number of cultivations, etc. Of course, mere assertions, without some such test as the above, go for nothing and add no weight to the argument in favor of listing. What I have observed in the past two seasons that shook my faith in the old way of planting, it is not necessary for me to state at this time, but what I am seeking is a corroboration of what I think I have discovered, and if there are any Kansas farmers who have of themselves tested both modes, side by side, and will give the results through the BLADE FARM, they will confer a favor on the writer, and no doubt on others who are halting between two ways. There is certainly no better time than now, close on to the winter months, to discuss both modes, with proofs by actual test. That will convince the most skeptical, for it is no light matter, pecuniarily, to change from one mode of planting to the other, and should therefore be done only after all advantages have been weighed, pro and con.—WM. STINE, WILSEY, Morris Co., Kas. [Yes, let us have more on the subject.—ED.]

Seeds of Wild Oats.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will you kindly ask your many readers if they can inform me where I can get seeds of the wild oats? I have a large piece of swamp land I would like to seed down with this for cattle. If you can give me any information on the subject, kindly advise through the bureau in the BLADE.—A SUBSCRIBER, Red Rock, Montana.

Protecting Trees from Rabbits.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—After reading the various methods proposed for protecting young fruit trees from rabbits and mice, thought I would send in my plan, which I have used 20 years and never lost a tree by these pests. Late in the fall (now is just the time) I rub the trees thoroughly with soft soap. Take that which is thick, and with a cloth rub the body of the tree till it is of a good lather. Rub it on on a dry day, and if the winter is very wet, renew the soaping. Bark lice and borers don't like the dose any better than the rabbits do.—H. B., Lineville, Iowa.

Reynolds's Cows.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I think the cow, according to the description of her disease, has what used to be called the "dry." The discharges in that disease are dry and hard to evacuate. The animal becomes weak and poor in that disease. Give a pint and a half or quart of melted lard. Pour it down her. I think it would effect a cure. Afterward, feed on wheat bran. I had one in the same condition years ago. I cured with the remedy I prescribe.—M. L. C.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Erythema of the Heels.

D. L. B., Londonderry, O.: For the cracks under and around your mare's pastern joints, poultice for 12 hours with linseed meal poultice. Then dry the legs thoroughly, leaving no moisture whatever. Then take of acitate of lead, ½ an oz.; oxide of zinc, ½ an oz.; lard 4 ozs. Apply this, and wrap the leg to the hock with soft muslin strips. The application should be made every day. Give ½ an oz. of Fowler's solution of arsenic, as a draught, in a pint of water, every other day until four doses are taken. The animal should have gentle exercise on a clean road, where mud or dust are not likely to get into the cracks. If mud should get on the legs, do not wash it off. Let it dry on the leg and brush it off with a soft brush. Standing in the stable on a plank floor superinduces swelling of the legs, although this accompanies the trouble, no matter where the animal stands.

Grafting Pears.

J. N. C., Earlton, Kansas: The grape graft does not take kindly to anything but the mountain ash, quince or imported Mahaleb plum. The pear does not do well on the apple, and about the worst thing you could graft it on is the peach. On certain kinds of trees the pear graft grows fairly well, but does not develop the vigor necessary to produce fruit any length of time. The pear, on its own root, will not bear transplanting after three or four years of age, unless it is root-pruned every year, or at least the year before transplanting, but on the quince it may be transplanted at almost any age. But though in gardens and in market culture the pear is usually grown on the quince as a dwarf tree, many prefer pear stocks. At three years from the time they should be removed to the orchard. The common quince is worthless for stocks. The Angers quince is the best. Many pears will not grow on the quince. The standard varieties that are the best adapted for the quince are: Bergamotte, Beurre d'Anjou, Beurre Superfine, Beurre Diel, Beurre Gifford, Brandywine, Belle Lucrative, Duchesse d'Angoleme Easter Beurre, Flemish Beauty, Giant Morceau, Louise, Bonnie de Jersey, Bostiezer, Urbaniste, Vicar of Winkfield.

Spine Supposed to Be Injured.

C. K. C., Monte Vista, Colorado: From that which you say, we cannot certainly tell whether your animal is suffering from sprain of the muscles, a touch of kidney disease or injured spine. We advise you first to give sweet spirits of nitre, 1½ ozs.; solution of acitate of ammonia, 1½ ozs. Give in a quart of linseed tea or mucilage of slippery elm bark. Then take of oil of turpentine, ½ oz.; spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; vinegar, 1 pint; water, 1 quart. Rub this in well on the small of the back, and cover with folds of flannel. The animal should have a month's rest. If the spine is injured, take of mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; camphor, 1 drachm; oil of tar and linseed oil, of each 4 ozs. Mix and rub in along the backbone.

Bunch on Cow's Neck.

F. W. B., Blue Rapids, Kansas: If the lump on your cow's neck looks as if it contains pus, it should be poulticed and lanced. If not, rub it with iodine, ½ oz.; vaseline, 2 ozs.; sweet oil, 6 ozs. In treating such things much depends upon their nature, and as accurate a description as possible should be given, in order that an intelligent opinion may be formed.

Local Dropsy.

W. G. R., Courtland, Dakota: Your mare is troubled with a dropsy of a local nature, and by careful nursing we think will come around all right. When water accumulates in the skull, it is called hydrocephalous; in the throat hydrothorax; in the abdomen, ascites; in the heart sac, pericardium; in the testicle sack, hydrocele; in the legs, "filled legs;" when generally over the body, anasarca, when localized and not extensive, no particular name is given. Give your mare Venice turpentine, 3 ozs.; oil of juniper, 2 drachms; powdered resin, 9 ozs.; nitre, 6 ozs.; hard dried soap, 6 ozs. Melt the resin, soap and turpentine together, and when cooling, stir in the juniper and nitre. Make into 24 boluses. One for a dose twice a day. Give also ½ a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia three times a day in the drinking water, or sprinkled on corn during administering of boluses. Give gentle exercise, good hay, oats and corn.

Cranberry Culture.

S. G., Bridgeville, Pa.:—The following, from "How to Make the Farm Pay," will give you an insight to cranberry culture:

Preparation of Soil.—If on the shores of a fresh water pond, overflowed in winter and uncovered in summer, you have just the spot needed, without preparation. If on the shores of such a pond, and not overflowed, bring it down as nearly to the water level as may be, and if a stream runs through or near it, that may be used to overflow it. Raise an embankment and keep it covered with water through the winter. If the place selected is a swamp or marsh, commence by digging a drain all around the piece when it is driest, and using the earth thrown out as an embankment, and providing an outlet if possible. This will thoroughly drain the piece, so that the top, to the depth of one foot or more, can be cut off. This is the most valuable manure, and well worth removing from your marshes, even if you do not propose a cranberry patch. After this is removed, stop up your outlet and flow your patch if possible. If there is any sand to be had within hauling distance, haul it onto the ice in the winter, and in the spring your patch will be ready for planting. If the sand is not handy, let it stand a year, and the action of the weather will disintegrate it; otherwise it will not be fit for planting. If possible, plow and harrow it.

Planting.—The plants can be set either in the fall or spring. If the ground can be plowed through the winter we prefer fall planting, otherwise we delay until spring, for if not plowed the frost will throw out the newly planted vines. There are various methods of planting. The first is the old method of sod planting, that is the planting of a sod with grass, weeds, vines and all. This is a very poor method. Another and much better method is to separate the vines from the sod and plant them in drills or hills, a half dozen spears in a place, with the tips just above the ground. They should be firmly pressed in. Where the vines can be obtained in large quantities they can be cut about two inches long by a common hay cutter, sown on the surface and well harrowed in; or they may be sown in drills two feet apart. All these operations must be performed in the spring and early summer, unless the ground can be plowed.

Care should be taken to get fruitful plants, as many that appear vigorous are barren. The better way is to carefully examine the beds from which the plants are to be taken at the fruiting time, and observe what portion bears the best crop.

After culture.—Where the plants are in drills, they can be hoed the first year, after which they will cover the whole ground and mat together so that hoeing will be impossible. If the weeds and grass are kept down the first year, all, that will be necessary in after years will be to go over the patch two or three times during the growing season and pull up the large tufts of grass, briers and weeds, by hand. Nothing else but the cranberry will grow very luxuriantly in clear sand, and if the top has been taken off the marsh as recommended, but few weeds or grasses will appear which cannot be eradicated by the first season's warfare, and the vines will soon take possession of the whole ground.

Flooding, as we have hinted, is the great aid to cranberry culture. The power to flood or drain at will insures most profitable returns. With an embankment and a water gate at the outlet this may be accomplished. Flood before the ground freezes hard in the fall, and leave the water on until all danger of spring frosts is past. North of New York city two feet of water is desirable, south of there, one foot is sufficient. The patch that is flooded is not likely to be attacked by the cranberry worm; the danger of winter freezing is avoided; the danger from frost after vegetation has commenced in the spring is done away. In a season of extreme drought the water can be set back onto the patch, and the crop saved. If there are indications of frost before the fruit is ripe it can be covered with water until the cold snap has passed. Almost any one of these advantages is sufficient to justify the ordinary expenses of an embankment and a water gate. If the fruit rots, it is probably too wet, and should be raised by an addition of sand to the surface. It can be applied on the ice, and the plants will soon grow up through it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Grange.

The National Grange will hold its 22d annual convention at Topeka, Kansas, on November 14. This association of farmers was organized on December 4, 1867, at Washington, D. C. After a slow growth for the first few years, it began to boom in 1873, when 13,000 subordinate Granges were organized. In 1874 no less than 11,841 more were organized, 2,239 in February alone. It was then at the hight of its general popularity, and politicians and other designing men with selfish ends in view sought its influence, and these together with some honest but unwise enthusiasts diverted it from its original purposes in some places. Crude and impractical business schemes started and harmful affiliations were formed, and soon a reaction set in, and false prophets foretold its speedy collapse. Its original purposes were excellent, however, and its foundation was solid, and after the excrescences of rapid growth had been cut off and a rigorous weeding process had been practiced, its growth became steady and healthy, and it is to-day one of the most beneficial, influential and widely spread organizations in the country. It flourishes in every state and territory of the Union. It offers the benefit of social intercourse and advancement, of mutual instruction and of combined effort to every member of the farming community who may join it. It has already done a great deal in securing State and National legislation and reforms for the benefit of farmers, and it promises to do a great deal more. It is very doubtful whether any secular organization has done so much for the social, intellectual, moral and material advancement of the farmers of the country and there is none to which the *Rural* more heartily wishes success and wider influence than to the Grange.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Concentrated Feed.

The farmers of the country are often besought by smart agents to purchase various "concentrated feeds." In the circular describing such feeds will be found an analysis from some supposed chemist indicating a wonderful feeding value. Such tables of analyses are very taking to farmers who prefer to say "nitrogenous food" in the place of bran, or "carbonaceous food" in the place of corn meal, and many costly experiments are made by those who ought to know better. A case of this kind has just been brought to our notice. A farmer in Pennsylvania paid $120 per ton for a "Concentrated Food" that proved to be a mixture of wheat bran and corn meal. Prof. Amsby, of the Pennsylvania.—*Rural New Yorker.*

REACHING OUT.

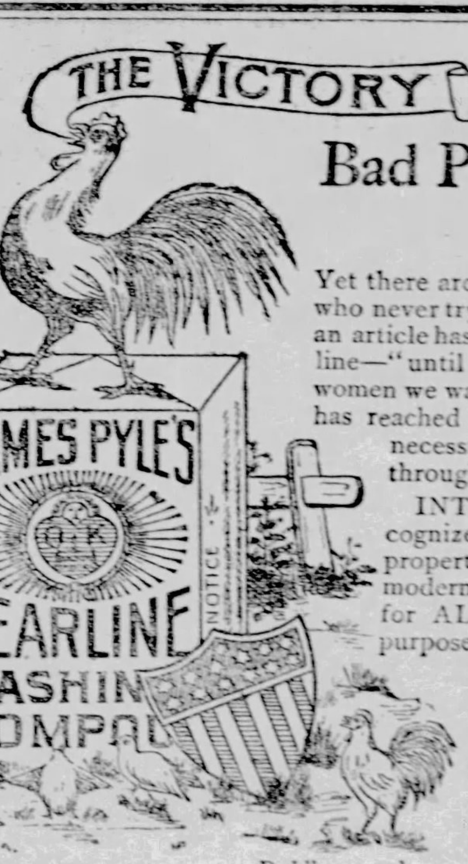
Chicago Parties Want to Control Street Cars in the South.

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—A dispatch was received from Memphis last night saying that a rumor was afloat there to the effect that R. Dudley Fraser, Samuel Tate, jr., and F. H. White had come to this city for the purpose of negotiating the sale of the Memphis street car lines to a syndicate of Chicago capitalists, headed by C. B. Holmes, of the South Side Street Railway Co.

The Memphis gentlemen above mentioned were found at the Palmer House. Mr. Fraser seemed to be greatly surprised when questioned on the subject.

He disclaimed all knowledge of the matter, but said there was some talk of Mr. Holmes obtaining a footing in the street railway line in Nashville, and several capitalists from there were now in the city looking after their interests in that direction.

Mr. Holmes would neither affirm no deny the report.



Bad Policy to Crow

Yet there are many conservative women who never try new ideas; they wait until an article has become the standard in its line—"until it can crow." To these women we want to say that PEARLINE has reached that point; it is now a necessity in millions of homes throughout the land.

INTELLIGENT WOMEN recognize its wonderful cleansing properties—admit that it is the modern soap—that it has no equal for ALL washing and cleaning purposes—that it effects a saving of time and labor—that by doing away with the worst of the rubbing it does away with the worst of the wear, and besides is absolutely harmless to fabric or hands.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

CROPS AND TRADE.

DUN'S TRADE REVIEW.

A Confident Tone in Business Circles—the Money Market Healthy.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—R. G. Dun & Co.' weekly review of trade says: Reports of the condition of business note a confident feeling as to the future, but many causes in different sections produce slackening for the present. Much uneasiness is felt in portions of the South, and collections are not above par, while failures in southern districts are many. Memphis reports 50 per cent more than last year.

Open and mild weather in the northwest causes uneasiness in some trades, particularly in clothing and boots and shoes at Kansas City and Milwaukee and slack of snow delays logging in Wisconsin.

The money markets are however disturbed, but 7 and 8 per cent are paid at many western and southern centers, and 1 per cent per month at Salt Lake.

The treasury reports show that the currency in circulation, though $1,700,000 less than November 1, was about $37,300,000 larger December 1, than a year ago. During the past week the treasury has taken in $3,400,000 more than it has paid out.

Imports for five weeks at New York have been only 3.6 per cent smaller, and exports from New York only 2.5 per cent smaller than last year. Yet the exports of wheat from Atlantic ports were only 299,882 bu. against 3,170,763 in the same weeks last year; and of flour, 598,297 bbls.; against 1,178,619, with an increase of 1,345,000 bu. in corn.

Wheat closes higher than a week ago and corn ¾c lower.

Pork is 50c lower, and hogs 20c per 100 lbs.

Oil has risen 2c, coffee ⅝c, and hides have declined ½c.

The coal market is dull, and actual prices 25 to 50c below the schedule.

Wool has advanced, the finer grades more than 1c since the middle of November. The average of 106 qualities is 24.8c against 24c November 13, 23c October 15, 24.1 December 1 last year and 26.8 December 1, 1886. The belief that the clip and the stock on hand have been below estimates, grows more prevalent.

The iron market is dull and waiting, with prices a shader weaker at Pittsburg. It is now reported that steel rails have been sold for $25 at mill, but $28 at Pittsburg is said to be the bottom at present.

Nails are dull at $1.90, but bar iron is firmer.

The large sale of copper to manufacturers, said to be at 16½c, does not prevent speculation, which has caused weakness in prices.

Stocks in England and France are 95,700 tons, against 91,740 a month ago, and 45,130 a year ago, and it is believed 30,000 tons are in stock in this country. A break in tin also lowered the price to 22c.

The stock market has been depressed. On Wednesday the average of lowest sales for sixty active stocks was but $58.63 per share, against $60.29 December 1, and $65.09 September 30.

Want of confidence in arrangements of railroad managers prevails, and foreign holders appear to be selling gradually.

The business failures number 305 as compared with 232 last week, and 296 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 254.

MINNEAPOLIS MILLERS.

A Falling Off in the Flour Output Last Week—A General Review.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 6.—The *Northwestern Miller* to-day says: There was quite a drop in the flour output last week, but hardly to the extent that had been expected. Some of the larger mills about to stop were operated a little stronger than usual; and the figures were kept up pretty well. The total production for the week was 83,200 bbls., averaging 13,867 bbls. daily, against 119,400 bbls. the previous week, and 102,300 bbls. for the corresponding week in 1887. It has remained for the current week to witness the lightest operations so far. On Monday only five out of the twenty mills in the city were running, and they were not the larger ones.

Others have started to-day, but there are still ten left, representing a daily output of over 19,000 barrels, which will not turn a wheel this week. Millers are just now interested in freight rates from Chicago eastward. The trunk lines have agreed to a 25 cent rate on wheat and its products, Chicago to New York, to go into effect December 17, which makes an advance of 10 cents per barrel on flour. The Zoo road has so far given no notice of any similar advance, but it is surmised that this line will hardly let the opportunity pass without at least asking part of the advance. Some of the large firms are storing here, and at present there are probably 50,000 barrels in the city—about two days' production.

While a few firms report a somewhat better feeling in the flour market, with a few small orders coming in, the general trade continues without life. There is some inquiry from abroad but practically no sales are made.

The direct exports last week were the lightest on record, being only 9,650 barrels, against 22,490 barrels the preceding week. Asking quotations, London c. i. f. 280 lbs., are patents, 40s.; bakers', 30s.; low grades, 18s.

There were received for the week ending December 4, 610,250 bushels wheat; shipped, 237,120 bushels wheat; 54,965 barrels flour, and 2,044 tons mill stuff. Wheat in store: Minneapolis, 5,804,732 bushels; St. Paul, 155,000; Duluth, 570,960.

THE IRON TRADE.

A Great Season Has Just Closed—Interesting Figures.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 7.—The *Iron Trade Review* will say to-morrow: While 1886, which marked the thirtieth year in the history of the Lake Superior iron ore district, witnessed the largest shipments and sales and the smallest proportionate surplus up to that time, and while the year 1887, which showed an increased production over 1886 of 32 per cent and an advance in sales of 48 per cent, was thought to have capped the climax, it has remained for the year 1888 to exceed all previous records in every respect mentioned. The production has exceeded that of the big year 1887 by 5 per cent.

The sales of 1888 for lower lake delivery have "topped" those of 1887 by nearly 60 per cent, and the paltry amount of 167,300 tons of ore remaining unsold at lower lake ports at the close of navigation represents merely odd lots that have accumulated at various points and are not readily salable. The percentage of unsold ore, despite the heaviest receipts and the large amount remaining on dock, is the lowest within the past six years. In other words, the stocks are practically cleaned up. Ashtabula has received more ore than Cleveland this season, and Buffalo's receipts increased from 28,699 tons in 1887 to 240,000 tons in 1888 on account of the demand for Lake Superior ore in the East.

Maine, Official.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 6.—The official vote of the state of Maine is as follows: Harrison, 73,734; Cleveland, 50,481; Fisk, 2,691; Streeter, 1,344; scattering, 16. Total vote, 128,266. Plurality, 23,235.

HIS WONDERFUL PAPER.

Edison's Great Scheme of Publishing Phonographic Periodicals for the Blind and Illiterate.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—When, only a few years ago, Thomas A. Edison announced he would bottle up the human voice so that at any future time it would be uncorked and heard to speak again, there were many who heard the statement with open skepticism. Now, if Mr. Edison were to announce that he would talk with persons on the planet Mars, it would be generally credited. The wizard of Menlo park has not quite accomplished that much, however, but he proposes to do something about as wonderful in the near future. The modern newspaper is a triumph of the creative power of man, but Mr. Edison proposes to revolutionize journalism by starting a newspaper which can be appreciated by the blind, and even by the illiterate. To obtain the news of the day from Mr. Edison's proposed journal, all that one will have to do will be to turn a crank and listen and the newspaper will read itself to him.

Some inkling of this marvelous project of the great inventor having been secured a reporter went out to Mr. Edison's laboratory at Orange, N. J. Mr. Edison was greatly surprised that any hint of the new invention had got abroad, and at first was loath to talk about it. It is simply one of the practical uses to which the phonograph in its full perfection can be put. It is not generally known to people at large that Mr. Edison has succeeded in turning out what he calls correspondence phonograms. These phonograms are made of a peculiar waxy composition and can be folded and put in an envelope the same as an ordinary letter. When a message which has been traced upon them by a phonographic needle is to be made public they are wrapped around a phonographic cylinder and by the revolution of the motor emit the sounds of the voice which originally talked to them. These correspondence phonograms can be multiplied to any extent by a wonderful process, details of which are yet to be made public.

It was stated at the laboratory by one in the secret that if necessary 20,000 or more copies of the same cylinder could be turned out in one hour. They can be adjusted to any phonograph, so that 20,000 or more of "talking machines" can repeat the same sentence at a given moment. The possibility of this was suggested to the inventor for the benefit of those who wish to keep abreast of the news of the day, but who from failing eyesight or from other causes are not able to read newspapers. The Edison Talking-Newspaper company will supply its patrons with the phonograph at an annual rental of a small sum. These phonographs can be used, the same as any others, to reproduce singing, piano-playing, whistling, band music, and elocution, but they will be especially designed for correspondence. Phonographs later will contain each day all the latest news in condensed form and will cover each subdivision, such as cable and telegraphic, political, dramatic, commercial, monetary, etc.

Each phonograph will be plainly marked so that the reader, or rather hearer, can choose for himself which one he cares to use first. If a new opera has been produced the night before he can listen to an able but concise criticism of it and enjoy the sensation of having repeated to his delighted ears choicest passages of music precisely as they were rendered at the theater. If an important congressional debate is going on the subscriber will be treated to the most eloquent portions of the speeches in the original tone of the orator. Even the applause or laughter which greets bon mot will be faithfully produced.

At first it will be only designed, as has been stated, to furnish a synopsis of the daily news, but for this purpose the first editions of regular newspapers will be read, condensed and repeated to receiving phonographs, multiplied on corresponding phonograms, and delivered by carriers to subscribers' homes.

In this way the subscriber will be able to learn the news as he sits at his breakfast table, and not only he, but each member of his family, can listen to it at the same time. There will be, when the project has been thoroughly established, several editions of the talking newspaper. Some of them will be elaborate, and will give full reports of most important happenings.

It will not be necessary with the talking and singing newspaper, or unimaginative reader, to worry himself by striving to gather from the critic's description just what pianist's performances sounded best. He will hear them. Instead of the hackneyed phrase, "Thunders of applause greeted the speaker's eloquence," the talking-newspaper subscriber will be deafened by thunder himself. If the president of the United States goes fishing the newspaper "hearer" will be able to catch the exact shade of triumph in his tone as he exclaims to his private secretary, "I've got a bite," or the precise tone of disappointment as he adds, "By Jove! I've lost him!" This may sound like romance, but the public has Mr. Edison's assurance that it is quite possible and will probably be accomplished in the not distant future. Phonograms, as at present made, will cost about 20 cents per cylinder. Each one will contain about a column of ordinary newspaper reading matter, and the news of the day can easily be condensed into that space. This, however, is only the cost of the phonograms in their semi-experimental stage, and in future they will undoubtedly be brought down to a price far below this.

THE ANACONDA MINES.

No Reason Known for the Shut Down—4,000 Men Thrown Out of Work.

BUTTE, Mont., Dec. 8.—(Special.)—A dispatch from Anaconda says that the large smelter of the Anaconda company, there, has been closed down for an indefinitely long time. The fires in the furnaces have all been drawn. Over 1,500 men are thrown out of employment.

This necessitated the discharge of all the men working at the Chambers's syndicate mines, the Anaconda and St. Lawrence at Butte City, which, combined, gives employment to 2,500 more.

No reason is assigned for the shut down. Manager Daley would state no reason, only that J. B. Haggin, of San Francisco, had telegraphed to close the mine and smelter for an indefinite time.

Official Vote.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.—The following are the official returns of the popular vote in the late election in the states named:

Louisiana—Harrison, 30,701; Cleveland, 85,032; Fisk, 5,225; Streeter, 622.

Texas—Harrison, 88,280; Cleveland, 234,883; Fisk, 4,416; Streeter, 29,188.

Colorado—Harrison, 51,796; Cleveland, 37,610; Fisk, 2,210; Streeter, 112.

West Virginia (estimated)—Harrison, 78,100; Cleveland, 79,230; Fisk, 500; Streeter, 150.

Nevada, Official.

CARSON, Nev., Dec. 6.—The official vote of this state, as announced, yesterday, by the State Board of Canvassers, stands: Harrison, 7,238; Cleveland, 5,326; Fisk, 45.

The Russian government is about to withdraw from circulation 15,000,000 rubles of credit notes, which are guaranteed by a gold deposit.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

WASHINGTON.

CAPITAL CHAT.

Grand Preparations Being Made for the Coming Inauguration.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—[Special correspondence of the BLADE.]—That which excites the greatest interest in Washington now is the preparation for the inauguration of the next Republican President. I have witnessed every inauguration since President Lincoln's second, and I can truthfully say that there has never been exhibited greater enthusiasm over the preliminary arrangements than are manifested now.

That matter has been taken in hand somewhat earlier than usual, and consequently the work is farther along than is usual at this time.

Chairman Britton, of the executive committee, has been judicious in the selection of his assistants, and all have worked harmoniously together so that now the entire list of committees is completed and the duties of each one specifically defined. Already applications for position in the line of the procession have been received by the committee on parade from nearly every state in the Union and it is believed that the number in line will be greater than on any previous occasion of this nature.

I remember that when Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was one of the strongest attractions and that he received more applause than did the President-elect as the procession passed down Pennsylvania avenue. I do not know whether he will want to ride at the head of the Virginia troops to celebrate the induction into office of a Republican President, but whether he does or not, it is safe to predict that there will be more loyal shouts next 4th of March than there were in 1885.

Gen. Garfield's inauguration ball was held in the new National museum, and that of President Cleveland was in the then unfinished pension office. Both these events are too recent to be recalled at any length now.

General Harrison's inauguration ball will be held in the pension office, and nowhere in the United States can be found such a ball-room. It is 316 feet long and 116 feet wide, and around this great space are galleries from which the brilliant scene on the floor may be witnessed. It is questionable, however, if even this immense space will afford sufficient accommodations for those who will desire to attend. It is already estimated that there will be nearly half a million people in the city to witness President Harrison's inauguration, but there will be only 8,000 tickets to the ball.

It is expected that the ladies' invitations and dancing programmes will surpass in elegance of design and finish any ever before seen. Mr. John McElroy is the chairman of the committee on Printing, and he is determined to have everything of the best. Capt. George E. Lemon, the chairman of the Finance committee, has already about $40,000 subscribed and more funds are coming in. Upon the various committees are placed distinguished citizens from every state, and Democrats as well as Republicans will unite to do honor to the occasion. FRANK T. HOWE.

SENATE TARIFF BILL.

It will be Pushed to a Vote as Soon as Possible.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—(Special.)—The shelving of the Pacific railroad bill has a peculiar significance. There was a strong belief that it was to be taken up and discussed at length and final action had upon it, but the Republican Senators put their heads together and laid it aside in order to take up the Senate tariff bill. This measure, under the Senate Finance committee, will doubtless take up most of the time up to March 3, with a view of passing it as soon as is possible.

APPROPRIATIONS.

There is no evidence that the House will do anything this winter except pass the general appropriation bills. One of the most important of these is the River and Harbor bill carrying the appropriations for the year. It is more than probable that the work of the committee will look to the continuation of work now under way rather than any new work.

DIRECT TAX BILL.

It is expected that to morrow the direct tax bill which caused the long and tedious deadlock last winter will be taken up and Congressmen express the opinion that it will be passed. With this out of the way the committee on appropriations will have a clean sweep.

NEW STATES.

Should the appropriation bills be cleaned up it is barely possible that some of the territories will be admitted to statehood and that a bill will be passed to organize the territory of Oklahoma. Whether any of these will pass is a question that must be settled when the vote is taken. They are too much in doubt to make it profitable to guess at their fate. The only thing that seems certain is that the committee on rules will give these bills a chance for a hearing. Considerable opposition to the Oklahoma bill has developed, and the territory matter can be settled only by compromise. The Republicans are opposed to the admission of New Mexico and insist upon dividing Dakota. The Democrats are willing to admit Dakota as a whole, and want New Mexico to come in with the rest. There is a chance that a compromise may be agreed upon, by which New Mexico may be admitted and the south half of Dakota be admitted as a state and the north half organized as a territory. The Republicans appear willing to follow this course as to Dakota.

The Democrats in the House are making a quiet but decided movement looking to the admission of Montana, Washington, New Mexico and Dakota. It will be successfully opposed unless Dakota is divided.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The *Tribune's* Washington special says: At least four avowed candidates for the Speakership of the Fifty-first Congress are already in the field. They are Mr. Reed, of Maine, who received the caucus nomination at the beginning of this Congress; Major McKinley, of Ohio; Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, and Mr. Burrows, of Michigan. All of these are good men, and any one of them would fill the office with credit to himself and honor to the country. Already a disposition is shown to dwell upon geographical consideration.

"We must have a Western Speaker," say many Western Republicans. Three of the candidates now in the field are Western men. Thus far no candidate has appeared from New York or Pennsylvania, which states together will cast 40 votes in the Republican caucus, which will number probably 166 or 167 members.

Maj. McKinley's canvass is rendered somewhat complicated by the possible candidacy of Maj. Butterworth. The latter, when asked to-day whether he was in the field, replied: "Not aggressively. I would of course feel honored if the choice of the House should fall upon me. A year, however, will elapse before a speaker is chosen, and the sky may be clear before next December. I think McKinley is by odds the most sagacious politician within the circle of my acquaintances. I am a novice compared with McKinley. I think if we should be in public life together a hundred years I would at the end be found good naturedly holding the ladder for McKinley to climb. I must say frankly I greatly covet the honor, but find it distasteful to buttonhole the brethren in order to secure their support.

TEXAS WILL NOT DIVIDE.

It Could be Split Up Into Five States, but Texans Are Unwilling.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Since it has been proposed to divide California into two states and admit Dakota territory as two states, Democratic statesmen have been wondering if there is any way whereby their party might gain or secure hold upon the national legislation by the creation of sovereign states that would be assuredly Democratic. All eyes naturally turn toward Texas, with its immense area of territory and ever increasing population, which the next census is expected to show has nearly if not quite three million people.

Though it has been forgotten, the terms on which the Lone Star Republic was to be admitted into the Union, which terms were accepted by the convention of 1845, was that "states of convenient size not exceeding four in number in addition to the said state of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of the said state, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the federal constitution."

There it is, just as it was enacted in a joint resolution passed by the Twenty-eighth Congress, dated March 1, 1845, and embodied also in the ordinance passed by the Texas convention accepting the terms proposed and guaranteed by the United States.

The good faith of the United States is pledged whenever the people of the state ask for the re-division of Texas into five states that it shall be done. All the conditions are now ripe for such sub-division. There is sufficient population for five distinct states, with the Senators and at least twenty Congressmen. But there is one obstacle to carrying out the provision of the law. The people of the state do not want the territory divided, and probably never will. I talked with members of the Texas delegation to-day, and they all said that it would be impossible to get one man in a hundred to say he desired the subdivision of the territory.

AN EMPIRE IN ITSELF.

Congressman Sayre, who represents the Tenth district, said that Texas is an empire in itself. Its resources are illimitable, and if by dividing it could control the national legislature in both houses for the next fifty years the people would not agree to it. There is not a child in the state that does not know of the existing right to be made into more states, but sentiment with everybody is against it.

"Our legislation, since the war at least," he said, "has been on the plan of perpetual unity, the location of all our asylums and charitable institutions, the provision made for the distribution of the school fund, the railroad systems and every other system and every other feature of growth and prosperity has been projected on the plan of Texas remaining the Empire state of the South. Instead of giving way to smaller states, the ambition of Texas is to have more territory, and it would gladly take care of that to the west of the Rio Grande. You can say that a division of the state is not to be thought of, now or hereafter."

Congressman Lanham, who represents the border district and lives at El Paso, says: "The memoirs of the old republic of Texas are too precious to be scattered. There is San Jacinto, the Alamo, and Bohad. They are dear to the hearts of Texans, and popular opinion would never consent to have them under any other name than that of old Texas. We are proud of that name, we are proud of the State and we are proud of our pride. You couldn't get a corporal's guard to force the privilege which Congress guaranteed us in 1845. We expect to be the New York of the South in 1900 and have equal representatives in the House with the great Empire State of the North."

AGAINST DIVISION.

Congressman Kilgose, who was formerly president of the Texas Senate, said: "The sentiment of the state is utterly against a dissolution of its present form of state government. The entire railroad system has been built on the unity of the territory as one state, and the people are not disposed to ask for a change. It would be as much as a man's political, if not his physical, existence is worth to talk about making new states out of Texas."

Congressman Martin said: "The people alone and only the people can create a sentiment in favor of the division of the territory of Texas into more states. Politicians could not control it.

"Twenty years ago there was some agitation of the subject, but it died out. Since then there has been no desire shown to revive the topic. Much as we want Democratic senators, and we are nearly dead for them, we would not have them at the cost of sacrificing the unity of our state."

Judge Moore and other members of the delegation said emphatically: "The proposition is not a popular one, and there is not the slightest idea it will ever be done. No possible political advantage would have the least influence in creating a sentiment favorable to a division into four more states. It might seem to worry the Republicans, but that is all that will ever come of the right guaranteed when the Texan republic came into the union."

THE BILL WILL PASS.

The Senate Substitute for the Mills Bil Will Become a Law.

WASHINGTON, Dec 11.—(Special.)—The Senate tariff bill is being pushed rapidly to a vote, and Senator Sherman says it will pass before the holiday recess, unless Democrats purposely obstruct it.

Many amendments are being made, but they will not cause much debate.

A MAJORITY OF THREE.

The Congressional Directory Gives the House to the Republicans.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—(Special.)—There has been much speculation among congressmen as to what complexion the congressional directory would give the next House. Their minds were all set at rest to-day by the announcement that the directory would be issued on Monday, and that it would show a Republican majority of three.

The news was received with cheers by the Republicans who had gathered in the corridors of the House, and the Democrats had nothing to say in rebuttal. While they have been claiming the House for the past two weeks, they have had no grounds to do so and now that their bauble has burst all they can do is to grin and bear it.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

It looked at one time as if the Democrats proposed to give the Senate tariff bill fair treatment, in which event the measure stood a good chance of becoming law, but since the announcement that the next House is surely Republican, the Democrats in both branches of Congress have grown sullen.

This simply means an extra session of the Fifty-first Congress, which, it is believed, will be called soon after President Harrison is inaugurated. Republicans now confidently predict that this will be the result of the present methods of the Democrats.

They are resorting to every means possible to block the wheels of legislation and now openly avow that when the Senate tariff bill reaches the House it will be pigeon-holed and will never see the light of day so long as this Congress is in session.

THE PACIFICS.

The Funding Bill Will Be Pressed to a Vote in the House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The House committee on Pacific railroads held a meeting to-day and decided to press the consideration of the Pacific railroad funding bill by the House at as early a date as possible. The committee will on Monday offer a resolution setting apart certain days for the consideration of the bill.

Mr. Outhwaite, chairman of the committee, is confident of the passage of the bill, by a good majority, if it can be brought to a vote. The work of the committee is now practically completed.

Several bills relating to the Pacific railroads are before it, but as there is no possibility of their being taken up for action by the House at this late day, it is probable no action will be taken on them by the commitee.

IN CONGRESS.

The Work of the Two Houses Carefully Reviewed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—(Special.)—Congress has now been in session for a week and the policy of each house is quite well defined. The Republicans in the Senate are determined to pass their tariff bill as soon as possible, and have shown, by bringing the debate forward thus early, that if it fails to become a law the responsibility will rest upon the Democratic majority in the House.

The Democrats in the Senate will probably obstruct the measure as long as parliamentary tactics will permit, but the Republicans are united and will not allow any material amendment to be made. Already several have been proposed by the opposition to the internal revenue clause, but they were promptly voted down.

The Senate evidently means to make a business record, and will go right on with its work utterly regardless of what the House may do.

AS TO THE LOWER BRANCH OF CONGRESS

it is manifest even thus early that nothing beyond the passage of the regular appropriation bills may be expected, unless the direct tax bill which is now under consideration shall go through.

This measure, it will be remembered, caused the long deadlock last spring, and the men who fought it then are equally as strong in their opposition now. Whether they can filibuster as long as they did then remains to be seen. In plain words, the fight is between the ex Confederate brigadiers and the loyal states of the North.

The brigadiers are in the minority, but they bulldozed their Democratic friends from the North and West into standing by them, and thus the measure was postponed.

Possibly, now that the election has resulted in a defeat of the principles which the Democratic party advocated, some of the men of that party from the West and North may have sufficient independence to refuse to be at the beck and call of their Southern colleagues. That will be developed soon.

AS TO THE TARIFF.

As to the tariff the Democrats in the House are determined that the Senate bill shall not pass them. When it comes over from the Senate, the plan is to send it to the Ways and Means committee, on the ground that it is a distinctive measure, and not the House bill with amendments—and let it die there.

AN EXTRA SESSION PROBABLE.

It is generally believed that Gen. Harrison will call the Fifty-first Congress together in April next, and in anticipation of that event, the contest for the next Speakership is being carried on in a quiet but effective way.

One reason why an extra session is almost rendered a necessity is the extremely narrow margin which the Republicans will have. Gen. Clark, clerk of the present House, privately admits that there is now an absolute majority of one, even if all the districts yet undecided be given to the Democrats, but Mr. W. H. Michaels, clerk of the Senate committee on Printing, who prepares the Congressional directory, has just completed a list of the members of the next House by personal correspondence with the returning officers of each of the several states and with the candidates who have received certificates, and this list gives the Republicans a majority of five.

Even this is hardly sufficient to be a good working majority, and if it should turn out that we should have but one, and the House should not convene for organization until next December, there would be the chance of death, accident or sickness, which might completely change things. Of course, after organization is effected, and several contestants are admitted, the Republicans will probably have a majority of about 20, but the general opinion is that organization cannot be effected too soon.

ROW IN THE CAMP.

Civil Service Commissioner Edgerton Will Probably be Asked to Resign.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—(Special.)—There is wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Democratic camp to-day. It was not enough that the Democratic administration was defeated at the polls, and the control of the House taken from the Bourbon party, but now comes Civil Service Commissioner Edgerton, and declares the law a hollow fraud.

In a published interview he shows how the law has been violated by Mr. Cleveland's administration, and claims that it will bankrupt the treasury if allowed to continue. Mr. Edgerton thinks President Harrison will not try to evade the law.

The interview with Mr. Edgerton has caused much comment among the senators and representatives, and a member of the lower house is quoted as saying that President Cleveland will ask Mr. Edgerton to resign.

HAS EDGERTON RESIGNED?

Judge Edgerton, of Indiana, chairman of the Civil Service commission, left Washington for home, and it is said that before leaving he handed his resignation to the President.

Representative Seney, of Ohio, who has introduced every year a bill to repeal the civil service act, said last night: "If the Democrats had acted in the House as they talked on the streets and in the hotel lobbies—that is to say, if they had repeated the civil service act—the Democrats would have been on to-day.

IS MRS FOLSOM TO MARRY?

The report that Mrs. Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, is soon to be married, is getting to be a matter of pretty free discussion. The proposed husband is Henry F. Merritt, American consul at the little Saxon city of Chemnitz. He is described as a large man, of fine presence, somewhat past 50, whose genial disposition has made him a great favorite with those traveling Americans.

The gossips have it that Mr. Cleveland will have enough influence with the next administration, notwithstanding differences in politics, to secure Mr. Merritt the consul-generalship to Berlin.

DEMOCRATIC SENATORS.

They Will Not Take Steps to Hinder the Passage of the Tariff Bill.

A conference of Democratic Senators was held last evening, at which the Senate substitute for the Mills bill was under consideration. The conference was called to learn whether or not any Senator had any suggestion to make of a change in the manner of treating the measure heretofore pursued in the Senate, but there was none.

No vote was taken at any time during the meeting, the gathering being merely a conference and not a caucus, but it was unanimously determined to make no general opposition to the bill, and let it take its regular course.

The views of the Democratic Senators will, however be made known as each paragraph is read, and amendments which are deemed necessary and just will be offered. There was a full attendance of Senators at the conference.

ORDERED TO SAIL.

The Galena and Yantic Start for Hayti To-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Orders were issued by the Navy department to-day for the United States steamers Galena and Yantic to sail from New York to-morrow for Port au Prince, Hayti, to enforce the demand of this government for the release of the American steamer, Haytien Republic.

They will sail in company and be under the command of Rear Admiral Luce, who has been instructed to transfer his flag from the Richmond to the Galena.

The Ameer of the Haytien Republic, by special permission of the secretary of the Navy, will be a passenger on the Galena, and it is therefore expected she will be restored to him as soon as it gets into the possession of the naval officers.

Secretary Whitney returned from New York yesterday, and was at the Navy department to-day. He declined to talk about the Haytien troubles, on the ground that there was nothing to add to what had already appeared in the newspapers.

ORDERS GO SLOW.

A New York dispatch says: No orders had been received at the navy yard at 11 o'clock to-day for the Galena to sail. "But we may go at any hour," said Admiral Luce to a reporter. The admiral's blue flag was taken back from the Richmond to the Galena.

At 8 o'clock this morning, when a reporter visited the navy yard, the ensign was flying in a nasty northwest breeze filled with rain and mist.

The reporter found Admiral Luce in his cabin on the Richmond, his baggage not having yet been transferred to the Galena.

He will probably go aboard that ship this afternoon. He was holding a conference with Capt. Cooper, formerly in charge of the Hatian navy which consists of two 300 ton cruisers with a machine gun or two aboard.

Capt. Cooper was very gracious, as was Admiral Luce, and the reporters were received with every courtesy, but the amount of news extracted could just as easily have been squeezed out of one of the dry docks.

Congress.

DECEMBER 4.—Senate—Various annual reports submitted and referred. Numerous bills introduced. Union Pacific bill laid aside and the Senate substitute to the Mills tariff bill discussed.

House—Annual reports presented and referred. Joint resolution introduced to amend the constitution to elect the President and Vice-President by the popular instead of the electoral vote.

DECEMBER 5.—Senate—Resolutions offered: Continuing the select committee investigating the dressed beef question. Resolutions adopted: Calling for information as to alleged outrages in Alaska; to inquire into the introduction of yellow fever into Florida. The motion to lay the Senate tariff bill on the table was defeated—yeas 19, nays 26—a strict party vote; it was then read for amendment.

House—Resolution adopted: To print 25,000 copies of the President's message. Bills introduced: To regulate immigration; to divide California into two states; for construction of revenue cutter for San Francisco; to establish a graduated income tax. Resolutions offered: Relating to privileged evasion of inter-state commerce law; calling for information concerning relief of American whaling and fishing vessels in Behring sea and the Arctic ocean; to construct two steel cruisers; referring to special orders for certain legislation. Bill passed: Relating to Des Moines river land.

DECEMBER 6.—Senate—A number of executive documents were received and referred. Electoral vote returns from various states were referred to committee on Privileges and Elections. Resolutions adopted: Continuing the organization of Senate committees on meat products and our relations with Canada. Bills introduced: To open certain lands in Nevada to actual settlers; for the establishment of national biological laboratory; to organize government bureaus of information. The Senate resumed consideration of the tariff bill, and some progress was made. Joint resolution offered: Enlarging the term of Presidential office to six years.

House—The name of Hon. Perry Belmont, of First district New York, was dropped from the rolls. The direct tax bill was then taken up and exhaustively discussed in committee of the whole.

DECEMBER 7—Senate—Not in session.

House—Resolutions adopted: calling on secretary of treasury for information as to improvement of life-saving service in Behring sea and Arctic ocean. The invalid pension bill was reported. The bill to incorporate the Nicaragua Canal company was taken up and exhaustively discussed but no action taken.

DECEMBER 8—Neither body in session.

DECEMBER 10.—Senate—A number of communications were received and properly referred. Resolution agreed to: Calling for information as to execution of the law against bigamy. Resolution offered: To inquire into the condition of affairs in Samoa island. The consideration of the tariff substitute was then taken up.

House—Bills introduced: To establish a port of delivery at Los Angeles; a port of entry at Santa Barbara; appropriating $2,000,000 for improvement of San Diego harbor; to establish light houses at the following stations on the Pacific coast: At Point Gorda, twelve miles south of Cape Mendocino, cost not to exceed $40,000; at Point Buchon, eight miles north of Point Harford, $33,000; at Point Arquello, twelve miles north of Point Conception, $35,000; at Deadman's Island, at the entrance to the harbor of San Pedro, $5,000; at east end of Anareopa Island, $25,000, and on San Miguel Island, west end of Santa Barbara channel, $250,000; granting a pension of $12 a month to honorably discharged soldiers who are 60 years of age; to punish crimes against the electrical franchise; to repeal the inter-state commerce law; for a constitutional convention in the territory of NorthDakota; providing for the construction of light-houses and signal stations on Lakes Erie and Superior; authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Detroit river; for the construction of armed cruisers; for the construction of fortifications for San Francisco and other ports; appropriating $150,000 for the improvement of the harbor of St. Louis; reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the United States army; for the erection in certain corn mills in the Indian territory for the benefit of the Cherokee Indians; making Columbus, O., a port of delivery; for the admission of the State of Idaho. Resolutions offered: Proposing constitutional amendment as to uniformity in choosing Presidential electors; relating to use of money in elections.

MURDER AND RIOT AT BIRMINGHAM

THE CRIME.

The Fearful Story Brought to the Public Gaze Again.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 10.—Last Tuesday the body of a young girl was found in the lake, at East Lake, and the mystery was deepened by the discovery of a possible clew to her identity and the fact established by an autopsy that she was murdered and her body thrown into the lake. All that day the body laid in an undertaker's establishment in the city, and more than 5,000 people looked on the face, fair even in death.

An autopsy was held and it was discovered that the body had been in the water only about twelve hours when found. There were no marks of violence, and it was decided that the girl had been chloroformed and placed in the lake. In the evening several parties identified the body as that of a daughter of a railroad engineer named Dick Hawes, who lived in the suburbs of the city with a wife and seven children. Monday night he registered at the Florence Hotel after midnight, and left on an early morning train for Mississippi. Officers went to the house, but found it closed, and were unable to find any trace of the mother of the dead girl or any of her family.

The girl's mother had also disappeared and after a search of some days her body was found in the same lake that the daughter's body had been taken from, and the mother's skull was found crushed in by a terrible blow from an ax.

Two hours after the finding of the body two officers went to the jail and informed Hawes of the find. He did not change color and had little to say, except to deny all knowledge of the crime. The sheriff thought it would be best to remove Hawes to Montgomery, and he was asked if he would be willing to don the uniform of a policeman and walk through the streets to the depot. When told of it he replied he would prefer to remain in the cell rather than take chances of showing his face on the street.

BLOOD STAINS IN HIS HOUSE.

The evidence against Hawes is most damaging. A search of Hawes's house disclosed blood stains in almost every room. A bloody trail leading in the direction of the lake was also found. Facts have been obtained to-day showing that Hawes had treated his wife most cruelly for some time past. About two months ago he beat her with a large stick, breaking one of her arms and two ribs. He failed to provide her with proper clothing or sufficient money, and she told several parties that he had threatened on several occasions to kill her.

Hawes, it will be remembered, was arrested, charged with the murder, while on his wedding tour with a charming young lady whom he had married in a neighboring city.

THE MOB GATHERED.

The Law Maintained at a Fearful Cost.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 10.—About 12 o'clock Saturday night the mob grew in numbers, and threatened to take Hawes from jail and lynch him. They advanced down Twenty-first street to the mouth of the alley leading to the jail entrance. This alley is about 100 feet long and 20 wide, and is the only approach to the jail. When the crowd reached the mouth of the alley, Sheriff Smith, from the jail, warned them to stand back time and time again. He yelled to them to keep back, or they would be fired on if they advanced up the alley.

Sheriff Smith talked to the angry crowd and warned them in the name of the state to disperse. Twice they hooted his entreaties and the officers opened fire.

At least 1,000 shots were fired, and then the mob fell back, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded men. Several dead were hurriedly carried away by their friends before being identified.

ALL QUIET TUESDAY

The Soldiers Still Guard the Jail—The Governor on the Scene.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 13.—Excitement over the affair of Saturday is unabated.

The troops are still here and will remain several days.

Governor Seay came up from Montgomery last night. He says, this morning, he will keep the troops here as long as there is any evident necessity for them. They may remain until after the coroner's investigation, which will begin this afternoon.

There are no new developments of importance in the murder mystery. Hawes has not made a confession.

The burial of the dead is taking place, and a shadow of gloom is cast over the entire community.

It is not certain that Hawes killed his wife and two children. Some of the authorities believe that he is innocent, but public opinion, which is, however, not always right, brands him as the fiend. That the prepetrator of such a cold-blooded deed should maintain the self-possession exhibited by Hawes, and persist in a declaration of innocence, seems almost incredible.

That he had an accomplice, if he is guilty, there is no doubt. There is a bare possibility that the two colored people, Fanny Bryant and Albert Patterson, now in jail, charged with complicity, may have done the deed. Hawes's attorney's say that their client will astonish the community by establishing his innocence, and that everybody will be glad that the attempted lynching did not succeed.

A vital circumstance which might save the accused from the gallows is the payment of $500 to his wife. He claims that he gaue her $500 to support herself, and that several people knew she had the money.

If this is true, robbery might have been the motive for the crime. But the hideous fact that two innocent little children perished with their mother confronts Hawes, and the rope seems already dangling above his head.

THE MISSING TRUNK.

The missing trunk has been found. At midnight Henry Martin, alias Martin Walker, and Jeff Brown, two colored men living within a few blocks of the Hawes residence, were quietly arrested and lodged in jail. The men are charged with complicity in hiding the body of Mrs. Hawes. In Mrs. Hawes's trunk, which they had, and which has not yet been thoroughly examined, are known to be some papers and letters belonging to the dead woman.

The arrest of Martin and Brown, who bear bad reputations, will serve to increase the excitement of the populace, who can only visit their impotent rage in threatenings, owing to the impregnable military force. A confession from one of these negroes is expected, and it will throw a light upon these damnable murders. No one knows what to-morrow will bring forth.

THE "Q" DYNAMITERS.

The Trial in Progress at Geneva, Illinois.

GENEVA, Ill., Dec. 11.—Evidence in regard to the Eola explosion was given at the trial of the "Q" dynamiters yesterday. The testimony of the following witnesses: Lonis Stebbins, the baggage master; Frank O'Neil, conductor; W. B. Thomas, engineer; Andrew Stephenson, brakeman; J. W. Bridge, fireman, and John W. Graffies, brakeman, was in substance the same. They all heard a loud, sharp report; the engineer and fireman saw a flash, and were both considerably shaken up. The headlights and cab lights were put out, and the flange of the wheel was broken for about 22 inches.

Thomas C. Lloyd, of Noblesville, Ind., testified to selling John A. Bowles dynamite on several occasions, and identified some of the explosive.

Kirk Howe, of Westfield, Ind, testified to selling Bowles dynamite fuse and fulminating caps.

Thomas F. Cleary, a detective, testified to arresting Broderick on the train running from Aurora to Chicago, July 5, '88. He searched Broderick, and found a pocket-book and half a dozen fulminating caps.

Gen. Sheridan will have a statue at Washington.

Fumigation is still taking place at Jacksonville, Fla.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

A Chicago Building Blown to Pieces—No Clue to the Perpetrators of the Crime.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—Shortly after 6 o'clock this morning, an attempt was made to destroy Shufeldt & Co.'s distillery, in the northern part of the city, by means of dynamite. Enough facts are not yet known to justify a conclusion as to whether it is the work of anarchists, or of some one who has a personal grievance against the Shufeldts.

At the hour mentioned the neighborhood was shaken by a tremendous explosion, shaking the buildings in the neighborhood, breaking many panes of glass in the surrounding houses, and causing the people to rush into the street in great alarm.

Investigation showed that a bomb had been thrown, probably from the street, into a detached warehouse used for storing highwines.

This building was shattered, the hoops were burst off many of the casks and the heads of some of them were driven in.

Very soon afterward a package wrapped in paper was discovered lying in the street. It contained several sticks of dynamite and some fulminating caps. A fuse connected with the package showed evidence of having been lighted, but had gone out prematurely.

These articles are now in the possession of the police, who are at work on the case.

A jagged hole about three feet square was torn in the roof, and in various other ways the structure was damaged.

Examination revealed the fact that some person, evidently standing on the high sidewalk on Hawthorne street, had thrown upon the tower of the building a package of dynamite sticks, tied together and attached to a fuse which had been ignited.

These sticks consist of compressed dynamite wrapped in pasteboard, and provided with fulminating caps.

The combination had exploded, and it was only owing to a peculiar chance that the entire structure, as well as the surrounding buildings, were not instantly leveled.

The aim of the man, or men, who committed the deed was evidently to hit the skylight on the roof, and the mark was missed by but a few feet.

Underneath the skylight are eight large tubs, or vats, of highly inflammable liquor.

Had the dynamite sticks exploded on the skylight the liquor would have been instantly ignited and a terrible explosion would have resulted—an explosion, Capt. Schaack thinks, of sufficient violence to have torn down a score of buildings.

As it was, however, the damage was comparatively small. A lot of barrels of wines underneath the spot where the explosion occurred had their hoops torn off, but none of the contents was spilled.

On the roof, about 15 feet from the spot where the first explosion occurred, was found another bundle of dynamite sticks—seven in number.

These had not exploded on account of some defect in the fuse which had evidently been ignited.

Fortunately no one was in the building at the time, and no loss of life or limb was caused.

James D. Lynch, one of the proprietors of the distillery, says he believes it to be the work of the whisky trust.

"We are not in the trust," he said, "and that organization has, on numerous occasions, threatened 'to do us up.'

"To show you the desperate character of the deed, I call your attention to the fact that there was 15,000 barrels of whisky stored under the roof that was torn open and if these had been ignited a terrible fire would have been added to the horror of the explosion.

"One of the representatives of the trust was here shortly after the explosion, but the feeling among the men against his organization was so great that he had to skip out for fear of being violently dealt with."

"There is no doubt in the world that it is the work of the trust," said Mr. Lynch. "They have been threatening us with vengeance for some time past, and the other day we received word to look out for damage. We supposed they meant to cut prices, and we told them to 'damage away.'

"I never thought they would be guilty of such an act as this."

"Was there any cause for the taking of such desperate measures by the whisky ring?"

"Well I should say there was. Every one knows the war they have waged against us without success. They have tried every means in their power to force us into the trust, and they played their last card when they froze us out of feeding cattle. When they saw that had no effect they began to issue vague threats, to which we paid no attention.

"Now last week came the news that a house was about completed in St. Paul with a capacity of 10,000 bushels a day and only a short time before another 'anti-trust' house of 1,000 bushels daily capacity was started in Pekin, Ill.

"Another house of several thousand bushels capacity, in Danville, renounced allegiance to the trust, and then Kentucky distillers began changing their product from whiskies to highwines, which brought them in direct opposition with the 'trust' and raised the 'anti-trust' capacity to 17,- bushels a day."

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—There were no developments this morning in regard to the dynamite explosion at Shufeldt's distillery yesterday.

Two well dressed men were arrested last night and there is a suspicion the arrests were made in connection with the affair, but the police refuse to confirm the theory.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Not Dynamite This Time, but Its Work Just as Destructive.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—Three men are known to have been killed, one fatally injured and a number of people badly bruised and shaken up early this morning by an explosion of meal dust, which completely wrecked the three-story brick building on North Halsted street occupied by David Oliver as an oat meal mill. Several adjoining buildings were also badly shattered.

The explosion, which occurred shortly after 2 o'clock, was a terrific one, the shock being felt a mile away.

The buildings in the immediate vicinity were bombarded with flying bricks and timbers, and nearly every pane of window glass within a radius of six blocks was smashed.

Almost before the rumble of the explosion died away flames sprung up from the wrecked mill, and the whole place was ablaze in a few minutes. The fire spread rapidly, and when the first fire companies reached the scene they found a block of roaring flames to contend with.

A general alarm was at once turned in. Engines were stationed at every available point around the blazing patch, and buildings that did not take fire at the outset were saved after the hardest kind of work.

Sparks that were carried through the air by the wind ignited buildings two blocks away, and for half an hour the firemen had all they could do to prevent half a dozen serious conflagrations.

The streets were filled with debris for a block on every side of the burned patch, and this seriously obstructed the firemen in their work. They stumbled over boards and timbers and debris until their clothes were torn, their hands and faces cut and their limbs so badly stiffened that they could scarcely walk.

It was nearly two hours before the flames were under control.

The losses will aggregate about $150,000. The loss on the meal mill is about $75,000; Jacob Press, of the planing mill, will lose $50,000 and it is estimated that the other losses will be $25,000.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—A battalion of 20 firemen and over one hundred volunteers are at work clearing away the ruins. Ernest Casper, one of the three known to be dead, was working in the cupola at the time of the explosion. The cupola was lifted, almost entire, and thrown a distance of 60 feet upon the south side of the street.

The mutilated form of Caspar is somewhere under the wreck.

John Christensen, the kilnman, is the second known victim. His body has not been found, and he may have been blown some distance by the force of the explosion.

Charles Miller, the engineer, is also buried under the mass of debris, and it is thought his body will be found near the boiler.

David Oliver, proprietor, and Peter M. Kimmey, manager of the mill, were on the ground early this morning, but as yet have been unable to learn positively the cause of the explosion.

Each thinks that oatmeal dust may have caused it, but the terrific force is unprecedented, if this theory be accepted.

No other reasonable explanation is offered, however, and the explosion of the dust is accepted until a better reason can be found.

A vast crowd surrounds the ruins. For a distance of a mile in some directions plate glass windows were shattered and buildings violently jostled by the terrific force of the explosion.

About 10:30, this morning, the excavating party discovered the body of a man which was supposed to be that of Engineer Miller. The corpse was found on the north driveway of the mill, and covered with about three feet of debris. The lower part of the body was covered with bruises and burns, and the face was mangled so that it could not be recognized.

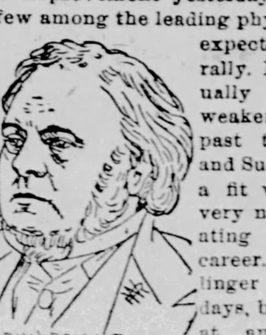
Lord Randolph Churchill will, in a short time, start on a visit to South America.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Generally Believed That Great Statesman is Nearing His End.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—John Bright showed some improvement yesterday, but there are few among the leading physicians who expect to see him rally. He has gradually grown weaker for the past two weeks, and Sunday he had a fit which came very near terminating his earthly career. He may linger for some days, but his death at any moment would not surprise those who have been in attendance at his bedside.



Russia Getting Her Back Up About the Persian Doings—The War in the Soudan—More Troops.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 10.—At a meeting at the foreign office, a high military authority urged that an ultimatum be sent to the Persian government warning it that Russia would take steps for the occupation of Persia unless it cancelled the treaty opening up the Karun country to the English.

M. De Giers, the foreign minister, opposed such a course, and advised that the government proceed with moderation.

THE ULTIMATUM WILL BE SENT.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 10.—A dispatch to the *Independance Belge*, from St. Petersburg, says that Russia has decided to send an ultimatum to Teheran regarding the differences between the two countries.

IN THE SOUDAN.

Reinforcements Ordered to Proceed to Suakim.

CAIRO, Dec. 10.—A squadron of the Twentieth Hussars will reinforce the troops at Suakim.

The English government has ordered the troops now stationed in the Mediterranean to proceed to Suakim. They will be replaced by troops from England.

The request for more troops at Suakim, which was made after Saturday's reconnoitering, is believed to have been instigated by the government itself as the easiest mode of retiring from an untenable attitude, and of appeasing public misgivings.

The Spanish Cabinet.

MADRID, Dec. 10.—According to the latest outline the proposed new cabinet is as follows:

Senor Vega Armijo, minister of foreign affairs; Senor Calejas, minister of commerce, and Admiral Arias, minister of marine, will retain their places.

The other members will be:

Gen. Chinchilla, minister of war.

Senor Xiquera, minister of the interior.

Senor Vaneclo Gonzalez, minister of finance.

Senor Beercere, minister of the colonies.

Senor Capdepon, minister of justice.

England to Increase Her Navy.

LONDON, Dec. 5.—Mr. Arthur Raymond Heath, (Conservative) member of the House of Commons for the south division of Lincolnshire, in a speech yesterday, said he believed that the government at the next session of Parliament would ask for a loan of £10,000,000 to be devoted to strengthening the navy.

A DUEL IN THE SOUTH.

One of the Men May Have Been Killed—Dr. Dulin in Jail.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 10.—Augusta is stirred up over the report of a duel at Sand Bar ferry, the famous duelling ground three miles from Augusta, on the South Carolina side of the Savannah river.

The parties are unknown, but are supposed to be from Lancaster, S. C., and Philadelphia. The trouble is presumed to have arisen from a conversation on the train coming to Augusta Saturday night, in which the Philadelphian made an insulting remark about Senator M. C. Butler.

A full account of the duel cannot be obtained, but a reliable resident of this city who was on his way to Beech Island, met parties in a buggy who pulled pistols on him, thinking he was an officer.

When he reached the ferry he was informed by the ferryman that the duel was just over.

Four shots were fired, which my informant heard. The ferryman told him the Philadelphian was badly shot and had been carried off by his second and surgeon through Carolina. The other man had his hat shot and returned to Augusta.

Dr. Dulin, who claims to be from Baltimore, but lately has been in Lancaster, was arrested last night and a concealed weapon was found upon him. His hat had a bullet hole through it, and he admitted having fought a duel. He felt sorry, but he believed in the code. He refused to give the name of his wounded opponent. Dulin is in jail.

THE KANSAS LIQUOR LAW.

Stewart Prospects for the Future Are Not Exceedingly Bright.

WICHITA, Kas., Dec. 10.—The case of Stewart, the drug clerk who was sent to jail for over 10 years and fined $20,000, for selling liquor, has been revived by the re-arrest of Stewart, upon the demand of the assistant attorney general.

Stewart was released by the governor after serving six months of his sentence.

The attorney general attempted to collect his fine and costs, about $50,000, by selling the building in which the liquor was sold. Failing in this, he had Stewart re-arrested upon the old complaint.

As the prisoner is a poor man, he has a gaod prospect of remaining years in jail, if not again released by the executive power.

OFFER A REWARD.

Ten Thousand Dollars for the Conviction of the Calumet Incendiary.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.—A dispatch from Marquette, Mich., says: The Calumet & Hecla Co. has advertised a reward of $10,000 for information leading to the arrest of the incendiary who started the fire in No. 3 shaft of the Calumet branch on the night of Thanksgiving day.

The fire in the mine has grown worse. Several small slides of ground took place near the burning shaft yesterday, but the cavities were filled.

GOV. TAYLOR ENJOINED.

Democrats for the Time Being Deprive Evans of His Rights.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 7.—Chancellor Allison has issued a fiat granting an injunction restraining Gov. Taylor from issuing a certificate of election to Clay Evans to congress from the Third district.

Gov. Taylor has returned to the city, but has not been served with the notice. The attorneys for Bates refuse to say what action they contemplate in the premises.

White Caps in Texas.

WACO, Tex., Dec. 10.—The White Caps flogged George Armstrong, a white man, nearly to death, yesterday, for leaving his wife destitute and sick and publicly living with another woman.

A notice was pinned to a tree where the flogging took place, informing all citizens that the perpetrators were law-abiding, but determined to mete out punishment to the guilty when the statutes failed.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

BATTLE ON THE COAST.

The Oyster Dredges Show Fight—Several Boats Sent to the Bottom.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Dec. 11.—A dispatch received here to-day says that there has been an engagement between the state steamer Governor McLean and the fleet of dredgers in the Chester river. Two of the dredgers' boats were sunk and a number of the boats were taken. One of the crew on the steamer Governor McLean was shot.

This is the first fight between the state fishery fo[illegible] and the dredgers since the steamers have been provided with cannon. The dispatch received was from Centerville, signed by Capt. T. B. C. Howard, commanding the steamer McLea, datec to-day, to Commander Plauman.

It stated that the steamer had a severe fight last night; that it had sunk two boats, captured one and had the papers of two others.

The steamer was riddled with balls, and one of his crew, Mate Charles Frazier, was shot in the arm.

Capt. Howard requested that help be sen at once.

The Governor Thomas, Capt. Looker, was sent immediately to his aid.

The McLean's 12-pound cannon was mounted last night and she started immediately for Chester river, where it was thought that the illegal dredging on forbidden ground was continuing.

The Gov. Thomas's cannon is aboard, and carpenters went with it, in hope of mounting it before she reached the scene of action.

A SENSATIONAL STORY.

A German Confesses that He Set Fire to a Village in Prussia, and that Many People were Lost.

KALAMAZOO, Dec. 7.—A most sensational confession, made in Chicago last May by a German named Henrich Schane to William Radiger, of this place, has just come to light. It was the confession of Schane, who is a well-to-do bridge builder. He said: "In 1844 my partner, Schultz, and myself robbed a barn in Colverte, Prussia, and to throw off suspicion we set fire to the barn. A strong wind was blowing, and soon, to our horror, 100 houses and stores were in flames. The village was burned to the ground.

"The suffering that night was horrible, many mothers and children perishing in the flames. Large rewards were offered for the arrest of the perpetrators of the deed, but we were never caught. As people gathered at the fire we stole away through the woods. I immediately took a steamer for America, came to Chicago, and have been here ever since. My partner was a braver criminal than I. He remained, and is still living in Colverte, Prussia, where he is a wealthy merchant. Now, I feel better, but be sure and communicate this confession to the German officials." The confession was sworn to by Radiger before Justice Jannisch and has been sent to the German consul, Voilke, at Cincinnati.

THE G. A. R.

Time for Inspection Extended—J. S. Kountz on the Pension Committee.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 7.—General Orders No. 4 was issued yesterday by the commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. The order gives instructions to the inspector general, changing the time of closing their annual inspection from December 31 to June 30. The report of the Pension committee approved of certain bills, now being introduced in Congress, and the following named comrades constituted as the Pension committee:

George A. Merrill, Lawrence, Mass.; Jas. Tanner, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John S. Kountz, Toledo, O.; John W. Burst, Sycamore, Ill.; Richard W. Bluey, Pleasanton, Kan.

The order further says the certificate of membership, which was ordered by the National Encampment, is now ready for issue.

Morton Visits Harrison.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Vice President-elect Levi P. Morton, accompanied by his wife, left the city this forenoon. Their destination is Indianapolis, where Mr. Morton is to confer with President-elect Harrison. Mr. Morton did not state when he would return.

The Berlin *National Zeitung* denies that there is any truth in the sinister rumors regarding Emperor William's health. It is stated that the Emperor is writing a narrative of the events of his recent visits to the northern capitals, which will be published, together with wood cuts of sketches made by him and Salesmann, the artist.

The visible supply of grain on Saturday, Dec. 8, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange, was as follows: Wheat, 36,569,950 bushels, increase, 487,213 bushels; corn, 6,576,017 bushels, decrease, 480,059 bushels; oats, 7,591,592 bushels, increase, 34,576 bushels, decrease, 11,598 bushels; barley, 2,237,905 bushels, decrease, 91,998 bushels.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1888.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—3 p. m.—At the close the stock market was dull ane steady at about the opening prices.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—increase	$ 720,075
Loans—decrease	2,176,800
Specie—increase	177,700
Legal tenders—decrease	60,300
Deposits—decrease	2,410,700
Circulation—increase	25,100

The banks now hold $12,141,475 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 11.	Dec. 4.
4's coupons	128	128¾
4's registered	127⅛	127⅜
Pacific 6's of '95	118	118

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Money is easy at 2@2½ per cent. Bar silver, 93¾.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Money closed easy at 1½@2 per cent; bar silver, 92 9-16.

The tone of the stock market again changed for the better after 12 o'clock, and everything moved up small fractions on a very moderate business except Delaware & Hudson, which reacted 5 per cent and fluctuated rapidly. Jersey Central became the strong feature, and moved up about 2 points. Suddenly becoming active there was a reaction toward noon, and Rock Island retired 1 per cent, although in the rest of the list the movement was entirely insignificant, and at noon the market was heavy and quiet generally at a shade below first prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 52½; D. & H., 125; D., L. & W. 136⅝; Erie, 25⅝; H. V., —; J. C., 90⅛; K. T., 13⅜; L. S., 99⅝; M. C., —; Mo. Pac, 69⅞; N. P., 40¼; N. Y. C., 106⅜; N. W., 104¼; O. T., 29; P. M. 35¾; R. T., 25¼; Reading, 45⅞; St. P., 60⅛; U. P. 62¾; W. U., 82¾; C., B. & Q., 106.

TRADE.

Business generally during the past week has been of good proportions. The holiday trade is large. Prospects ahead are for a prosperous year in 1889.

THE MARKETS.

Markets for Wheat Easier.

The markets for wheat at leading points, today, were dull, but closed easier. Receipts at Minneapolis were again less than was anticipated. There was some buying early, but it was only for a brief time, when prices eased off. At the close a decline from the opening of 1½c on May was marked. C. A. King & Co. received a dispatch from Lindbloom & Co., saying: "Including flour, the visible supply of wheat is now 1,000,000 bushels more than last year." A sample of very fine No. 1 white spring wheat from Washington territory was shown on 'Change to-day. Bids were made in the wheat, and it is said the parties in Washington territory, who are offering it, have a large amount to send forward if satisfactory prices are offered. "The Pacific slope is coming to the relief of the market," said a dealer.

Prices of December and May wheat at leading points to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo....				
Chicago....	103⅛	103⅜	103¼	103¼
New York.	105	105	104¾	104¾
St. Louis.	100⅞	100⅞	100⅞	100⅞
May	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo....	108⅝	107⅞	107½	107½
Chicago....	110⅛	110⅛	109⅝	109½
New York.	112¾	112⅜	111¼	111¼
St. Louis..	108⅝	108⅝	107½	107½

Corn was dull, but steady. Oats quiet. Clover seed active and just a little easier. Dressed hogs unchanged.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, cash wheat was dull and lower. No. 2 soft red, Lake Shore, 105⅛@104⅛c, latter to close, ⅛c better as compared with yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 91c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 94c; No. 4 red, 86½c, Lake Shore.

For future delivery trade was dull and prices were weak at the close at 1¼c under the opening and ⅞c under the close yesterday. May No. 2, 108⅜@107½c, latter to close.

Corn fairly active. No. 2, 36½c. Oats—dull; No. 3, 25c. Clover Seed—active. Prime, $5.00; December, $5.05. Dressed hogs—$6.00.

The Produce Market.

Quotations given below represent prices obtainable for round lots. Selected small lots from store are held somewhat higher:

Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@32c per lb.; fine dairy, 24@26c per lb.; fair to good, 15@18c; extra roll, 22@24c; choice, 15@18c.

Beans—Mediums, hand-picked, $1.75@1.80 per bush., marrow, $2.35@2.40.

Buckwheat flour—$3.25 per cwt.

Cheese—Full cream cheddars 10@10½c. per lb., flats 10½@11¼c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh 21@22c. per doz.

Green Fruits—Apples $1.25@1.50 per bbl,

RADWAY'S PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking

RADWAY'S PILLS.

By so doing

SICK HEADACHE,

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, as the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price, 25c. per box. Sold by all druggists.

poor to fair, 75@100c; cranberries, $7@8 per bbl.; catawba grapes, 4@4½c. per lb; lemons, $3.50@4.50 per box; Florida oranges, $2.75@3.25 per box; Russets, $2.75; Jamaicas, $6.00 per bbl.

Game—Partridge $3.00@3.25 per doz., quail $1.60@2.00, venison saddles 11@12c. per lb; rabbits, 12c each.

Honey—New white clover honey in 1-lb. sections 17@18c. per lb.

Poultry—Choice dressed chickens, 8@9c per lb., turkeys 10@11c.

Potatoes—Choice, well-selected Burbanks and White Stars, 32@35c per bush.; Red and mixed 25@30c.

Vegetables—Cabbage $1.25@1.50 per 100, celery 20@30c. per doz., turnips 12@15c. per bush.; Rutabagas, 20@25c per bush.; onions, yellow Danvers 27@30c, red 22@25c per bush.; parsnips, $1.50 per bbl.; squash, $15@18 per ton.

Pork—Heavy mess, $12 75; short mess $16 75; long clear mess, $18 00; short clear, $17 50; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $17 00; clear bean, $14 00; clear neck, $——; lard; kettle rendered, tierces, 10c; barrels, 10c, half barrels, 9½c; 50-lb. tins, 9½c; refined in tierces, 9c; in 50 -lb. tins, 9¼c; hams, heavy, ——c; sugar cured, 12 lbs. average, 12c; 15 lbs., 12½c; 18 lbs., 12c; sugar cured shoulders, 10c; breakfast bacon, 10½c; dried beef, 11c; clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c.

Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. Hay—timothy, $13. Flour, straights, $5 75; patents, $5 75, bakers, $5 25. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers 5@5½c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3½c; cured, 6½c; calf, green, 5c; cured, 6c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 23c. Wool, washed 27c; unwashed, 20c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 5½@6c; light steers, 5@6c; cows, 4½@5c; calves, 8½; sheep, 6½@7; lambs, 8c; dressed hogs, 8c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Dec. 11.—Wheat—Old, No. 1 hard dull at 142c; new, No. 1 hard, 133½c; No. 1 Northern, 121½c; white wheat, No. 2 red 109½. Corn—No. 2, 43½c.

DETROIT, Dec. 11.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 103c bid; No. 2 red December, 105c; January, 105¾c; May, 111¼c. Corn—No. 2 cash and December, 35¾c; January, 35½c. Oats—No. 2, 27¾c; No. 2 white, 30½c.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 11.—Wheat easy; cash, 96c; January, 97¼c; May, 103⅜c. Corn, dull; No. 3 new do, 31½@32½c. Oats, steady; No. 2 white, 29@30c. Rye steady; No. 1 white, 51¼c. Barley—No. 2, 66¾c.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 11.—Flour weak; family, $4 30@4 50; fancy, $4 90@5 00. Wheat is dull at 104c. Corn is somewhat weaker at 39. Oats easier at 27½@28c. Rye dull at 54c. Pork steady at $14. Lard weaker at $8 00. Bulk meats and bacon quiet. Whisky firm; sales, 1,024 barrels on a basis of $1 14.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat weak and lower; cash, 103¼c; January, 104⅛c; May, 109⅝c. Corn easy; cash, 34⅜c; January, 34 9-16c; May, 37¼c. Oats easy; cash, 26⅛c; January, 26⅝c; May, 29⅞c. Rye, 51c. Barley and prime timothy nothing doing. Flax seed, $1 54. Whisky, $1 24. Pork firm; cash, $13 37½; January, $13 42½; May, $13 77½. Lard easy; cash, $8 07½; January, $7 97½; May, $8 05, January, short ribs, $6 97½.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Wheat—Receipts, 74,542 bu; sales, 560,000 bu; market advanced ⅛@⅜c on covering contracts but became quiet and declined ⅜@¾c; No. 2 red January, 106⅛@106⅞c; March, 106⅜@107⅞c; May, 112⅝@112¾c. Corn—Receipts, 77,000 bu.; sales, 112,000 bu.; the market is hardly changed but somewhat dull to-day; old mixed Western, 47@48c. Oats—Receipts, 131,000 bu; sales, 10,000 bu; market dull to-day; western, 29½@41½c. Beef is scarce and quiet; plate, $9 50@10 00; extra mess, $7 50@8 00. Pork dull and easy; mess, $14 75@15 00. Lard quiet, steady; steam rendered, $8 50. Butter—Receipts, 3,883 packages; market weak and quieter to-day; western dairy, 14@25c; do creamery, 20@32c; Elgin, nominal. Cheese—Receipts, 4,444 packages; market to-day is firmer with a fair inquiry; state, 9¾@12c including fancy; September, 11⅞@12c; October, 11⅛@12c; Western, 10@11¼c; skims, 3@10½c. Sugar firm; powdered, 7⅞c; granulated, 7¼@7⅜c; crushed, 8¼c. Molasses—New Orleans active at 40@49c. Coffee—Rio quiet; fair at 17¼c; options declined 20@40 points. Spirits of turpentine steady at 45½@45¾c. Eggs—Receipts, 3,180 packages; market easy; western, 23c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 10.—Hogs—Firm; receipts, 6,800 head; shipments, 2,000 head; common and light, $4 05@5 10; packing and butchers, $5 20@5 40.

BUFFALO, Dec. 11.—Cattle—Market quiet; nothing received. Sheep and lambs, no receipts; a few held over; feeling steady. Hogs—No fresh receipts. A few deck loads held over sold at steady yesterday's prices; prospects lower.

EAST LIBERTY, Dec. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,097; shipments, 1,279; market slow at last week's prices; 31 cars of cattle shipped to New York to-day; prime, $5 00@5 25; good, $4 00@5 55; common, $3 00@3 75; stockers, $2 25@2 75; feeders, 3 25@4 00. Hogs—Market opened firm; Philadelphias, $5 50@5 55; mixed, $5 25@5 30; common to fair, $5 15@5 35; Yorkers, $5 40@5 45; pigs, $5 00@5 40; 23 cars shipped to New York. Sheep—Receipts, 4,400; shipments, 3,600; market firm on good and a shade higher; other grades dull at unchanged prices.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 10.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,314 head; shipments, —— head; no good beef steers, native or foreign, in the pens, and market strong and 10@15c higher; cows, 10@20c higher; good to choice corn fed, $4 40@4 85; common to medium, $3 20@4 30; stockers and feeding steers, $1 60@3 20; grass range steers, $1 60@3 20; cows, $1 00@2 75. Hogs—Receipts, 5,072 head; shipments, 585 head; choice, steady to 5c lower, closing weak with an additional decline of 5c; good to choice, $5 20@5 25; common to medium, $4 75@5 10. Sheep—Receipts, 778 head; shipments, 256; steady; good to choice muttons, $3 50@3 75; common to medium, $1 50@3 00.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 89¼c; highest, 90¼c; lowest, 88⅞c; closed at 88⅞c.

Philadelphia Wool Market.

The market is moderately active. Texas, 17@25c; domestic, 31@36c; unwashed, 22½@25c; combing and delaine, 36@39c; scoured Colorado, 39@41c; scoured Texas, 55c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—The Mark Lane *Express*, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says: Good dry English wheats have maintained prices, but the bulk of the offerings is of poor quality and has fallen 1s. New wheat, mixed good foreign, has dropped 6d. The sales of English wheat during the week were 55,821 quarters at 31s 2d, against 66,838 quarters at 31s 2d during the corresponding period last year. Flour is difficult to sell, the mildness of the weather, the abundance of vegetables limiting the consumption of bread. Foreign wheat is depressed; Russian has declined 1s and Californian 6d; Indian is steady. Liverpool records a fall of 2d per cental on American white and Russian red wheats, and 1 per cental on Indian. At to-day's market English wheats were firmer; foreign wheats were steady. Corn was quiet. Oats, beans and peas were unchanged. Linseed was rather better.

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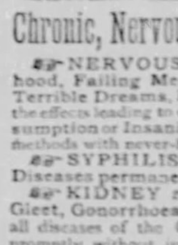

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